

Nov. 6, 1954

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JEAN PATOU

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ALL SUMMER LONG—A continuation of Robert Anderson's researches into the difficulties of sensitive adolescence, which began, you'll remember, with "Tea and Sympathy." While the latest installment is better than its predecessor, it is still something less than adult. As the juveniles in the piece, John Kerr and Clay Hall are estimable, and Ed Begley and June Walker are laudable spokesmen for the older set. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

ANNIVERSARY WALTZ—A comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields that worries some elementary humor out of the perplexities of a couple who lived together before getting married and whose children find out about it. Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best with rather thin material. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DEAR CHARLES—Tallulah Bankhead brings all her enormous talent and vitality to this re-vamping of a comedy that was around ten years ago, but the odds are heavily against her. With Fred Keating, Robert Coote, Hugh Reilly, and Werner Klemperer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FRAGILE FOX—A play about the Battle of the Bulge that has plenty of explosive sound effects, if not much characterization. Dane Clark and Don Taylor head the cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-9750. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

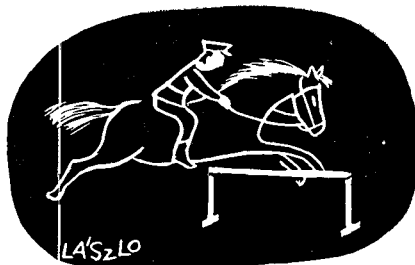
KING OF HEARTS—Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's comedy about a self-entranced comic-strip artist hasn't any plot worth mentioning, but most of the humor is extremely adroit. The cast is headed by Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 27.)

THE RAINMAKER—Geraldine Page in N. Richard Nash's old-fashioned, occasionally absurd, but not altogether unaffectionate melodrama about a plain girl and a fascinating stranger. Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, and Cameron Prud'homme are also in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

RECLINING FIGURE—The mysterious methods of some art dealers and the unhappy predicament of their clients provide Harry Kurnitz with the theme of his comedy. Despite some funny scenes, the humor, generally speaking, is not very advanced. Abe Burrows directed the cast, which includes Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE TENDER TRAP—Some footless palaver about whether bachelors in New York City ought to stay single or take a shot at marriage. Flimsy is the word for it. Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, and Ronny Graham are the principals. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE TRAVELING LADY—Horton Foote's play about a girl who tries to rescue an impossible marriage offers accomplished performances by Kim Stanley and Kathleen Comegys, and very little else. The Playwrights' Company produced this one, and Vincent J. Donohue is the director. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL**: Lloyd Nolan is Queeg, John Hodiak the defendant, and Barry Sullivan the defense counsel in this dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!**: An account, by Edward Chodorov, of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. At present, Lloyd Bridges is the analyst, and Joan Gray, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly confused for him. (Heary Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 13.) ... **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH**: George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Elliott Nugent is currently the hero, and the ladies in his life are Sally Forrest and Rita Morley. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC**: A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Loring Smith and a number of other talented performers are in the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **TEA**

AND SYMPATHY: Robert Anderson's play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school. Now with Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON**: All about the Americanization of Okinawa. Burgess Meredith and Scott McKay have taken over as representatives of the warring cultures in John Patrick's play, and they are seconded by Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

QUADRILLE—Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Brian Aherne, and Edna Best in a new comedy by Noel Coward. Directed by Mr. Lunt and presented by John C. Wilson and H. M. Tennent, Ltd. (Coronet Theatre, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

THE BOY FRIEND—Those who have survived the twenties are almost certain to love this British satire on musicals of the period, and the chances are their juniors will find it pretty funny, too. Sandy Wilson handled the book, lyrics, and music, and Julie Andrews is very fine as the blank, blond heroine. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA—The chief virtue of this musical account of Coney Island in the early years of the century is the presence of Shirley Booth, who is helped along by Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes. Unfortunately, the book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, isn't of much use, and Arthur Schwartz's music is hardly memorable. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ON YOUR TOES—Vera Zorina is lithe and lovely in the famous "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet, the Rodgers and Hart songs are still charming, and there is some nimble dancing, but the 1936 book shows painful symptoms of its great age. George Abbott is the director, George Balanchine did the choreography, and the cast includes Bobby Van, Elaine Stritch, Ben Astar, and Kay Coulter. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. It all adds up to one of the best musicals around. Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney are among the principal figures. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PETER PAN—Mary Martin is probably the most beguiling Peter you ever saw, and Cyril Ritchard gives her admirable support in this extremely stylish production. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**CAN-CAN**: A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo and Norwood Smith. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **COMEDY IN MUSIC**: Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **KISMET**: An item derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911, with music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake is a vagabond poet and Doretta Morrow his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays,

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

FANNY—A musical play by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, based on Marcel Pagnol's trilogy. Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak head a cast under the direction of Mr. Logan; Harold Rome did the music and lyrics; and the producers are David Merrick and Mr. Logan. Opens Thursday, Nov. 4. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25; opening-night curtain at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OFF BROADWAY

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, Nov. 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Robert Ardrey's play "Sing Me No Lullaby" has a great deal to say, but technically it is almost as bad as it can be. Richard Kiley, Beatrice Straight, and Jessie Royce Landis are in the cast. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 7.)

PRESIDENT THEATRE—"Sands in the Negev," an Israeli play (the first to be presented here in English) by Yigal Mossensohn. Celia Adler and Peter Capell head a cast directed by Boris Tumarin. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—Through Sunday, Nov. 7: David Garrick's Restoration comedy "The Clandestine Marriage," presented by the Players Theatre. . . . Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 10-14: Two one-act operas—the premiere of an American folk piece, "Sun-Up," by Tadeusz Kassern, and Kurt Weill's "The Tsar Has His Photograph Taken"—performed by the Opera Players. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 4-5, at 8:45; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 6-7, at 2:45 and 8:45; Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 10-12, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 13-14, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—A revue, "I Feel Wonderful," with music and lyrics by Jerry Herman and sketches by Barry Alan Graef. The cast, directed by Mr. Herman, includes Phyllis Newman and John Bartis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

BALLETS ESPAGNOLS TERESA AND LUISILLO—A company of thirty-six Spanish dancers and musicians, which is appearing here for the first time. Presented for a four-week engagement by Michaux Moody in association with Jules Borkon. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, Nov. 28.)

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—A five-week engagement of the full-length ballet, "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays, and an additional one Thursday, Nov. 4, at 2:30, which is primarily for children. Through Sunday, Dec. 5.)

SYBIL SHEARER—In a program of contemporary dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

DRAMATIC READING—Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," read by a company of actors that

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includes Maggie McNamara, Arnold Moss, Alexander Scourby, Darren McGavin, and William Redfield. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBAADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a gilded cage intended mostly for birds of paradise, vibrates gently as Jani Sarkozi's men do Viennese dinner music until ten and then alternate with Chauncey Gray's band on some dance arrangements. Closed Mondays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumentalists play water-hole music, in an oasis called the Palm Court, at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where those who have no problems go to get away from them all. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegard (the most celebrated *diseuse* of all Paris, Wisconsin) and Jack Whiting (the young gray Mayor of Broadway) have cooked up a sort of breakfast-with-the-family broadcast in the Cotillion Room, where there's dance music by Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bands. Only a dinner show on Sundays; lights out on Mondays. . . . Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Geneviève, a Parisienne who is all the way through finishing school but just a freshman at Berlitz, tells us, in mournful numbers, how to live unhappily ever after. This invigorating mixture of soprano, gaucherie, and elegance occupies the Persian Room, where Ted Straeter's virtuoso dance band *cum* glee club keeps traffic moving smoothly between times, and Mark Monte's boys chip in with cheerful music. John and June Belmont provide the adagio interlude. Closed Sundays. . . . The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . Leo LeFleur's music ripples along in the Palm Court every day at cocktail time. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Home-cooking style dance music in the Grill, where, after three decades, Guy and his fellow-Lombardos are still wandering down a lane that's beginning to look as if it has no turning. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, which is a trip to Europe

in the royal suite of the Queen Mary, there is perpetual dance music by the energetic bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari, plus (at dinner and supper) songs by Fernanda Montel, a rather stately denizen of Paris. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Vaughn Monroe, the Great Mouthpiece, booms out his songs in the Café Rouge, assisted (as if he needed help) by Richard Hayman's dance orchestra. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Oh, it keeps the kiddies from listening in on the all-night disc-jockey sessions. Dancing to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A bouillabaisse of classic old Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz show tunes has been seasoned with a spate of words (some of them better left unsaid) and some lively dances, and thus turned into a miniature musical comedy. The wittiest inmates are Paul Gray and Louise Hoff; the most athletic are Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra for dancing after nine and between shows.

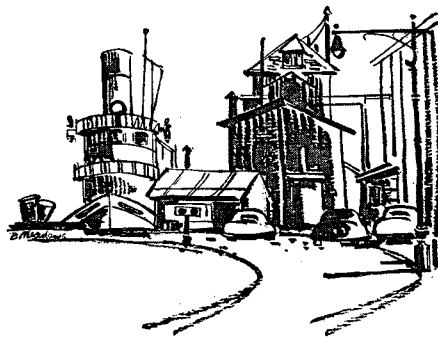
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, a clutch of singing musicians who have been over here long enough to master the two-platoon system, put on a brilliant display of line plunges, cross bucks, and laterals as they march about the Empire Room. Their downfield blocking, especially as they clear the way for their charming scatback dancer, Trini Reyes, is nothing short of terrific. Their last night will be Wednesday, Nov. 10. The customers' dancing is paced by the lush strains of Nat Brandwynne's tiptop big band. Closed Sundays. . . . A segment of the vast complex called Peacock Alley has piano music by Alex Fogarty from six to twelve and dance music by Michael Zarin's orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's boys go it alone from six to midnight.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, far above the maddening crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of Tin Pan Alley, the Paramount clock, the Weehawken ferryhouse, the Edison Company plants, and other highlights of our brave new world. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Weekdays there's piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, dean of the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes prowler violinists, prowls. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg is the keyboard operator. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A relaxed; elegant alcove where, from six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter conducts a deft and amusing monologue on his well-tempered clavichord. No music. Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except Sundays, Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): From nine o'clock on, Eddie Davis, by now president emeritus of after-dark musicians, manipulates his violin and his small dance band. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish fandangos dished up here are all mild but all real, which is something of a novelty nowadays. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Nino**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, flanked by some remarkably active interior decorating, Herman Arminski plays European-style piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the honors in a more local idiom at the dinner and supper sessions. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist. . . . **CHEZ**



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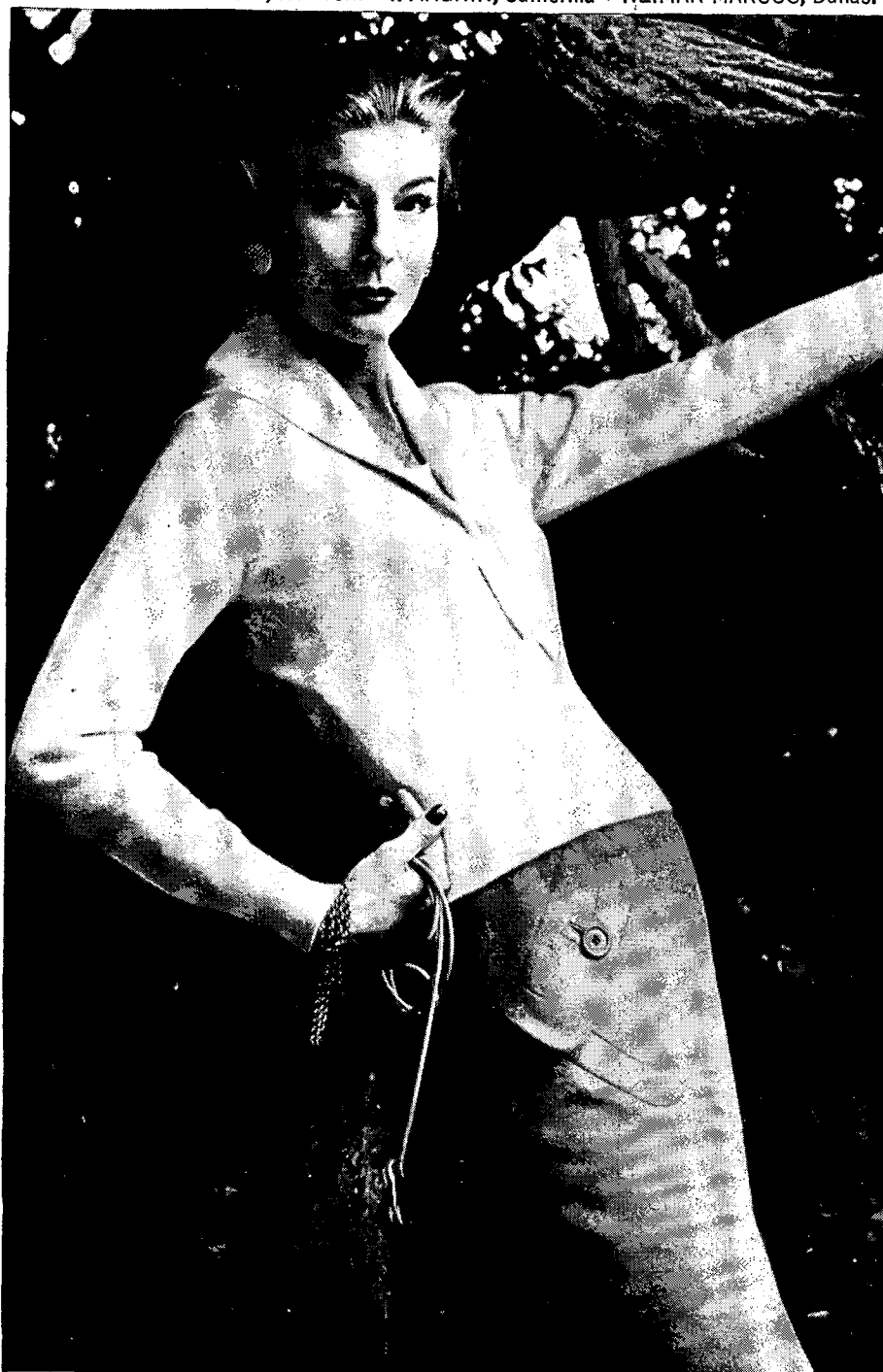
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CARLO, 120 E. 40th St. (MU 5-1011): From five-thirty to ten, except Sundays, Norbert Faconi plays swoon violin from table to table, and after that there is a meandering musicale principally involving the rich voice of Stephen Ballarini. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 302 E. 58th St. (EL 5-8406): Caribbean sun worshippers might like to know that this season Louis Hawkins, pianist and town crier, is wintering here instead of in the Virgin Islands. His establishment, a beach-head on the seacoast of Bohemia, offers his own perky music and the more romantic piano of Bob Prinz from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The songs of Nat King Cole, plaintive as the wind in the willows, have a compelling sorrow and the deftest of phrasing. The remainder of the evening is an elaborate but practical remedy for insomnia. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CL 6-1737): Mae West, whose expert commentary on the war between the sexes amounts to straightforward, point-blank verse, is undulating through (1) an old Kraftt-Ebing case history, and (2) a herd of faintly nervous young musclemen in their B.V.D.s. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dwight Fiske, the Restoration farceur, has rewritten "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "The School for Scandal" to suit his own occasionally fell purposes. Humor of a more picturesque nature is provided by Dick Drake's exasperating struggle with a recalcitrant guitar; shimmering romance is provided by the voice of Susan Johnson, a girl with a future. Perhaps the royal nonesuch of the season is the almost flesh-and-blood puppet show of George La Faye, whose tiny charges have an elfin wit. Behind them all is the mood music of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The incomparable Irwin Corey does a knockabout Drama Quartet in which Shakespeare comes out a badly beaten second-best; Dorothy Loudon applies a wonderfully tongue-in-cheek treatment to some Tin Pan Alley sitting ducks. As always, Julius Monk is *conférencier* and mentor; the one-of-a-kind Norman Paris Trio is the backdrop. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The strong man of this tiny nation is Robert Clary, whose songs, dances, and funny sayings are all spellbinders. Ada Moore contributes a few elaborately stylized carols, and Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A casual and customary mixture—double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, solo piano by Hazel Webster, and now and then a few songs or a few jokes by someone or other. Right now Helena Bliss is the singer, and a good one. She's off Sundays, when ancient movies are added to the bill; amateur nights are Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The problems of contemporary love life—its care, its feeding, and its prevention—are given a sympathetic review by Mabel Mercer. The words and music are the work of the Alec Wilder-Bart Howard school of lieder. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. This midget inglenook is above the often rampageous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis offers up his soothing and knowing piano intermezzos. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Ceil Cabot, a wee sprig of catnip, gives some songs of the people a capital kind of punishment. Other friskiness is let loose by the ageless battering-ram named Mae Barnes, who goes through a song like Sherman through Georgia; by Tony and Eddie, whose lampooning of recording artists is, however, apt to stray too far off bounds; by the *Walpurgisnacht* music of the Three Flames, led by Tiger Haines; and by Jimmie Daniels, whose lyrics are mostly man-about-town. On Tuesday, Nov. 9, Marion

Colby, a remarkably decorative singer, will assume Miss Cabot's portfolio. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes, late of the Parisian *boites*, and her *outré* comedy, all of it in perfectly plain English. Closed Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A group of hardy perennials are blowing their tops without let or hindrance. They are Dick Cary, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and once in a while even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off superlative solo piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . .

THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This comfortable little Steinway Hall opens shop at seven. Don Shirley's duo starts then; Billy Taylor's and Alex Kallao's trios start at nine. Sunday, Nov. 7, there'll be music by the Shirley group and piano by Jimmy Lyons. Monday, Nov. 8, Hazel Scott's trio and another aggregation will be taking over. . . .

BASIN STREET, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Through Sunday, Nov. 7, there'll be introspective music by the low-voltage quartet of Don Elliot, a man of many instruments and some good ideas; hammer-and-tongs music by Gene Krupa's trio; and the energetic jive singing of Billy Ward's Dominoes, whose heavenly patron appears to be Saint Vitus. On Tuesday, Nov. 9, the Jazz Concert Stars (among them Bill Harris, Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, Tommy Potter, and Jo Jones) will replace the Elliot and Krupa contingents. Closed Mondays. . . .

NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is again rattling the windows of its old homestead. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . .

JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs, plays jazz as it was in the beginning and as they hope it ever shall be. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . .

BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Tito Puente's mambo band is thundering its lullabies of Broadway, and Chet Baker's band is on deck, too. On Thursday, Nov. 11, Willis Jackson's band and the Joe Roland Quintet will replace the mambo maniacs. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays. . . .

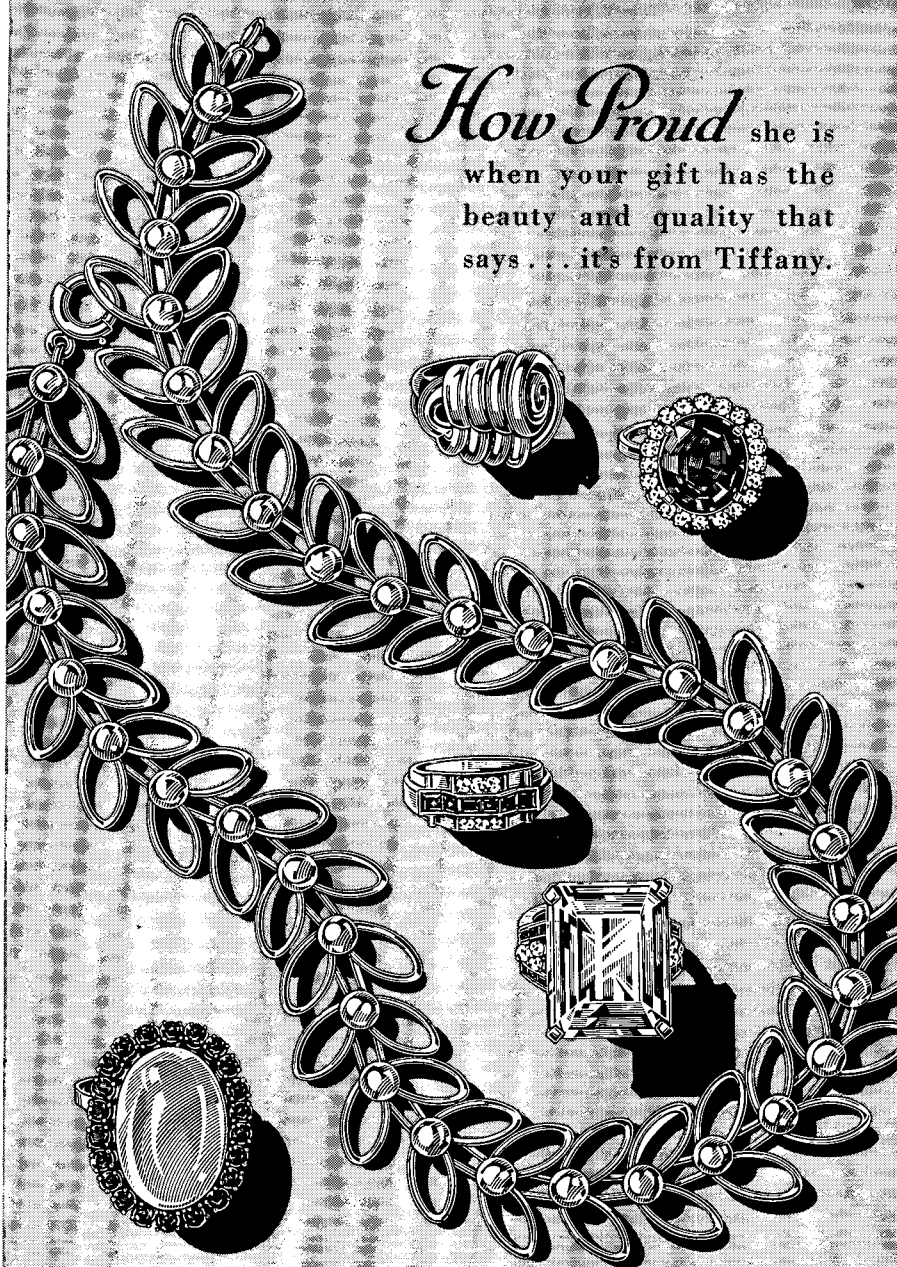
CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): In the grill, Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, all good men and true, are on display after six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and after five-thirty Sundays. Dancing begins at nine-thirty. Sunday, Nov. 7, Joe Thomas's All-Stars (among them Frank Orchard, Cliff Jackson, and Keg Purnell) will be the afternoon guests. No music Mondays. . . .

HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, whose piano is modern without losing track of things, decorates the circular bar after nine every evening but Monday. She's backed up by a two-man rhythm section. Alternating with her on piano is Johnny Mehegan, a jazz poet with a turn of phrase quite his own. . . .

WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, Herman Chittison, seated at a concert grand, and two colleagues are again turning out the slow, steady, easy jazz for which they are famous. They start at nine-thirty. No music Sundays. . . .

STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, Nov. 5, the cats (mostly Kilkenny) on parade should include Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, Tony Parenti, Joe Sullivan, and Zutty Singleton. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 5-6, it is promised, the huffing and puffing will be supplied by Charlie Shavers, Johnny Windhurst, Cecil Scott, Tyree Glenn, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, and Garvin Bushel. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A startlingly accurate replica of a prewar West Coast the-fleet's-in bar, with a back-bar shelf from which issues, starting early in the afternoon, some of the damndest most ear splitting Dixieland ever heard. Five jazz bands,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three of them loosely commanded by Jimmy McPartland, Cozy Cole, and Bud Freeman, shuffle across this shelf during a rather long day that ends at dawn.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO—A big retrospective show of his sculpture, with examples covering the last fifty years; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract oils, in which the designs are largely carried out by the use of color; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—About a dozen gouaches and oils, representing different periods of the artist's work; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ESTHER DAVIS—A first solo exhibition of abstract paintings by an artist of unusual originality and perceptiveness; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

JIMMY ERNST—New abstractions, done with a fine sense of rhythmic pattern; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

SEYMOUR FRANKS—Abstract Expressionist oils, distinguished by a sound feeling for both color and structure; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

CLEVE GRAY—Paintings with a variety of subjects, including Biblical themes, landscapes of Arizona and Maine, and still-lives; through Nov. 20. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

HEPWORTH, SCOTT, AND BACON—Three English artists: drawings and sculptures by Barbara Hepworth, and paintings by William Scott and Francis Bacon. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

JOHN KOCH—New oils, displaying this artist's crisply meticulous, if at times slightly glittery, technique; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

BENJAMIN KOPMAN—Oils and gouaches, rich in color and boldly Expressionist in handling; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Thursday, Nov. 11.)

IBRAM LASSAW—New constructions in bronze, again mostly celebrating imaginary astral bodies and constellations; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Semiabstract paintings dealing principally with mountains and children; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

DE HIRSH MARGULES—Water colors painted on Cape Cod in 1948, shown for the first time in New York; through Nov. 30. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Daily, 11 to 5:30.)

WALTER MEIGS—A first solo exhibition of paintings, almost Japanese in their economy of pattern, by an artist of considerable promise; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

MODIGLIANI—Twenty-nine oils, sculptures, and other works, including some little-known examples; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—A selection of thirty-two bronze sculptures, mostly figures, in addition to drawings, water colors, and pastels; through Dec. 4. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Thursday, Nov. 11.)

PICASSO—A group of oils, water colors, and drawings, 1900-52; through Nov. 20. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Recent oils and water colors, done with all his usual boldness and sensitivity; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

HEDDA STERNE—New oils, abstract in manner and highly personal in atmosphere; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ANTHONY THIEME—Mountains, villages, and children, painted along the Mediterranean coast of Spain; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

ROBERT VICKREY—Paintings in tempera, most of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

them with a hauntingly Surrealist flavor; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

JOHN VON WICHT—Contemporary American musical compositions expressed by the artist in oil paintings; through Nov. 20. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT WATSON—A first New York exhibition of oils by a young Californian. His work is crisp in texture, if a bit monotonous in conception. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

HALE WOODRUFF—New abstractions, acidly sharp in color and somewhat calligraphic in design; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

OLD MASTER DRAWINGS—The Durlacher Gallery's eighteenth annual exhibit of drawings, ranging in date from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, by Jordaens, Canaletto, William Blake, and many others; through Nov. 27. (11 E. 57th St.)

AFRICAN SCULPTURES AND CUBISM—A few examples of Cubism, by Survage, Zadkine, Laurens, and others, compared with a group of African sculptures; through Nov. 26. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

COLLEGE ART—A continuing series. At the moment, the show is of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by students at the University of California art school. Through Nov. 15. (Forum, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Three murals, plus a sketch for one by Byron Browne, which is intended for the United Nations. Also paintings and sculptures by regular gallery members. Through Nov. 18. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Mondrian, Severini, and Braque are a few of the artists represented in this show of works in a variety of mediums; through Dec. 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: A well-selected showing of paintings and other works by Jean Arp, Matisse, Miró, Picasso, and other modern masters; through Nov. 29. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century drawings for the benefit of the Museum of Besançon, from that museum's collection; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by Modigliani, Klee, Soutine, and others, from the collection of the late William March; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 70th St.: Nineteenth-century paintings, some never before seen in this country, by Monet, Corot, Degas, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

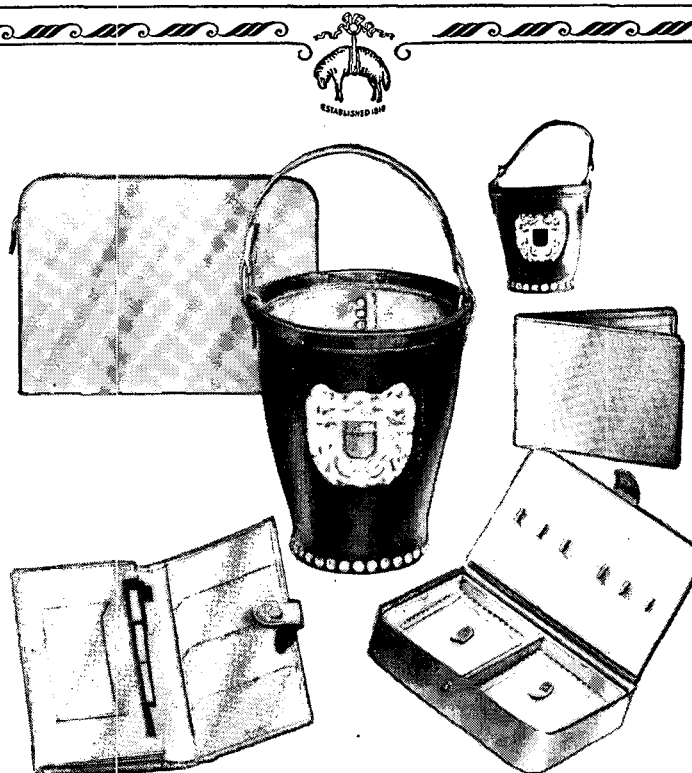
SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: William Gropper; starting Monday, Nov. 8. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Jennings Tofel; starting Saturday, Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: Ruth Gikow; starting Monday, Nov. 8. . . . **JACKSON**, 22 E. 66th St.: Rudy Pozzatti; starting Monday, Nov. 8. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Tom Hardy; starting Monday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Group shows at the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.; starting Wednesday, Nov. 10. **NEW GALLERY**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; starting Monday, Nov. 8.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About a hundred Dutch masterpieces (Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer, and others) loaned primarily by European museums and private collectors; through Dec. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and José Guadalupe Posada; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ A display, in celebration of the Museum's twenty-fifth year, of some three hundred paintings owned by the Museum, plus forty new acquisitions; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Cézanne, Bonnard, Degas and a number of other



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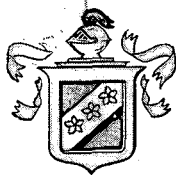
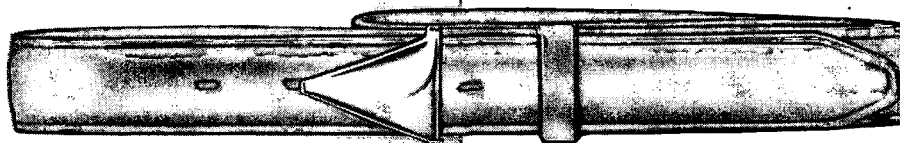
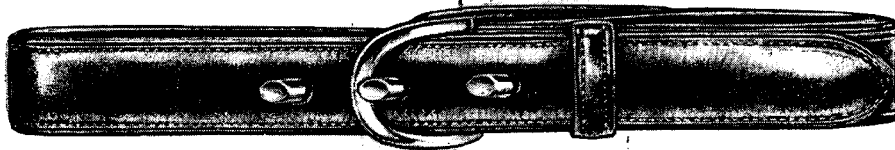
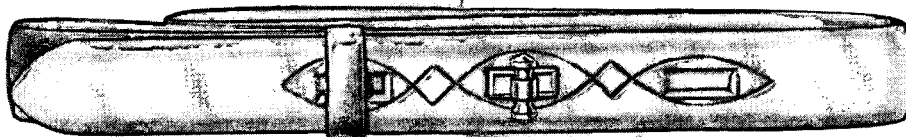
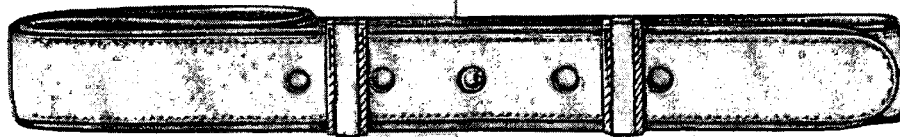
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

French Impressionists, in a show of paintings from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ African art, with examples of native sculptures, goldwork, and textiles; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fourth selected display of the Museum's twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, these done for the most part between 1907 and 1914; through Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of twentieth-century American paintings, sculptures, drawings, and water colors from the permanent collection, marking the opening of the Museum's new quarters; through Nov. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 9—Monday, Nov. 8, at 8:15: The prologue to "Pagliacci," Act I of "La Bohème," Act II of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and various scenes from "Aida," in one of which Mia Slavenska, the Met's new prima ballerina, will make her initial appearance. With Victoria de los Angeles, Roberta Peters, Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, Mario Del Monaco, Richard Tucker, Cesare Valletti, Leonard Warren, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and others. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Herta Glaz, Otto Edelmann, Kurt Boehme, and Hans Hopf. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Mildred Miller, Eugene Conley, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 5, at 2:30 (both with Pietro Scarpini, piano). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:45 (with Ruggiero Ricci, violin). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:30 (with Pietro Scarpini, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 12, at 2:30 (both with Zino Francescatti, violin). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:45 (with Norman Carol, violin).

SAIDENBERG LITTLE SYMPHONY—Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:40.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Leonard Rose, cello; Ben Storch, oboe; and Bernard Garfield, bassoon. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Robert Scholz conducting, with Helen Kwalwasser, violin. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Joyce Flissler, violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

OBERNKIRCHEN CHILDREN'S CHOIR—A group of thirty-six German children, under the direction of Edith Moeller. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a program of works by

Ralph Vaughan Williams, with Stephen Douglass, baritone. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

OSCAR SHUMSKY—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

WALTER HAUTZIG—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:40.)

ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

ELENA NIKOLAIDI—Contralto. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:30.)

CONCERT SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Frances Magnes, violin; David Garvey, piano; and the Juilliard String Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 5:30.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI—Piano, presenting the first in a series of twelve Beethoven programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8:40.)

GUIOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

MARAIS AND MIRANDA—Ballad singers. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30. . . . Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

RUGGIERO RICCI—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Ralph Jones vs. Hector Constance, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 6: Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . Yale vs. Army, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 13: Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . Fordham vs. Holy Cross, at the Polo Grounds, at 1:30. . . . Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . Navy vs. Columbia, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . Penn State vs. Rutgers, at State College, at 1:30. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:30.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 10: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . Saturday, Nov. 13: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 9. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

HUNT RACING—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 6.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Nov. 15. The Remsen Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 11, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . .

GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 6. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 6. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the COMIC OPERA GUILD: A one-hour version of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

opening children's concert of the season, with Lisl Weil, illustrator, and Abbott Lee Ruskin, nine-year-old pianist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

PLAYS—By the **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE**: "The Red Shoes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 3.) . . . **PLAYHOUSE COMPANY**: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 11, 1, and 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—By the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET**: A performance, primarily for children, of "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 2:30.) . . . **MARA AND HER DANCERS**: "Fairy Tales of Cambodia." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 3:30.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thursday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . .

¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBSTV, generally from 5 to 5:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . .

¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

POETRY CENTER READINGS—Saturday, Nov. 6: Wallace Stevens. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13: Louis MacNeice. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—A display called "A Reflection of Old Japan." (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Saturday, Nov. 6, through Sunday, Nov. 28. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System," deals with asteroids, comets, and meteors; through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Nov. 11, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 5-6, at 1:45: French period furniture, among which are a fruit-wood commode and a Directoire dining table; mirrors and chandeliers; a group of porcelains, including Dresden, Saxe, and *vieux* Paris; and French and Italian eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings. From the Château de Yerres, Seine-et-Oise, and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 9-10, at 1:45: Books on cookery in many languages and about twelve thousand menus,

in addition to pamphlets, manuscripts, drawings, and prints on the subject; from the collection of the late Arnold Shircliffe.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BOXING—Floyd Patterson, light heavyweight, vs. Willie Troy, middleweight. (Madison Square Garden, Nov. 19.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 20: Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, and Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . **THANKSGIVING DAY**: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 27: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At the Polo Grounds—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 14; Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, Nov. 21; Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Nov. 28; and Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Dec. 5.

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia, Dec. 11.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 17, 21, 24, and 28, and Dec. 1, 5, 8, 12, and 15.

HORSE SHOW—Secor Farms Horse Show. (White Plains, Nov. 20-21.)

RACING—At Bowie, Bowie, Md.: Nov. 22-Dec. 4.

MUSIC—**CARNEGIE HALL**: The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 17. . . . **Philadelphia Orchestra**, Nov. 16 and Dec. 7. . . . **Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony**, Charles Munch conducting, Nov. 17 and 20. . . . **Ray Lev**, piano, Nov. 19. . . . **Boston University Chorus and Orchestra**, directed by Leopold Stokowski, Nov. 21. . . . **Robert Casadesu**, piano, and **Zino Francescatti**, violin, Nov. 30. . . . **Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam**, Dec. 3. . . . **Little Orchestra Society**, Dec. 10. . . . **Moura Lympny**, piano, Dec. 12. . . . **Robert Lawrence** directing a performance of Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," by an orchestra, the Schola Cantorum, a boys' choir, and soloists, for the benefit of the Metropolitan Opera Fund, Dec. 14. . . . **Collegiate Chorale**, Dec. 15. . . . **TOWN HALL**: Concert Society of New York, every Sunday afternoon. . . . **Leontyne Price**, soprano, Nov. 14. . . . **Giovanni Bagarotti**, violin, Nov. 17 and Dec. 3 and 15. . . . **Roland Hayes**, tenor, Nov. 20. . . . **Maurice Wilk**, violin, Nov. 21. . . . **Little Orchestra Society**, Nov. 22 and Dec. 6. . . . **American Opera Society**, Nov. 23. . . . **Musicians' Guild**, Nov. 29. . . . **Alma Trio**, Nov. 30 and Dec. 7 and 14. . . . **Bach Aria Group**, Dec. 1. . . . **Guionar Novaes**, piano, Dec. 4. . . . **Conrad Thibault**, baritone, Dec. 9. . . . **New York University Glee Club**, Dec. 10. . . . **Burl Ives**, folk singer, Dec. 11.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Wedding Breakfast," a play by Theodore Reeves with a cast of four—Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Anthony Franciosa, and Virginia Vincent. . . . **Barbara Bel Geddes** in a play by Graham Greene called "The Living Room." . . . **A revamped treatment of "Abie's Irish Rose,"** by Anne Nichols, with Ludwig Donath and Neil Fitzgerald. . . . **A comedy by Justin Sturm**, "One Eye Closed," with Tom Helmore, Constance Ford, and John Baragrey. . . . **"The Bad Seed,"** a dramatization by Maxwell Anderson of the William March novel. Nancy Kelly is the star. . . . **Eartha Kitt** in "Mrs. Patterson," a play by Charles Sebree and Greer Johnson, with incidental music by James Shelton. . . . **A musical, "On with the Show,"** which has a book by Frank O'Neill, a score by Frederico Valerio, lyrics by Elizabeth Miele, and a cast led by Irra Petina. . . . **A new play by Clifford Odets**, "The Flowering Peach," with Menasha Skulnik, Janice Rule, Berta Gersten, and Barbara Baxley in the cast. . . . **Jennifer Jones** in an adaptation by William Archibald of Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady." . . . **"Lunatics and Lovers,"** a play by Sidney Kingsley, with Dennis King, Sheila Bond, Buddy Hackett, Jayne Meadows, and Mary Anderson.

OTHER DATES—National Postage Stamp Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Nov. 19-21. . . . **International Winter Sports Show**, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 20-28. . . . **Thanksgiving Day** is Thursday, Nov. 25.



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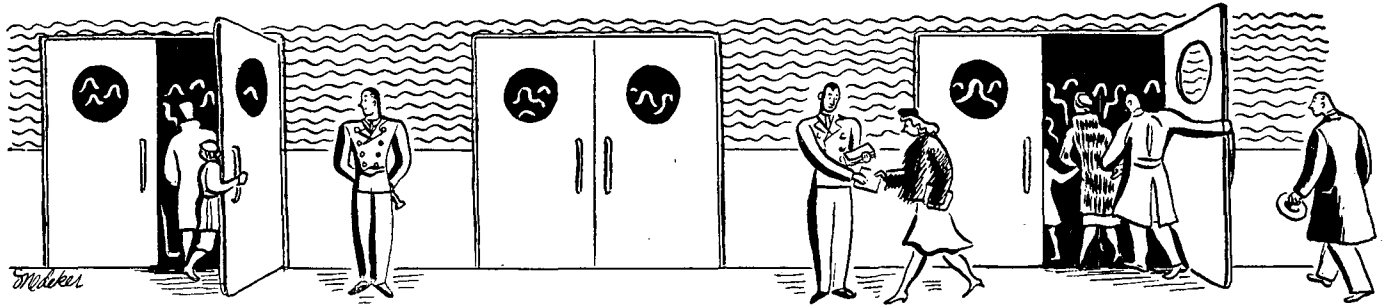
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS—A buoyant Italian film that treats with levity the problem of a middle-aged marshal of the police who loses his head over a village doxy. Vittorio De Sica is wonderful as the smitten policeman, and Gina Lollobrigida makes a handsome foil for him as the maiden. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE CAINE MUTINY—An overly detailed but occasionally amusing adaptation of the Herman Wouk novel about a naval officer who is provoked by the psychopathic condition of his captain to assume command of a vessel only slightly more impressive than a lifeboat. Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson are excellent as the mad captain and the man who supersedes him. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 10.)

CARMEN JONES—An all-Negro cast in Oscar Hammerstein's relentlessly folksy version of the Bizet opera. The plot has been changed around quite a bit, often to no advantage. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte play the lovers, but the voices they seem to be raising in song are not their own. The vocalizing is done off screen by Marilyn Horne, LeVern Hutcherson, and Marvin Hayes, and some of it is superior. The eminent Pearl Bailey is on hand, too, and singing for herself. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

HIGH AND DRY—Merriment in Scottish coastal waters, all brought on when a native crew determines to deliver a cargo of household goods owned by an American shipping magnate who has severe misgivings about the whole project. Among the Scottish mariners in this English production are Alex MacKenzie, James Copeland, and Abe Barker, and pitted against them is Paul Douglas. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS—How a pair of innocents, aged five and eight, melt the cold Calvinistic heart of their grandfather in Nova Scotia in 1904. The small fry, played by Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, might well melt anybody's heart, Calvinist or otherwise. They are warmly supported by Duncan Macrae, Adrienne Corri, Jean Anderson, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY—A French film in which the very funny comedian Jacques Tati runs through some reliable old silent-film techniques, often to advantage. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman,

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Nov. 9. . . . Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 10, tentative.)

ON THE WATERFRONT—A first-class picture, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, about love and brutality in New York's pier jungle. Among the actors, all of whom are to be commended, are Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

SABRINA—A somewhat labored gambol dealing with a chauffeur's daughter on Long Island who aspires to better things. Audrey Hepburn is perhaps overly ebullient as the ambitious young lady, but Humphrey Bogart is superb as a member of the insular *haut monde* who eventually wins her. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

REVIVALS

THE ASTONISHED HEART (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 6.)

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY (1953)—A screen adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Nov. 9-10.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 10.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 7.)

KISS OF DEATH (1947)—Gangster homicide in New York. With Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 6-9.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 6-9.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CARMEN JONES (in CinemaScope).

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney, George Raft.

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE (1953)—Fredric March, as the proprietor of a Czechoslovakian circus who escapes with his troupe into Bavaria. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Nov. 6.)

MARTIN LUTHER (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Nov. 9.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1943)—Another Hitchcock job, this one about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. With Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 5.)

SEWALKS OF LONDON (1940)—English stage people. A British picture, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Charles Laughton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 7.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 5.)

TARZAN ESCAPES (1936)—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan swinging along in the trees. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Nov. 8-9.)

TONY DRAWS A HORSE (1951)—An English whimsey that exploits a number of the more peculiar facets of British society. With Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 7-8.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 9-10.)

A WOMAN'S FACE (1941)—Deformity and violence. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 10, tentative.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Nov. 7: "The Lost Squadron" (1932), with Richard Dix, Erich von Stroheim, and Mary Astor. . . . Starting Nov. 8: "The Life and Death of a Hollywood Extra" (1928), directed by Robert Florey; and "The Last Command" (1928), with Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and William Powell. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

BROADWAY, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-7992)
"Hansel and Gretel," a film with a cast of electronic puppets.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SABRINA.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Black Knight," Alan Ladd, Patricia Medina.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"White Christmas" (in VistaVision),

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Nov. 9: "Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor.
From Nov. 10: "Phffft," Judy Holliday, Jack Lemmon.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama" (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Nov. 7: "The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel.
From Nov. 8: "Desperate Decision," Daniele Delorme, Henri Vidal.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Nov. 7: "The Black Shield of Falworth" (in CinemaScope), Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh; and "Naked Alibi," Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame.

Nov. 8-9: "House of Strangers," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still," revival, Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

From Nov. 10: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 9: MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).
From Nov. 10: THE CAINE MUTINY.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Nov. 6: THE ASTONISHED HEART, revival; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck.

From Nov. 7: SIDEWALKS OF LONDON, revival; and JAMAICA INN, revival.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Nov. 7: "Rogue Cop," Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh; and "The Steel Cage," Paul Kelly, Maureen O'Sullivan.

Nov. 8-9: TARZAN ESCAPES, revival; and "Tarzan and the Ape Man," revival, Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan.
From Nov. 10: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HIGH AND DRY.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 7: "The Black Shield of Falworth" (in CinemaScope), Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh; and "Naked Alibi," Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame.

Nov. 8-9: "House of Strangers," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still," revival, Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

From Nov. 10: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Detective," Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish).

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Leonardo da Vinci," revival, a documentary film.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through Nov. 5: "Duel in the Jungle," Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews; and "The Weak and the Wicked," Glynis Johns, John Gregson.

Nov. 6: MAN ON A TIGHTROPE, revival; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.

Nov. 7-8: "Betrayed," Clark Gable, Lana Turner; and "The Black Dakotas," Gary Merrill, John Bromfield.

Nov. 9-10: FROM HERE TO ETERNITY, revival.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Nov. 9: MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English); and "Desires" (in German).

From Nov. 10: THE CAINE MUTINY.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 7: "Pat and Mike," revival, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.

From Nov. 8: "Scaramouche," revival, Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Nov. 7: "Rogue Cop," Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh; and "The Steel Cage," Paul Kelly, Maureen O'Sullivan.

Nov. 8-9: TARZAN ESCAPES, revival; and "Tarzan and the Ape Man," revival, Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan.

From Nov. 10: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): A WOMAN'S FACE, revival; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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Through Nov. 6: "Betrayed," Clark Gable, Lana Turner; and "The Black Dakotas," Gary Merrill, John Bromfield.

Nov. 7-8: TONY DRAWS A HORSE, revival; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.

Nov. 9-10: "The Quiet Man," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Nov. 4: "The Merry Widow," revival, Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas; and "Decision Before Dawn," revival, Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill.

Nov. 5-6: "Phone Call from a Stranger," revival, Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill.

Nov. 7-9: "Betrayed," Clark Gable, Lana Turner.

From Nov. 10: THE CAINE MUTINY.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 7: "The Black Shield of Falworth" (in CinemaScope), Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh; and "Naked Alibi," Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame.

Nov. 8-9: "House of Strangers," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still," revival, Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

From Nov. 10: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 36th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 7: "Rogue Cop," Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh; and "The Steel Cage," Paul Kelly, Maureen O'Sullivan.

Nov. 8-9: TARZAN ESCAPES, revival; and "Tarzan and the Ape Man," revival, Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan.

From Nov. 10: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Nov. 6: "La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux; and "The Tiffield Thunderbolt," revival, Stanley Holloway.

Nov. 7-10: "The Egyptian" (in CinemaScope), Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons; and "The Royal Tour of Queen Elizabeth and Philip" (a documentary film in CinemaScope).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 5: SUSPICION, revival; and SHADOW OF A DOUBT, revival.

Nov. 6-9: THE MALTESE FALCON, revival; and KISS OF DEATH, revival.

From Nov. 10: THE CAINE MUTINY.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 7: "Rogue Cop," Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh; and "The Steel Cage," Paul Kelly, Maureen O'Sullivan.

Nov. 8-9: TARZAN ESCAPES, revival; and "Tarzan and the Ape Man," revival, Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan.

From Nov. 10: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 6: "The Egyptian" (in CinemaScope), Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons; and "The Royal Tour of Queen Elizabeth and Philip" (a documentary film in CinemaScope).

Nov. 7-9: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), revival, Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable.

From Nov. 10: GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, revival; and "A Tale of Five Women," revival, Bonar Colleano.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Nov. 7: "The Black Shield of Falworth" (in CinemaScope), Tony Curtis,

Janet Leigh; and "Naked Alibi," Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame.

Nov. 8-9: "House of Strangers," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still," revival, Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

From Nov. 10: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Nov. 6: "Betrayed," Clark Gable, Lana Turner; and "The Black Dakotas," Gary Merrill, John Bromfield.

Nov. 7-8: "In Old California," revival, Binnie Barnes, John Wayne; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.

Nov. 9-10: TOP HAT, revival; and "O. Henry's Full House," revival, Charles Laughton, Jeanne Crain.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 9: MARTIN LUTHER, revival.

From Nov. 10: "Crest of the Wave," Gene Kelly, Jeff Richards.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Nov. 5: A program of eleven U.P.A. cartoons, plus "A Prince for Cynthia," "The Stranger Left No Card," and two other George K. Arthur films.

From Nov. 6: "The World Dances," a film on folk dancing and musical folk lore, with a narration by George Fenneman.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Nov. 10: "Lovers, Happy Lovers!," Gérard Philipe, Valerie Hobson, Joan Greenwood.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 7: "Rogue Cop," Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh; and "The Steel Cage," Paul Kelly, Maureen O'Sullivan.

Nov. 8-9: TARZAN ESCAPES, revival; and "Tarzan and the Ape Man," revival, Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan.

From Nov. 10: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 9: "Daughters of Destiny" (in French and English), Claudette Colbert, Michèle Morgan; and "The Mistress" (in Russian).

From Nov. 10: "The Moment of Truth" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Jean Gabin; and "Devil's Pitchfork" (formerly called "Ana-ta-han," in Japanese, with an English narration by Josef von Sternberg, who also wrote and directed the film.)

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Nov. 9: "The Black Shield of Falworth" (in CinemaScope), Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh; and "Naked Alibi," Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame.

From Nov. 10: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 7: "Rogue Cop," Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh; and "The Steel Cage," Paul Kelly, Maureen O'Sullivan.

Nov. 8-9: TARZAN ESCAPES, revival; and "Tarzan and the Ape Man," revival, Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan.

From Nov. 10: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Nov. 7: "The Black Shield of Falworth" (in CinemaScope), Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh; and "Naked Alibi," Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame.

Nov. 8-9: "House of Strangers," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still," revival, Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

From Nov. 10: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Nov. 7: "The Black Shield of Falworth" (in CinemaScope), Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh; and "Naked Alibi," Sterling Hayden, Gloria Grahame.

Nov. 8-9: "House of Strangers," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still," revival, Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

From Nov. 10: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.

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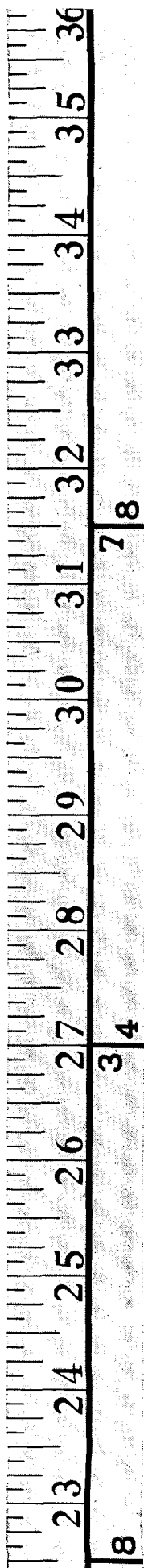
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Left to right: Surcoat of wool fleece; Tweed chester coat in 100% wool herringbone; Kismet Button Blouse in softest wool; boy's all wool plaid Paul Bunyan jacket. For nearest store, write WOOL, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17

There's a new yardstick for outdoor comfort

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For nothing measures up to wool's smooth tailoring, its fine set on your

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But don't be misled by wool's well-bred manners. It's tougher than a top sergeant when it comes to wear.

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Wool gives you the surest anti-shiver protection there is. It packs maximum warmth into minimum weight.

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"What is more, Miss Clairol contains very special *conditioning* ingredients, which make your hair softer, more lustrous and manageable. America's beauticians prefer it over all other methods. I learned these important facts from my own beautician before *my* made-to-order shade was created. I suggest you ask *your* beautician about today's Miss Clairol, too."

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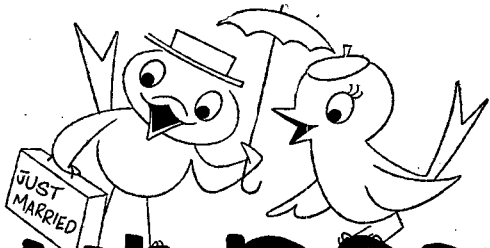


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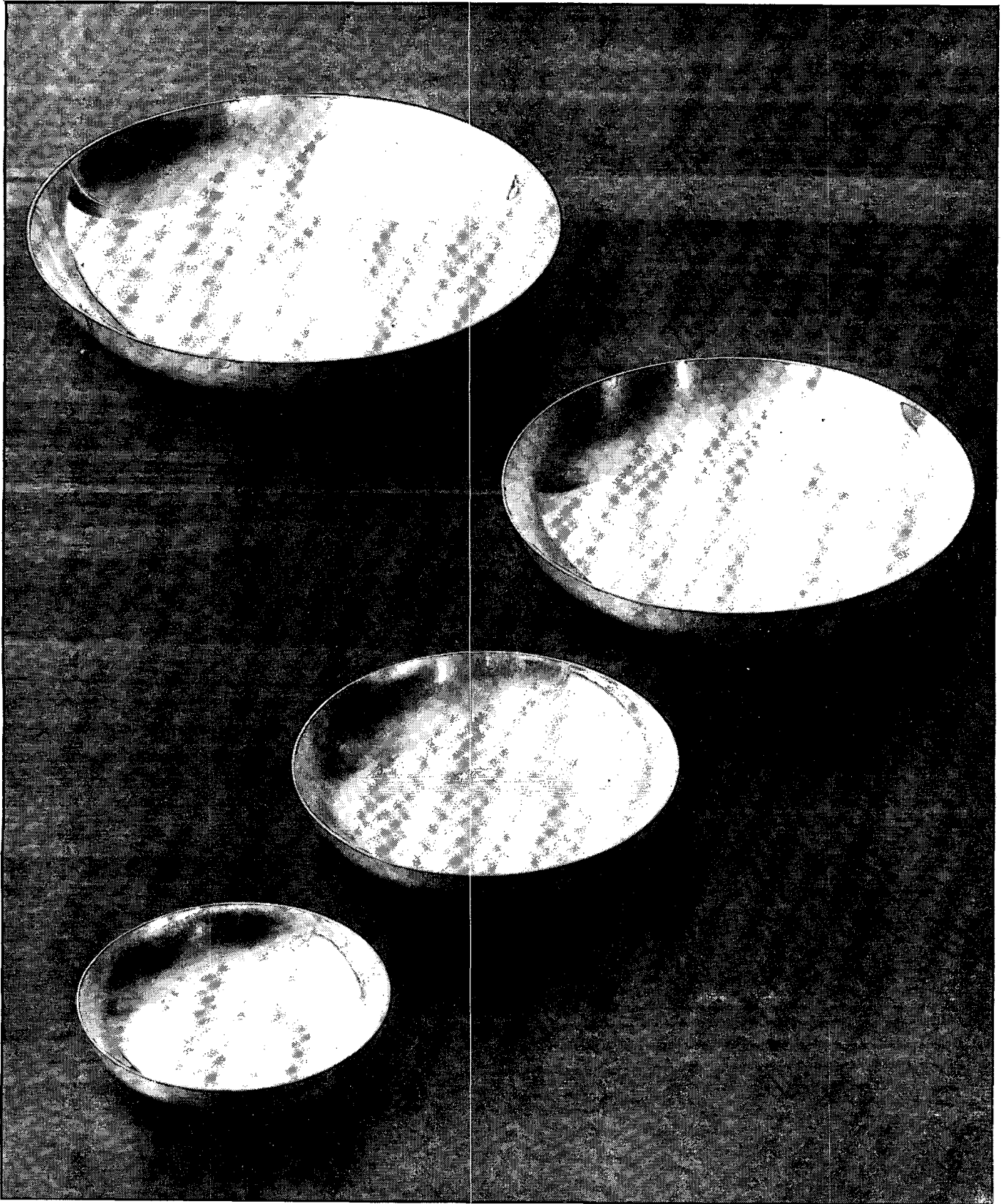
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Who ever dreamed up a carpet that neither babies  nor puppies  nor kittens  nor food nor drink  nor even indelible ink  can stain?

Masland did—New Saranette. 

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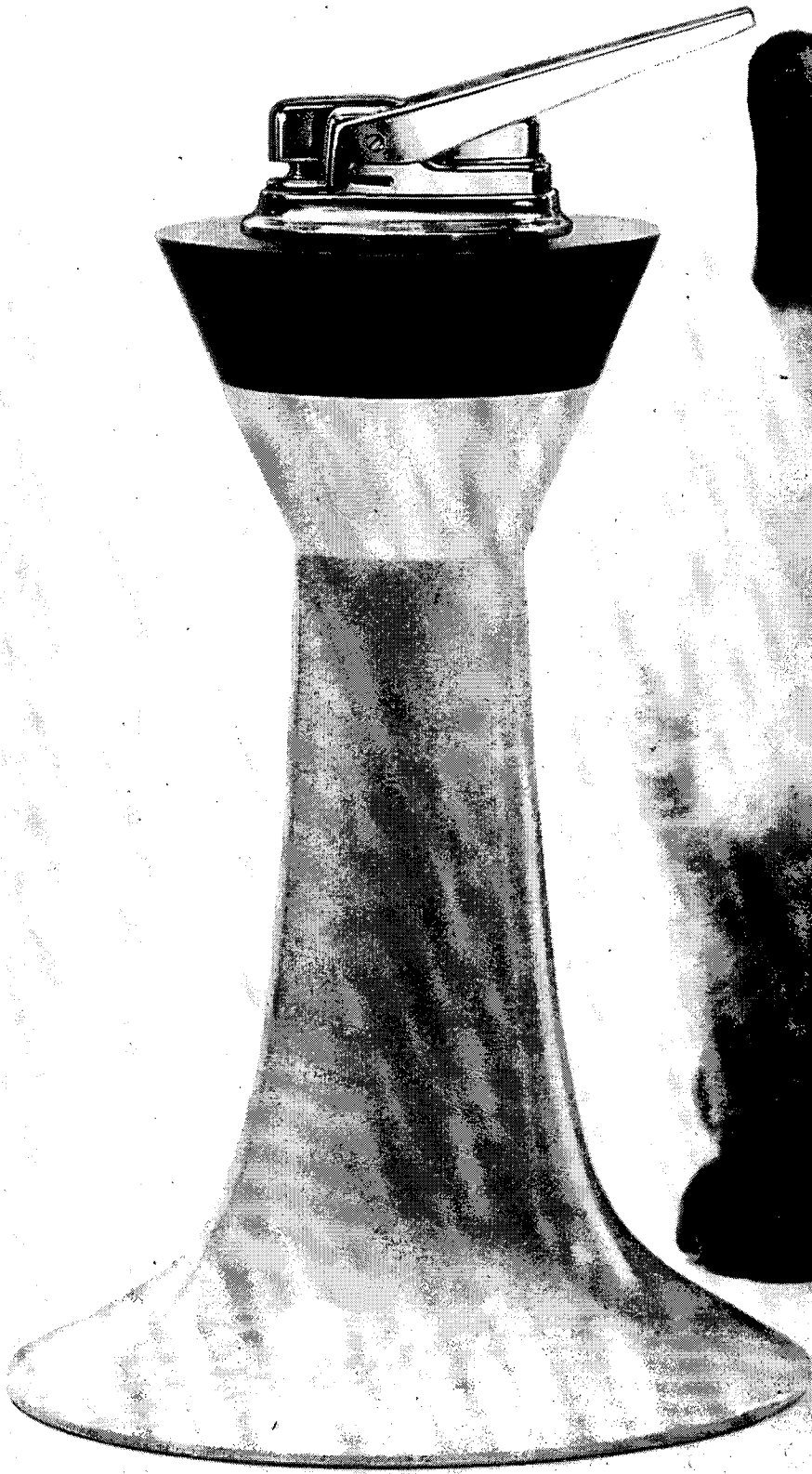


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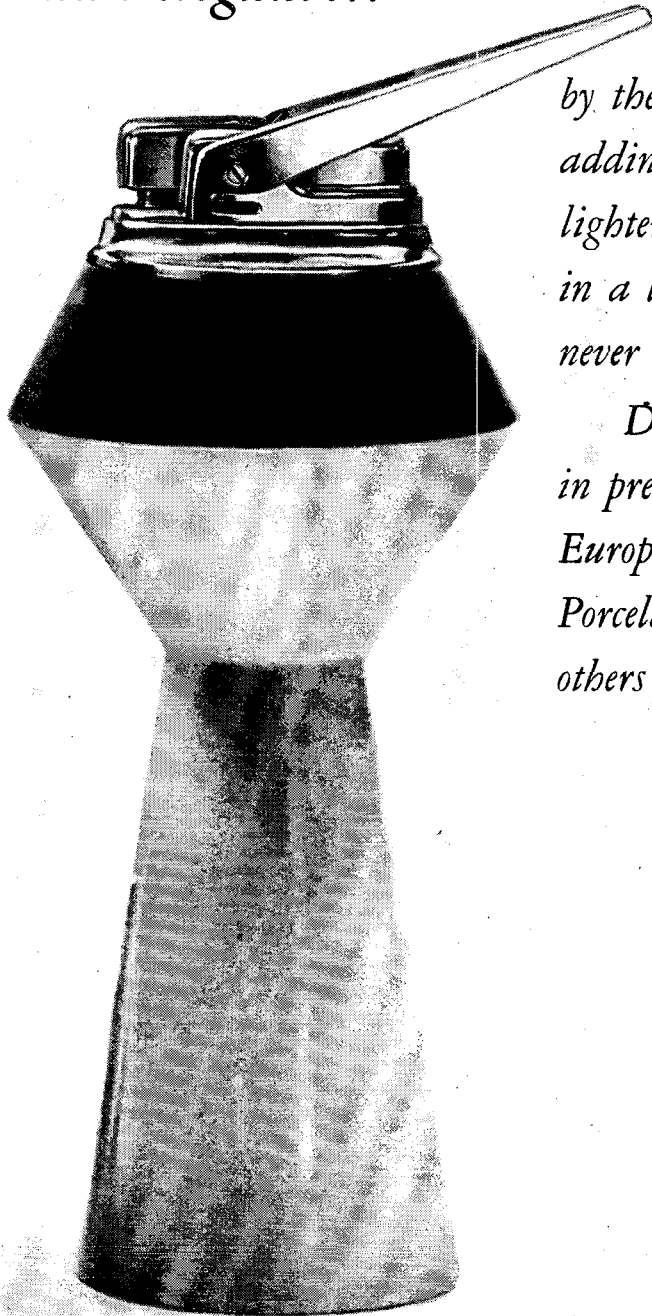
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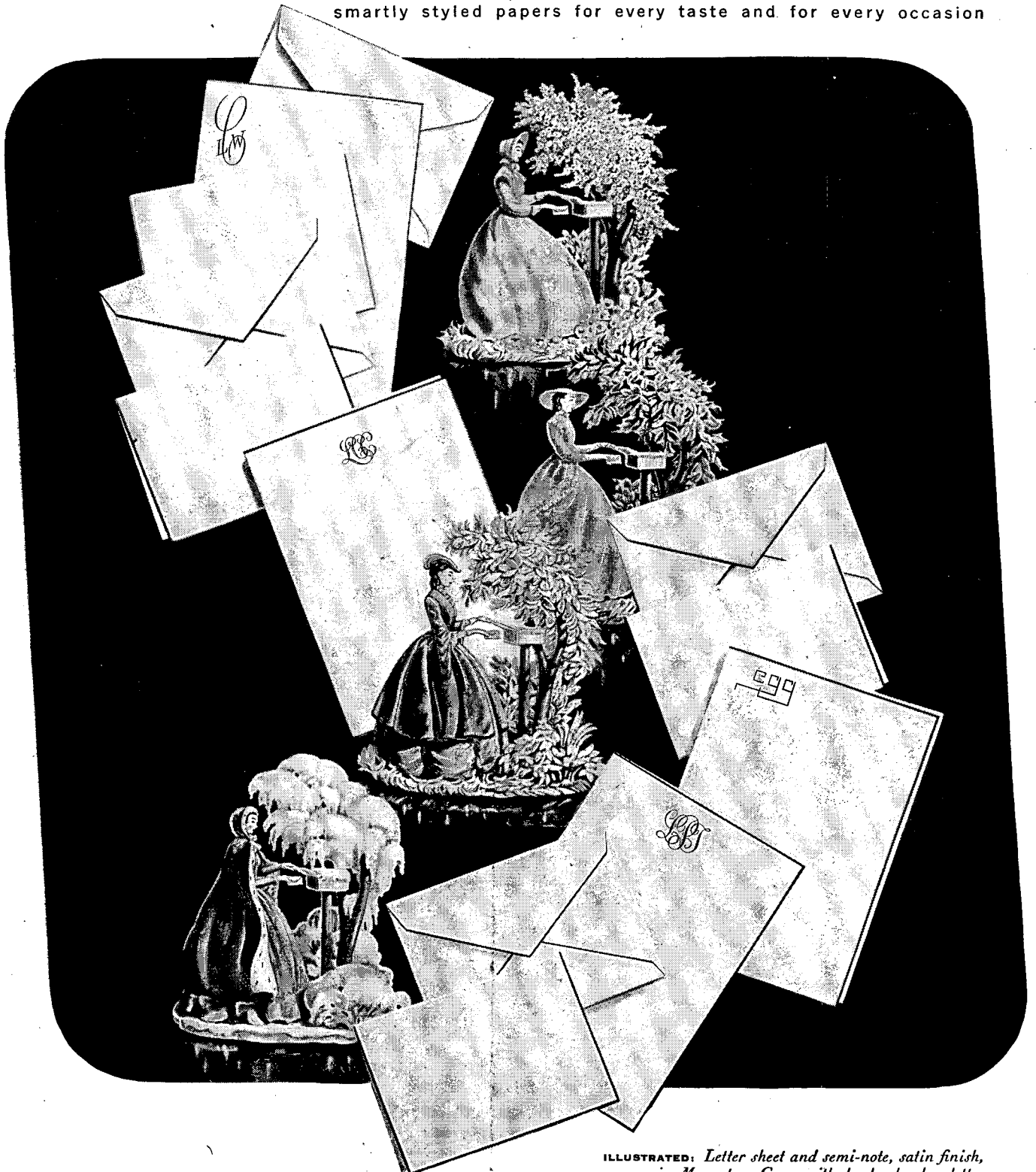
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Crane's—THE GIFT ALWAYS IN SEASON

smartly styled papers for every taste and for every occasion



ILLUSTRATED: Letter sheet and semi-note, satin finish, in Moonstone Grey, with duplex border; letter sheet and semi-note, Crane's Kid Finish, pearl white, with blue border; note and letter sheet, satin finish, pearl white, with duplex border; letter sheet and semi-note in Crane's Bluelawn, with duplex border.

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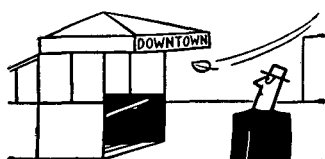
come in, write, or telephone MUrrayhill 9-7000



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

C LIMBING the stairs out of the subway, on upper Broadway, we noticed brown oak leaves overlaying the candy wrappers on every tread. When we reached the top, we looked aloft, expecting to gaze into the branches of an oak. There was no oak overhanging. At first, we thought the leaves must have dropped from dozens of flower arrangements, carelessly carried, but this seemed implausible, and after a bit we spotted two small oak trees about a block away, and concluded that whenever a leaf falls in New



York, it heads—as do so many other unattached souls—straight for the downtown express.

EVEN more sinister than the black-widow spider itself is the strange sequence of events that brought the spider into the news recently. Consider the order of events. On October 19th, Dr. Gertsch, the spider man at the Natural History Museum, placed some live widows on exhibition and issued a statement making light of their threat. On the twenty-second, a little girl in Queens was bitten by a black widow and rushed to the hospital, the spider going along for the ride. Dr. Ernest Schmatolla dispatched the spider and turned it over to the Health Department. Two days elapsed. Then a Brooklyn lad, Louis Perez, Jr., showed up with two live widows and told an idyllic tale of happy years spent catching them in his school playground. He said he kept them as pets. This supported the Gertsch theory but was not well received by mothers and fathers

in general, and was embarrassing to the father of Perez, who had refused to believe his son's story about the spiders' being black widows. And now for the final, gruesome chapter—the opening, on October 27th at the Roxy, of a motion picture called "Black Widow," starring Van Heflin, Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney, George Raft, Peggy Ann Garner, and Reginald Gardiner. It would be an abandoned person indeed who would allow the shadow of press-agentry even to flit briefly across his mind, and we have firmly denied it entrance to ours. But in a city as complex emotionally, as varied physically, as New York, a city hospitable alike to queen and cockroach, to producer and deadly asp, these dark arachnoid episodes inevitably leave the human frame racked with shudders.

WE must, in fairness to billions of spiders who were rather roughly handled by the press, add a footnote. One news story said that any good "insecticide" would kill a black widow. Maybe it will, and we are in favor of delivering the blow. But the word is an unhappy one. Spiders themselves are the Great Insecticide. Nothing can touch them as destroyers of insects; they make DDT look like baby powder. In our cellar last summer, a single small spider, whose web was on the foundation wall at the foot of the stairs, took a truly amazing toll of insect life. She cut her corpses adrift after she was through with them, and the accumulation on the cement floor under the web was a most impressive sight. Spraying a spider with an insecticide is sort of like beating a Constellation over the nose with an Irish Mail.

SECRETARY DULLES's idea for clowning the televised "Cabinet meeting" by throwing a wrong line to Secretary Humphrey, causing the latter to be carried out on a stretcher, was a good

one, and the fact that he (Dulles) failed to go through with it should deceive nobody. Just give this administration a little more time to prepare its shows. The appearance of the Cabinet on TV struck us as a turning point in American history, presaging a change in the character of government itself. When Secretary Benson missed his cue, it was not agriculture that faltered; the hog lot and the grain elevator simply disappeared in a conventional dissolve, leaving a bit player floating, unhappy and unpaid, in an audio-visual world. The spectre of a fully televised government is alarming, with Montgomery skulking in the wings, senators going



up in their lines, sponsors wrangling, and the people entertained but not represented. A government in which the camera had become the controlling factor could not possibly represent the people—any more than the Horse Show represents the horse.

Urban Life

WHEN the Whitney Museum of American Art moved last week from its Village home on Eighth Street to a nice bourgeois location near the Museum of Modern Art and the University Club, we went to the opening of its new building. There we found ourself in a wildly populated ceramic-tiled and marble-decorated entrance hall, further embellished with a Jo Davidson bust of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, the founder, and a plaque reading, "This Building Was Completed in 1954 Through the Interest of the Founder's Children, Flora Whitney Miller, Barbara Whitney Peck, Cor-



"To Augie it's more than just a job."

nelius Vanderbilt Whitney." Who should be standing in front of this, gabbing away with some sporty types who looked as though they had come right out of the Meadow Brook Club, but Child Cornelius himself! We sidled up to him, shook hands, then sidled off again, in the direction of several men with beards, but paused to chat with William A. M. Burden, president of the Modern Museum, and Mrs. Burden.

"We're sister museums," said Mr. Burden, who is clean-shaven and, come to think of it, a Vanderbiltian cousin of C. V. "Friendly coöperation."

"The feeling is very friendly, I may say," Mrs. Burden said, looking friendly.

Past Mrs. John Barry Ryan and Mrs. Oswald Bates Lord we went, past partitions of frosted glass and a forest of sculpture, to gain the side of Monroe Wheeler, the Modern Museum's Director of Publications and Exhibitions. "I brought the president of the University of Puerto Rico with me, but I've lost him," Mr. Wheeler said, looking worried. "I promised to show him around. I wonder whether the Whitney is still keeping those old-

fashioned hours. Its hours used to be one to five, so no one could come after work. *We're* open until seven."

A lady who was selling postcards behind a counter handed us a sheet of paper that read, in part:

Gallery ceilings are entirely of glass and are lit from above by two kinds of light; tinted cold cathode fluorescent tubes for a soft general illumination and a pattern of directional fixtures behind louvered glass which throw a more brilliant light on the walls. . . . Most gallery floors are of a new wood compound that is both durable and resilient. It is used here for the first time in a museum to lessen fatigue.

We bounded upstairs, feeling durable and resilient, and found another plaque, reading, "The Whitney Museum . . . was at Ten West Eight [*sic*] Street from 1930 to 1954." In a brilliantly lit gallery full of Walt Kuhns, Ben Shahns, Ernest Fienes, Jackson Pollocks, George L. K. Morrisises, and Edward Hoppers, we spotted Henry Billings, the painter; Isamu Noguchi, the sculptor; and Julio de Diego, the husband of Gypsy Rose Lee. "This is very nice," a lady next to us said.

Several "The lighting is very good" struck our ears as we gravitated into the Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney Memori-

al Room, a lounge in which smoking is permitted. Vases of chrysanthemums abounded, as did pieces of sculpture by Mrs. Whitney.

"This is a side of New York that one seldom sees," another lady said.

"Two thousand invitations were sent out," said a third, "and if everyone came, and *brought* someone, there would be four thousand people here."

"I've found him," Mr. Wheeler said, appearing beside us, and he introduced us to the president of the University of Puerto Rico.

We admired a painting of Venice by Loren MacIver, ascertained that the Whitney's hours are still one to five, and then, our life being what it is, beat it for a Park Avenue cocktail party given by Myra Waldo to celebrate the publication of "The Complete Round-the-World Cookbook," a collection of six hundred-odd recipes gathered from eighty-four countries by Pan American World Airways, with comments by Miss Waldo. "Have some golden caviar," she said, plying us with a brownish caviar. "Very rare." It tasted just as good as black caviar. She introduced us to her husband, Robert Schwartz, a lawyer. "The smallest

bottle of champagne is *not* a split," he said. "It's a noggin, or half a split. I'm an author, too. I'm the author of an encyclopedia of abbreviations." We thnkd him and the Mrs., and lft.

OVERHEARD in the Ritz Room at the Carlton House, dowager to young matron: "Henry's the kind who'll always use a shoehorn for his bedroom slippers."

All Quiet

LAST week was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the stock-market crash of 1929; Black Thursday, the day of the first big break, was October 24th, and Black Tuesday, the day of the still larger, confirming break, was October 29th. Furthermore, stock prices are again approaching their 1929 highs. To mark the quarter-centennial of the crash, our man Stanley spent a couple of hours poring over October, 1929, issues of the *Times*, and then, steeped in the hysteria of the period, went downtown for a commemorative visit to Wall Street. A day or so later, he reported back, looking notably tranquil, and handed us the following notes:

"Emerg'd from I.R.T. at station beside Trinity Church, at head of Wall Street. Street looked normal—narrow chasm jammed with trucks, well-dressed gentlemen on sidewalks, man in a *Newsweek* apron selling bagels beside Irving Trust Company, 1 Wall. Opposite, in front of 2 Wall, ran into downtown acquaintance—old Wall Street hand who was around in 1929. Asked him if the Street was discussing whether or not 1929 could happen again. 'The Street doesn't discuss 1929,' he replied, and hurried into building.

"Moved along the Street to Subtreasury, in front of which, according to 1929 *Timeses*, anxious crowds gathered every day during the crash. Found small, unanxious crowd there, watching remodeling of building next door, which will be new head office of the Seamen's Bank for Savings. Crossed street to little newsstand beside mausoleum of J. P. Morgan & Co. Bought *Wall Street Journal*. 'MANY LANDLORDS, BESET BY VACANCIES, ARE COURTING TENANTS HARD,' said *Journal* headline, gloomily. 'SOFTENING IN RENTS IS SCANT,' said sub-

head, more optimistically. Mysterious-looking man walked up to newsstand, poked forefinger in proprietor's chest, said, 'You'll hear it all over the Street. I've given you the information. This is the move.' Mysterious man then disappeared into B.-M.T. entrance, inscrutable as Caesar's soothsayer. Proprietor shrugged.

"Remembered reading in *Times* how, on October 28, 1929, the market steadied when reassuring figure of Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of National City Bank, was seen entering portals of J. P. Morgan & Co. Decided to watch Morgan portals, see who entered, note effects. Waited long time. Nobody entered. Nobody exited, either. Old Studebaker came by with 'For Sale' sign in window. Indications of pressure to liquidate? Finally, saw prosperous-looking man with cane enter Morgan portals. No visible effect on the Street. Probably very little on the big board.

"Walked down Broad Street, entered Stock Exchange via Visitors' Entrance. Ascended by elevator to Visitors' Gallery. Was greeted by pretty receptionist, Miss Griffin. 'Hang over the rail as much as you like,' she said. Thanked her, tipped homburg to her. Proceeded to gallery, hung over rail above trading floor. The brokers and specialists were standing around read-

ing newspapers or holding conversations. The stock ticker was moving at moderate pace. Recalled prose poem in 1929 *Times* describing sounds from trading floor: 'The final chorus had an eerie quality, like chords from a primitive requiem.' No requiem now; just a hum. Found myself in middle of knowledgeable class of boys and girls from Westwood High School, in Jersey. Couldn't understand ticker symbols, so asked girl of about twelve what the market was doing. 'Off slightly,' she said.

"Joined Westwood class in listening to explanation of trading activities by Miss Griffin. Learned that buy and sell orders are flashed from anywhere in the country and executed in matter of minutes. Learned that the Stock Exchange makes it possible for industries to get capital necessary for expansion. No mention of 1929. Explanation ended with twelve-minute movie, in room off gallery. Movie was mostly about strict requirements a firm must meet before being listed on the Exchange. Ended with suggestion that investing in stocks involves risk. Still no whisper of 1929. On way out, noticed on wall pictorial history of the Exchange from its beginnings. Saw pictures of events in 1792, 1793, 1820, 1869, 1872, 1873, 1881. No pictures of any events between 1917 and 1944,



"I think he loves me, but it's awfully hard to tell when they have an expense account."

giving a nice, wide berth to you know when."

Lift

WE keep saying New York is a friendly city, and here's another corroborative bit of testimony from a reader:

An office colleague and I came out of Henri's Restaurant after lunch today to find it raining to beat the band, and every taxi taken. But there was Henri's truck standing at the curb. One imploring gesture to the proprietor and we were delivered with a smile, dry and grateful, to our office, six blocks away.

Horse Show President

THE new president of the National Horse Show—only the twelfth in its seventy-one years—is a scholarly-looking man of forty-four named Walter B. Devereux. We had a talk with him last week, and learned that a surprising number of people named Devereux have concerned themselves with horses. "My father—same name as mine—founded the Intercollegiate Polo Association, in 1903," he said. "My grandfather—same name again—played polo, and so did my great-uncles, Horace K. and James Henry Devereux, and my uncles, William G. and Alvin Devereux. We were the first family in this country to have a family polo team. It won the Rocky Mountain championship in Colorado in the early nineteen-hundreds. I began to play polo at nineteen, when I was at the Valley Ranch School, near Cody, Wyoming. Then I was on the freshman and junior-varsity polo teams at Princeton, from which I don't recall graduating, and later I played on teams at Squadron A, Fort Hamilton, the Fairfield Hunt Club, Blind Brook, and Bethpage. I've got eleven stitches in my face, from opponents' mallet hits, but I don't think they show."

We gazed at President Devereux's countenance, which seemed unlined, and besought him to go on talking about horsy matters. "Horsewise," he said obligingly, "I used to hunt at college. I quit when a friend I was hunting with broke her arm and had to have it in a cast nine months. I kept polo ponies until 1951, when I went to work for the government in Washington for a couple of years. For a while, I had an average of six polo ponies. Now I play low-goal polo on borrowed ponies.

During the war, I enlisted in the Cavalry, served at Fort Riley, and was dismounted after eighteen months, when the Cavalry was mechanized." Mr. Devereux, who subsequently went to France with Military Intelligence, was secretary of the Horse Show from 1948 till 1950, and became vice-president last year, after his return from Washington. He was elected president January 5th last. "It's a year-round responsibility," he said. "I started working on January 12th, kept an hour-and-a-half day for four months, and then stepped it up to an eight-hour day. We maintain a paid staff of five. There's a vast amount of detail that has to be worked out six months ahead of the Show—negotiations with the international teams, which have to be handled through the State Department, and the selection of judges, and so on. This year, we have the Spanish team for the first time since 1926, and a German team for the first time since 1930. The German team—it's West Germany—is the only international team with a woman on it. She's cute as a button."

Mr. Devereux was brought up in Syosset and was given a pony on his sixth birthday. He and his wife and their two children—Read, eleven, and Anne, seven—live in an old Jay house in Rye. Anne wants a polo pony for Christmas, and we bet she's going to get one. An old Jay house is a house once owned by John Jay or his descendants. Mrs. Devereux is a daughter of the late Edgar Palmer, who was president and board chairman of the New Jersey Zinc Company and gave the Palmer Stadium to Princeton. Both Devereuxes like to sail. They recently sold a thirty-three-foot ketch, and have ordered a thirty-seven-foot yawl for delivery in May. Ketch as ketch can. He looks after family estates in an Exchange Place office, and is a member of the Union, Turf & Field, and New York Yacht Clubs, and the Downtown Association. The Downtown Association is a club. She is a member of the Colony Club. The Colony Club is not the Colony Restaurant.



Incentive

AN unmarried lady whose diet includes nostrums of the live-longer-look-more-beautiful variety ran short of an essential during a stay in Maine and went into a weathered old grocery store in search of it, without much hope.

"Have you any wheat-germ oil?" she asked the elderly owner of the store.

"Might," he said, and went off on a back-of-the-store rummage.

Presently he called out, "You keep canaries?"

"No," said the lady. "Why?"

"Just wondered," he said, coming back with the stuff. "I give it to mine. Think it encourages them to mate."

Uptown Stir

WE took a cab to the Bronx the other afternoon to see what we could see at Wave Hill, 675 West 252nd Street, which is the house where the Queen Mother has been staying as the guest of Sir Pierson Dixon, the United Kingdom's Permanent Delegate to the United Nations, and Lady Dixon. Turning west from the Henry Hudson Parkway, we drove along a macadam road that dipped down toward the Hudson and was pleasantly shaded with golden maples. A patrolman stationed at the stone entrance gate of Wave Hill stopped us, stepped into a portable police booth, and phoned the house. Presently, Mrs. Elspeth Flynn, of the British Information Services, a tall, handsome, dark-haired young woman in tweeds, showed up and walked us around the grounds. She explained politely that we couldn't be invited inside, because everyone was busy getting ready for a Commonwealth dinner party that evening. We circled the ivy-covered house, which has a Gothic hall that was tacked on by a previous occupant, the late Bashford Dean, Curator of the Department of Ichthyology at the Museum of Natural History and Curator of Arms and Armor at the Metropolitan Museum. Dean tacked the hall on to house his armor collection, which he left to the Met. Mrs. Flynn told us that the Commonwealth dinner was being held in this annex, which is known as the Gothic Hall. Pointing out a second-floor bay window that overlooks the terrace facing the river, she said it was in the room occupied by Her Majesty; the Dixons have temporarily moved to the third floor. The Queen's entourage consists of a private secretary, two ladies-in-waiting, and their maid: the Queen's chief clerk; her hairdresser: two dressers (non-hair); a detective and two footmen, who put the Queen's food on her plate. "Neighbors are helping out with the quartering," Mrs. Flynn said. "I understand the Queen has brought a supply of presents—gold cuff links with her cipher on them, fountain pens, and so on—to use instead of

tips. Most people would rather have them. The phone calls we've had! The wool industry wants to know how many wool dresses the Queen has. Lady Dixon is bearing up well."

We went on to a field below the house, where several girls in maroon gym suits were playing, and there we were introduced to the Dixons' daughter, Corinna, a pink-cheeked girl of thirteen. We later learned that Corinna, who goes to the Riverdale Country School for Girls, next door to Wave Hill, presented Her Majesty with a bouquet of roses when she arrived. The Queen said, "What lovely roses! Just like spring roses." A lady-in-waiting is sleeping in Corinna's room, and Corinna is sleeping in her brother's room.

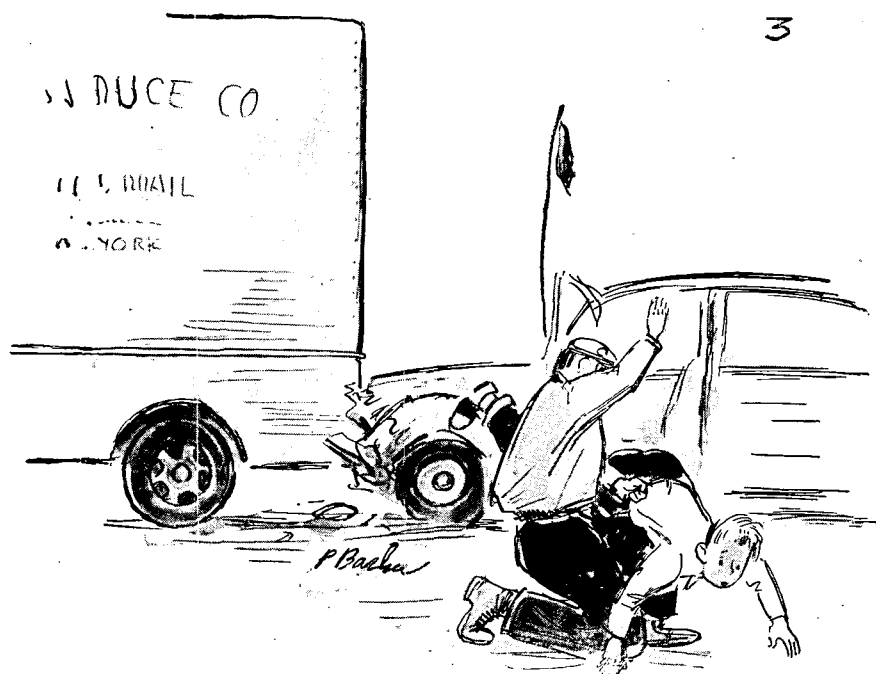
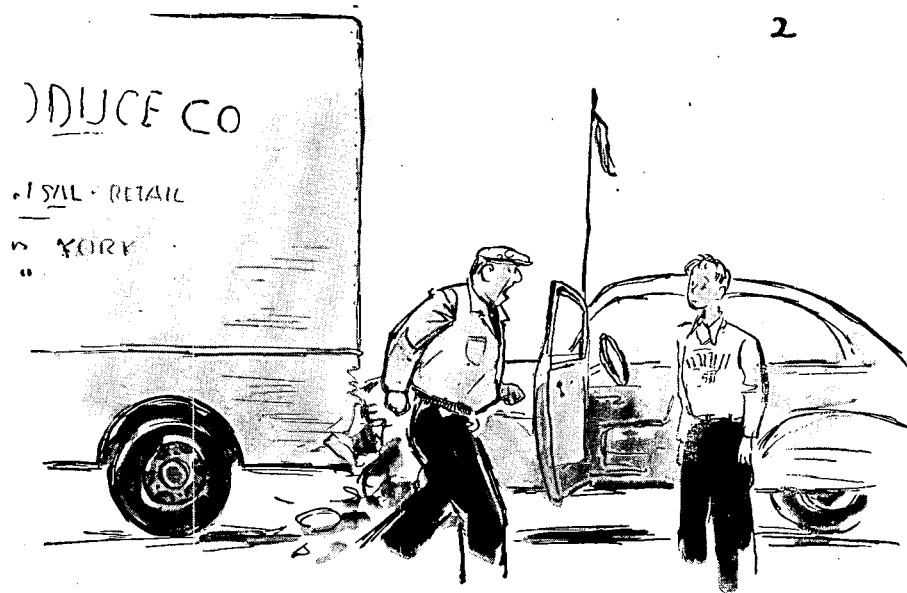
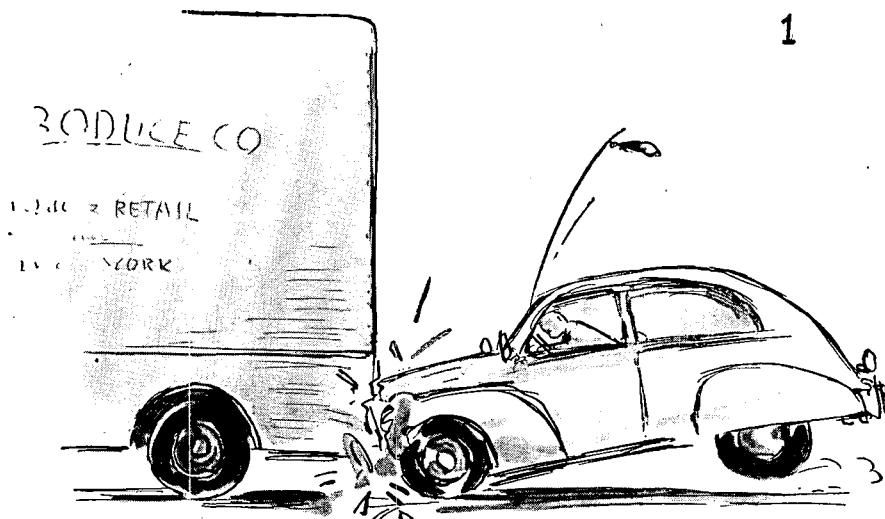
Additional royal news has come to us from a neighbor who lives across the way from the Dixons. A few days before the Queen Mother arrived, this lady, hearing some men banging around in her cellar, went down and found a Telephone Company crew, which had been let in by the maid. When she asked them what they were up to, one of them said, "It's the Queen Mother, Ma'am." It turned out the wires for Wave Hill run through the neighbor's box, and special lines for the police had to be hooked up in there. Moreover, down in the Dixons' cellar the furnace went on the blink the afternoon before the Queen arrived, and the Dixons had to go around the neighborhood collecting electric heaters. We are also indebted to the Dixons' neighbor for two more items. Many of the local children who attend Corinna's school have been accustomed to walk through the Wave Hill grounds on their way to and fro; during the royal visit, they have been required to show passes, which are furnished by the police. And the local maids have been having a high old time. They stand at the curb, neglecting their duties, and wait for the Queen to appear. Then they curtsy like mad.

Stepped Out

HERE'S an exchange that occurred the other day at the Cooper Station of the Post Office, between a citizen and a clerk at the stamp-selling window.

CITIZEN: "I've just been to the inquiries window, and there's nobody there. Can you help me?"

CLERK: "There's always somebody at the inquiries window. Just wait. He'll be back."





"What does he mean, 'ilk'?"

DR. PERELMAN, I PRESUME, OR SMALL-BORE IN AFRICA

THE ARTEMISSES

BY the Saturday afternoon last winter when the twenty American ladies publicized as the Artemisses, a hunting safari composed exclusively of girls, deplaned at Nairobi to begin their historic jaunt through East Africa, the tension around the New Stanley Hotel was such that you could have heard a pin drop. While awaiting their arrival there, I inadvertently dropped one, with which I was fastening some money inside my jumper, and the reverberations awoke the bellboys snoozing near the elevator. It was obvious that despite their pretense of indifference they, and indeed the whole male population of the colony, were keyed up to a fantastic pitch, for it was not every day that a galaxy of beauties understood to rival Rosemary Theby and bulging, in addition, with hard currency descended on the frontier metropolis. All over Nairobi, husbands were cooking up spurious excuses like toothache and overdue gas bills to hustle downtown for a dekko at the newcomers. From the bars frequented by the military, the upcountry settlers, and other technical bachelors there came the whiplike report of cuffs being shot and the sound of heavy breathing.

My presence in the lobby, however, was motivated by neither sensuality nor greed but altruism. Several months earlier in New York, prior to departing for Kenya, I had met the young person who conceived and organized the junket—a symmetrical titian-haired cupcake named Bella Parmechenee. Bella, a drumbeater, or flack, employed by a luggage corporation, had inserted in a fashion magazine a teaser ad calling for footloose and adventuresome maidens to join her in an African safari complete with white hunter, and the response had been overwhelming. As we nibbled our parfaits at Rumpelmayer's—for both of us, by a coincidence, were rigidly abstemious—I chose a bold means of cementing our friendship. Was there, I asked candidly, any foundation to the rumor that she had filched her idea from a project called the All-Girl Safari, which had been announced some months before? Her answer was forthright and uncompromising. With a spirited gesture of denial, whose imprint I can still feel

on my cheek, she at once disposed of the canard and created an atmosphere of healthy camaraderie. After our second parfait, all shyness fled and she expressed trepidation at the loneliness ahead on the Dark Continent, the prospect of no friendly face to welcome her troupe. Reacting with instinctive gallantry, and perhaps somewhat dizzied by chocolate sauce, I offered to act as a one-man reception committee. Bella was ecstatic, so much so that she overturned her glass—that is, the glass the parfait was in. She insisted I accompany the girls on the last week of their tour—a motor excursion through Uganda and a voyage up Lake Albert to the Murchison Falls.

"But wouldn't it be—harumph—deuced unconventional?" I demurred. "One fellow alone with so many girls, without any chaperon. I'm not sure my wife would approve—"

"Oh, come on, be a man," she said impatiently. "You only live once. You don't want people to think you're a milksop, do you?"

The taunt decided me; rather than have Bella bruit it about every sweetshop in Gotham that I was craven, I gave in, and we parted with a buoyant pledge to meet under African skies.

NOW that our reunion was nigh, I resolved to be watchful. It would not do to cheapen myself, to let Bella and her charges fondle or caress me publicly. If they showed signs, as I feared they might, of being overcome by a kissing bug, I would suggest adjourning to some clubbier locale, where I could remonstrate with each individually and recall her to her senses. Suddenly, from the portico of the hotel I heard a confused uproar, like a flash flood approaching, and above it the babble of female voices. A moment later, a horde of the most extraordinary women boiled into the lobby, elbowing and tumbling each other aside in their

anxiety to be first at the reception desk. They were all shapes and sizes, and, both en masse and singly, conveyed a staggering lack of charm. They were clad in tunics, whipcords, and jodhpurs that missed musical comedy by only a few sequins; their faces, which had been slept in on a series of flying machines, were putty-colored with fatigue and oversmoking; and they all moved in a fighter's crouch, girding their massive loins to battle for whatever perquisites they were entitled to. I circled the hillock of mink coats, cameras, ukuleles, and cosmetic kits they had discarded, and found Bella, in a state of near hysteria, trying to pacify several of the more clamorous.

"But you *have* to room with her, at least for tonight," she was pleading desperately. "I can't help it if she snores. . . . Darling, you couldn't have left your jewels in Cairo—we never stopped there. . . . Ask the clerk; there must be a place to get your hair done. . . . Well, if you think it's malaria, take an aspirin, take a drink—take arsenic, for all I care. . . ."

From the blank stare my greeting evoked, I suspected Bella had forgotten our orgy *chez* Rumpelmayer, but a thimbleful of grenadine in the lounge soon restored her memory, and she proceeded to fill me in on the odyssey thus far. The women ranged in age from thirty to sixty-eight (with a preponderance in the late forties); all but four were married, divorced, or widowed; and—other than what they had gleaned from "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" and "King Solomon's Mines"—they were unhampered by any knowledge of African geography, woodcraft, or hunting. In fact, said Bella, she doubted that any of them had ever fired a gun—except, she added generously, at a husband. All sorts of feuds had been germinating en route; certain ladies felt that they had been overlooked by the photographers at the airports, others complained that they found the publicity demeaning and unpalatable. New cliques

formed hourly, backbiting and acrimony were rife, and the forthcoming safari into Tanganyika, patently, was destined to be a sock-dolager.

"Well, I'll see you when you get back from it—that is, if you're not gored by a buffalo," I said, endeavoring to lighten



her mood. "Meanwhile, should you run into trouble or need help, I'll be on the headwaters of the Juba River, visiting a tribe ruled by a strange white goddess."

"How near is that to where we're going?" asked Bella.

"A thousand miles north," I said regretfully. "Beastly luck, isn't it? Oh, well, chin up—you're not dead yet." I sped out of the hotel by a side door and, during the remainder of the Artemisses' stay in Nairobi, managed to avoid any embroilment.

Our next encounter was a fortnight later, when Bella rang up to announce the expedition's return and invite me to inspect its trophies. Apparently, the trip had been a stimulating one, for her voice sounded breathless. "You'll adore

Tanganyika," she burred. "The most primitive country—real rugged tureen. And the animals! I can't wait to tell you."

Awesome as I found the five buffalo heads, the two dozen antelope horns, and the other meat products exultantly shown me, I was even more spellbound by the behavior of the huntresses. There was no bloody nonsense about manners in divvying the spoils; each snatched up whichever pelt or skull she thought would make the best souvenir, regardless of who had bagged it, and defended it with the virulence of a bobcat. One pair, indeed, got into so sulphurous a dispute over a zebra hide that a mule skinner standing near me crimsoned and left the premises. In the face of such open dissension, I supposed the

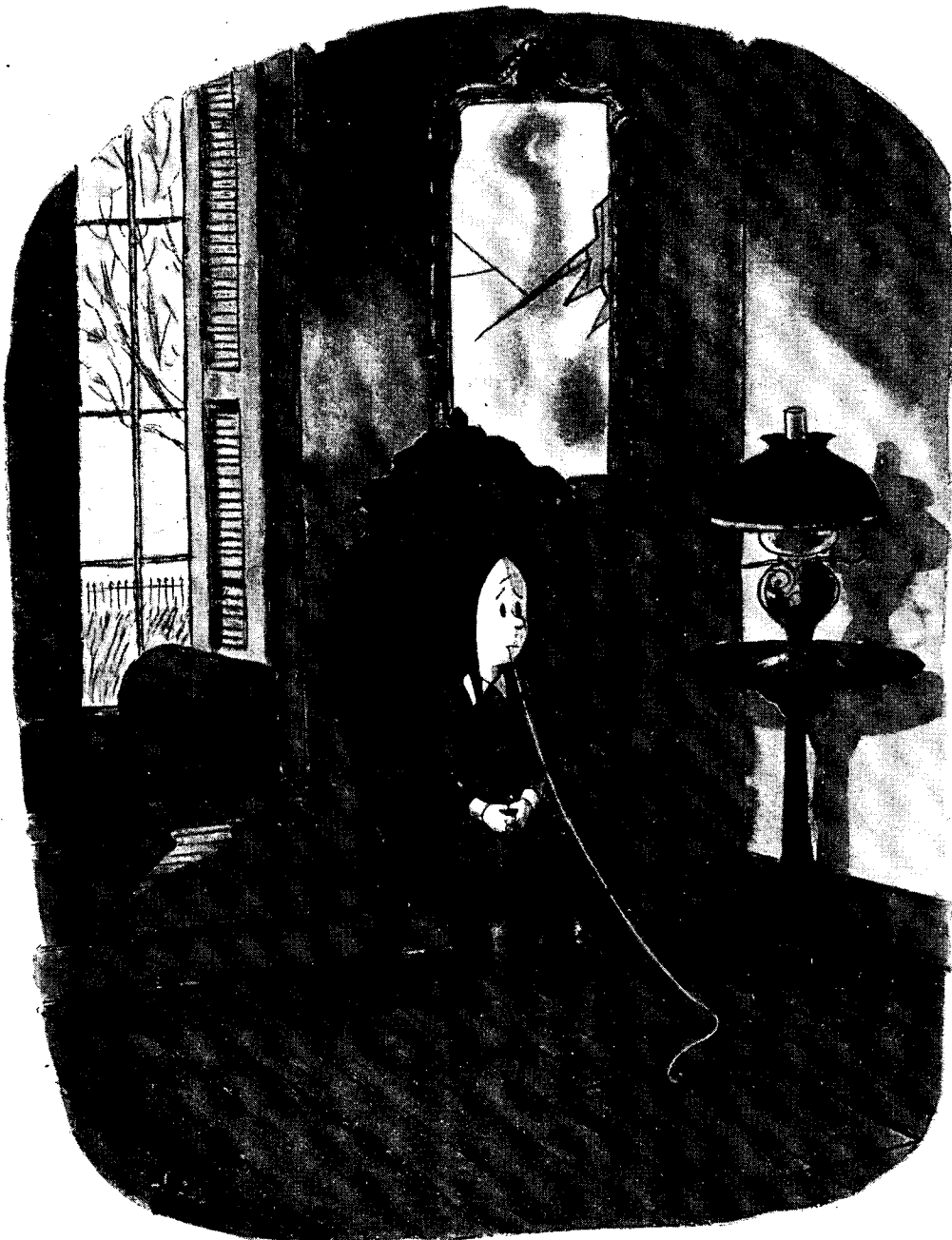
group would disband now that the safari was finished, yet, oddly enough, the ladies seemed revived. The following day, they whizzed off on a rubberneck tour of Zanzibar, and thereafter of the eastern Congo. Presently, I received a chit from Bella mailed in Ruanda-Urundi. Quoting my promise quixotically made over the parfaits, she besought me to meet her party at a whistle stop called Katwe, in westernmost Uganda. The decision was a trying one, and I paced the floor a whole night through. Could I betray the trust this fragile, copper-crested child with the alluring shape reposed in me? My chevalier's code held no alternative, especially since she was picking up the tab. When the sun was again at the meridian, I was winging over Lake Victoria.

DEEP in the Queen Elizabeth National Park, Uganda's newest game reserve, I came to Katwe. It turned out to be a half-completed motel on a barren knob of ground overlooking Lake Edward, and the Artemisses' motorcade had paused there to refuel and change lipsticks. Enforced proximity and their intensive tourism had exacerbated my compatriots to a homicidal degree. Only two or three were still on speaking terms; the glances the ladies exchanged throbbed with hatred, and one after another drew me aside to pour out grievances. The fabled Watusi were not as tall as Bella had led them to believe, and the pygmies not as tiny, and evil-smelling to boot. The food in the Congo was inferior, the scenery insipid, and the gorillas nonexistent.

"And as for that *friend* of yours, or whatever she is," one of them said, glaring venomously at Bella and extracting the last possible drop of innuendo, "she's a two-faced, selfish, brazen, scheming—"

"Please," I said, with icy dignity. "As a guest of Miss Parmechenee's, I refuse to discuss her behind her back. Besides," I pointed out, to keep their boilers up to pressure, "it's such a pretty back, don't you think? So slim and willowy, unlike most."

The three-day drive to the shores of Lake Albert that followed is possibly the most tedious journey in my recollection, which, if massaged, can yield up some pippins. I rode in the lead car of the caravan, with Bella, a garrulous matron from Cedar Rapids named Crabshaw, and an indigenous chauffeur dazed by protracted exposure to her voice. Mrs. Crabshaw had girdled the



globe endless times—always at the captain's table, naturally—and anecdotes spouted from her lips in a geyser as unfailing as Old Faithful. Her reminiscences of General Douglas MacArthur, whom she doted on, whiled away many an hour as we ground up and down the foothills of the Ruwenzori Range. Our bivouac the first night was a hotel at Fort Portal romantically called the Mountains of the Moon. Dinner was a gay affair; our whole group sat at a long table—with someone at the head of it whose identity is his own business—and the sallies and backchat were audible to a whole roomful of starched British colonials. Midway through the meal, a Mrs. Gonister created a diversion by wrestling a plate of cold cuts from her neighbor. The management was able to subdue the two before they could plunge their forks into each other's eyeballs, but it was touch and go for a minute.

Our leave-taking next morning had a similar touch of drama. Just as we were embarking, Mrs. Spurgeon, a hyperthyroid Midwestern type who owned a chain of beauty shops, was overtaken by a *crise*; all her notes, the material she was amassing for a series of travel articles in her home-town paper, had disappeared. Since the bulk of her companions, so to speak, had like journalistic tieups, they were automatically suspected of swiping it, and even I was not excepted. Fuming like so many barnyard turkeys, the ladies paraded about, daring Mrs. Spurgeon to suggest they submit to a search. The air was thick with threats of hair pulling, of action for slander. Fortunately for us, if not for the newspaper readers of southern Nebraska, the missing diary came to light in a glove compartment, and the storm clouds passed over.

The objective that night was a place called Masindi, and we reached it without any major lesions, although—thanks to the voluble Mrs. Crabshaw—somewhat nicked by flying ennui. Owing to overcrowded conditions in the hotel, I shared quarters there with an engineer in the Public Works Department, a strange, sunken-eyed zom-



"Well, we can be sure of one thing: This man is either telling the truth or he's a pathological liar."

bie out of a Universal horror film. He had a waxen face, and a black spade beard like Henri Landru's, and was visibly piqued by the sight of my seraglio, as he assumed the Artemisses to be. He made all sorts of conversational feints, seeking to ascertain whether I was a Moslem, or the head of an obscure religious cult, or someone engaged in the South American export trade. I was really in no position to enlighten him. At that point, the outlines were beginning to shift and blur.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, aboard the twin steam launches Murchison and Livingstone, we chugged out of Butiaba, on Lake Albert, toward the mouth of the Victoria Nile. The vessel I shared with eight of the nymphs, the Murchison, had achieved a certain dubious *réclame* shortly before, having borne Mr. Hemingway back from his epochal crash. Our feeling of glamour intensified when we entered the tortu-

ous, reed-choked waterways interlacing the delta, for this was the locale of "The African Queen," and the girls were inspired to frequent and comic impersonations of Katharine Hepburn. Luckily, the advent of millions of gnats drove them to their bunks after dinner, which gave Bella and me an interlude alone on the upper deck. I was amazed to find her an erudite, astute individual, not in the least giddy, as I had thought, but filled with an enormous and restless curiosity. To satisfy it under the conditions was clearly out of the question, as the captain was forever poking his snoot in on some trumped-up pretext; however, we did squeeze in an informal astronomy lesson, and a perusal of our palms that foretold events in no way germane to this narrative. That they subsequently failed to come true does not invalidate the science of palmistry. I feel that we in the Occidental world have much left to learn.

The hippos, elephants, crocodiles,



"Yes, it happens I do feel tired and irritable. I've been waiting a solid hour out in that reception room of yours."

and aquatic birds on the riverbank were so numerous in the morning that it was difficult to moor, but we finally put in at a landing stage below the Murchison Falls and began the slow trek upward to the renowned cataract. The ascent, through a precipitous gorge and under a burning sun, was toilsome, and the ladies gave off a sustained peevish whine, like the skirl of bagpipes. It did no good for me to remind them that, apart from Bella, they were all overweight and shockingly flabby, and that if they aspired to catch a man, they had jolly well better put their backs into it. Their reaction was most disturbing. Panting, their faces mottled with fury, they reviled me—a typical instance of feminine ingratitude.

"It shows you how thin the veneer of civilization really is," I said aggrievedly to Bella. "Dash it all, I didn't come here to be abused. I accepted your invitation in good faith."

"I know—sometimes I wonder about human nature," she said with quick sympathy. "But try to bear with them, won't you? Whatever happens, you mustn't leave us now."

Frankly, the thought had never en-

tered my head, as there was nowhere to go, and while the women were manifestly irresponsible, their sheer size protected one against marauding animals. With a steadfast assurance to Bella that she could rely on me, I spurred the column on, and at length, utterly spent, we gained the top of the falls. It was a prodigious spectacle, one of the truly rewarding sights of a lifetime. For minutes on end, I stood

reverently contemplating the torrent as it thundered four hundred feet into the Dantesque abyss and trying to imagine the rapture Sir Samuel Baker must have felt when he first beheld it ninety years before. Then, mute with exaltation, I returned to the stunted tree under whose shade the ladies had congregated and were grumpily fanning themselves. They were in a baleful mood.

"An outrage, an absolute swindle," one of them snapped. "Dragging us all this distance for a lousy little trickle like that. I wouldn't give you two cents for it. Why, out where I come from, we've got a waterfall—"

"I thought it was going to be another Niagara," said Mrs. Crabshaw indignantly. "There isn't even a bench to sit down on, or an attendant. No wonder they don't get any tourists."

"Yes, and now we have to walk all the way back," chimed in Mrs. Gonister. "All but Her Highness, there, that is. She's got someone who's probably fool enough to carry her down."

I walked over to the rock where Bella sat, head in hands, and bowed. "Permit me, *querida*," I said, and swung her up on my shoulder. She wasn't as light as she looked, and the climb down almost killed me, but I figured it was worth it. They none of them addressed a word to me the rest of the trip, and that's the sort of thing money can't buy. I read an interesting piece in the paper the day they left—said they'd had a wonderful time and were all coming back next year, with their husbands. O.K.—I'll be waiting in the lobby of the New Stanley. A party of that size might be pretty unwieldy, of course, and one of us might have to drop out. Never mind who. Let's cross that bridge when we come to it.

—S. J. PERELMAN

AUTUMN SONG ON PERRY STREET

Our soprano is on the wind tonight—
our slightly off-coloratura.

She and the smell of vanilla
from the National Biscuit Co.
tell us the weather'll be chiller
and the leaves are due to blow.
Somehow the aria's never quite right,
though the areaways endure her
hour upon hour for weeks,
as the back-yard pump starts up
never to, ever to stop.

"One fine—" "One fine day—" she shrieks,
"One fine day he will come—" (Bravura.)
If her voice didn't carry, he might.

—LLOYD FRANKENBERG.

THE STATE OF GRACE

THERE is a certain shade of red brick—a dark, almost melodious red, sombre and riddled with blue—that is my childhood in St. Louis. Not the real childhood, but the false one that extends from the dawning of consciousness until the day that one leaves home for college and manhood. That one shade of red brick and green foliage is St. Louis in the summer (the winter is just a gray sky and a crowded school bus and the wet footprints on the brown linoleum floor at school), and that brick and a pale sky is spring. It's also heartbreak and loneliness and the queer, self-pitying wonder that children whose families are having catastrophes feel.

I can remember that brick best on the back of our apartment house; it was on all the apartment houses on that block, and also on the apartment house where Edward lived. Edward was a small boy I took care of on the evenings when his parents went out. As I came up the street from school, past the boulevard and its ugliness (the vista of shoe-repair shops, dime stores, hairdressers', pet shops, the Tivoli Theatre, and the closed Piggly Wiggly, about to be converted into a Kroger's), past the place where I could see the Masonic Temple, built in the shape of some Egyptian relic, and the two huge concrete pedestals flanking the boulevard (what they supported I can't remember, but on both of them, in brown paint, was a large heart and the information that someone named Erica loved someone named Peter), past the post office, built in W.P.A. days of yellow brick and chrome, I hurried toward the moment when at last, on the other side, past the driveway of the garage of the Castle-reagh Apartments, I would be at the place where the trees began, the apartment houses of dark-red brick, and the empty stillness.

In the middle of that stillness and red brick was my neighborhood, the terribly familiar place where I was more comfortably an exile than anywhere else. There were two locust trees that were beautiful to me—I think because they were small and I could encompass them (not only with my mind and heart but with my hands as well). Then came an apartment house of red brick (but not quite the true shade) where a boy I knew lived, and two amazingly handsome brothers, who were also strong and kind, but much older than I and totally uninterested in me. Then came an alley of black macadam and another

vista, which I found shameful but dreadfully comfortable, of garages and ashpits and telephone poles and the backs of apartment houses—including ours—on one side, the backs of houses on the other. I knew many people in the apartments but none in the houses, and this was the ultimate proof, of course, to me of how miserably degraded I was and how far sunken beneath the surface of the sea. I was on the bottom, looking up through the waters, through the shifting bands of light—through, oh, innumerable more complexities than I could stand—at a sailboat driven by the wind, some boy who had a family and a home like other people.

I was thirteen, and six feet tall, and I weighed a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Though I fretted wildly about my looks (my ears stuck out and my hair was like wire), I also knew I was attractive; girls had smiled at me, but none whom I might love and certainly none of the seven or eight goddesses in the junior high school I attended. Starting in about second grade, I always had the highest grades—higher than anybody who had ever attended the schools I went to—and I terrified my classmates. What terrified them was that so far as they could see, it never took any effort; it was like legerdemain. I was never teased, I was never tormented; I was merely isolated. But I was known as "the walking encyclopedia," and the only way I could deal with this was to withdraw. Looking back, I'm almost certain I could have had friends if I'd made the right overtures, and that it was not my situation but my forbidding pride that kept them off; I'm not sure. I had very few clothes, and all that I had had been passed to me from an elder cousin. I never was able to wear what the other boys wore.

Our apartment was on the third floor. I usually walked up the back stairs, which were mounted outside the building in a steel framework. I preferred the back stairs—it was a form of rubbing at a hurt to make sure it was still there—because they were steep and ugly and had garbage cans on the landings and wash hanging out, while the front door opened off a court where rosebushes grew, and the front stairs were made of some faintly yellow local marble that was cool and pleasant to the touch and to the eye. When I came to our back door, I would open the

screen and call out to see if my mother was home. If she was not home, it usually meant that she was visiting my father, who had been dying in the hospital for four years and would linger two more before he would come to terms with death. As far as I know, that was the only sign of character he ever showed in his entire life, and I suppose it was considerable, but I hoped, and even sometimes prayed, that he would die—not only because I wouldn't have to visit the hospital again, where the white-walled rooms were filled with odors and sick old men (and a tangible fear that made me feel a falling away inside, like the plunge into the unconscious when the anesthetic is given), but because my mother might marry again and make us all rich and happy once more. She was still lovely then, still alight with the curious incandescence of physical beauty. There was a man who had loved her for twenty years and who loved her yet and wanted to marry her. I wished so hard my father would die, but he just wouldn't. If my mother was home, I braced myself for unpleasantness, because she didn't like me to sit and read; she hated me to read. She wanted to drive me outdoors, where I would become an athlete and be like other boys and be popular. It filled her with rage when I ignored her advice and opened a book; once, she rushed up to me, her face suffused with anger, took the book (I think it was "Pride and Prejudice"), and hurled it out the third-story window.

At the time, I sat and tried to sneer, thinking she was half mad, with her exaggerated rage, and so foolish not to realize that I could be none of the things she thought I ought to be. But now I think—perhaps wistfully—that she was merely desperate, driven to extremes in her anxiety to save me. She felt—she knew, in fact—that there was going to come a moment when, like an acrobat, I was going to have to climb on her shoulders and on the shoulders of all the things she had done for me, and leap out into a life she couldn't imagine (and which I am leading now), and if she wanted to send me out wrapped in platitudes, in an athletic body, with a respect for money, it was because she thought that was the warmest covering.

But when I was thirteen, I only wondered how anyone so lovely could be so impossible. She somehow managed it so that I hated her far more than I loved her, even though in the moments before



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sleep I would think of her face, letting my memory begin with the curving gentleness of her eyelid and circle through all the subtle interplay of shadows and hollows and bones, and the half-remembered warmth of her chest, and it would seem to me that this vision of her, always standing in half light (as probably I had seen her once when I was younger, and sick, perhaps, though I don't really remember), was only as beautiful to me as the pattern in an immeasurably ancient and faded Persian rug. In the vision, as in the rug, I could trace the lines in and out and experience some unnamed pleasure, but it had almost no meaning, numbed as I was by the problems of my sonhood.

Being Jewish also disturbed me, because it meant I could never be one of the golden people—the blond athletes, with their easy charm. If my family had been well off, I might have felt otherwise, but I doubt it.

My mother had a cousin whom I called Aunt Rachel, and we used to go and see her three or four times a year. I hated it. She lived in what was called the Ghetto, which was a section of old houses in downtown St. Louis with tiny front porches and two doors, one to the upstairs and one to the downstairs. Most people lived in them only until they could move to something better; no one had ever liked living there. And because of that, the neighborhood had the quality of being blurred; the grass

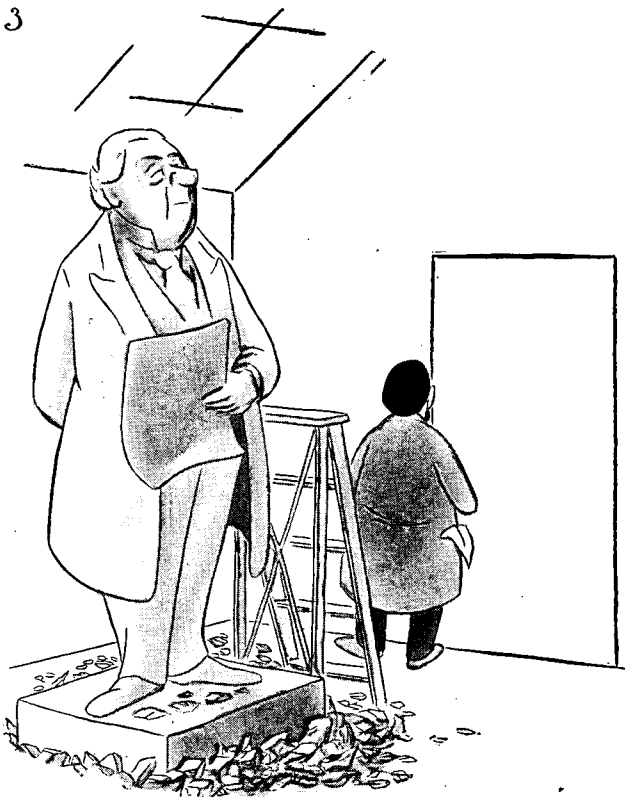
was never neat, the window frames were never painted, no one cared about or loved the place. It was where the immigrants lived when they arrived by train from New York and before they could move uptown to the apartments near Delmar Boulevard, and eventually to the suburbs—to Clayton, Laclede, and Ladue. Aunt Rachel lived downstairs. Her living room was very small and had dark-yellow wallpaper, which she never changed. She never cleaned it, either, because once I made a mark on it, to see if she would, and she didn't. The furniture was alive and frightening. It was like that part of the nightmare where it gets so bad that you decide to wake up. I always had to sit on it. It bulged in great curves of horsehair and mohair, and it was dark purple and maroon and dark green, and the room had no light in it anywhere. Somewhere on the other side of the old, threadbare satin draperies that had been bought out of an old house was fresh air and sunshine, but you'd never know it. It was as much like a peasant's hut as Aunt Rachel could manage, buying furniture in cut-rate furniture stores. And always there were the smells—the smell of onion soup and garlic and beets. It was the only place where I was ever rude to my mother in public. It was always full of people whom I hardly ever knew, but who knew me, and I had to perform. My mother would say, "Tell the people what your last report

card was," or "Recite them the poem that Miss Huntington liked so well." That was when the feeling of unreality was strongest. Looking back now, I think that what frightened me was their fierce urgency; I was to be rich and famous and make all their tribulations worth while. But I didn't want that responsibility. Anyway, if I were going to be what they wanted me to be, and if I had to be what I was, then it was too much to expect me to take them as they were. I had to go beyond them and despise them, but first I had to be with them—and it wasn't fair.

It was as if my eyelids had been propped open, and I had to see these things I didn't want to see. I felt as if I had taken part in something shameful, and therefore I wasn't a nice person. It was like my first sexual experiences: What if anyone knew? What if everyone found out? . . . How in hell could I ever be gallant and carefree, like the blond athletes?

I had read too many books by Englishmen and New Englanders to want to know anything but graceful things and erudite things and the look of white frame houses on green lawns. I could always console myself by thinking my brains would make me famous (brains were good for something, weren't they?), but then my children would have good childhoods—not me. I was irrevocably deprived, and it was the irrevocableness that hurt, that finally

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drove me away from any sensible adjustment with life to the position that dreams had to come true or there was no point in living at all. If dreams came true, then I would have my childhood in one form or another, someday.

IF my mother was home when I came in from school, she might say that Mrs. Leinberg had called and wanted me to baby-sit, and I would be plunged into yet another of the dilemmas of those years. I had to baby-sit to earn money to buy my lunch at school, and there were times, considering the dilemma I faced at the Leinbergs', when I preferred not eating, or eating very little, to baby-sitting. But there wasn't any choice; Mother would have accepted for me, and made Mrs. Leinberg promise not to stay out too late and deprive me of my sleep. She would have a sandwich ready for me to eat, so that I could rush over in time to let Mr. and Mrs. Leinberg go out to dinner. Anyway, I would eat my sandwich reading a book, to get my own back, and then I would set out. As I walked down the back stairs on my way to the Leinbergs', usually swinging on the railings by my arms to build up my muscles, I would think forlornly of what it was to be me, and wish things were otherwise, and I did not understand myself or my loneliness or the cruel deprivation the vista down the alley meant.

There was a short cut across the back

yards to the apartment house where the Leinbergs lived, but I always walked by my two locust trees and spent a few moments loving them; so far as I knew, I loved nothing else.

Then I turned right and crossed the street and walked past an apartment house that had been built at right angles to the street, facing a strange declivity that had once been an excavation for still another apartment house, which had never been built, because of the depression. On the other side of the declivity was a block of three apartment houses, and the third was the Leinbergs'. Every apartment in it had at least eight rooms, and the back staircase was enclosed, and the building had its own garages. All this made it special and expensive, and a landmark in the neighborhood.

Mr. Leinberg was a cosmetics manufacturer and very successful. I thought he was a smart man, but I don't remember him at all well (I never looked at men closely in those days but always averted my head in shyness and embarrassment; they might guess how fiercely I wanted to belong to them) and I could have been wrong. Certainly the atmosphere then, during the war years—it was 1943—was that everyone was getting rich; everyone who could work, that is. At any rate, he was getting rich, and it was only a matter of time before the Leinbergs moved from that apartment house to Laclede or Ladue and

had a forty-thousand-dollar house with grounds.

Mrs. Leinberg was very pretty; she was dark, like my mother, but not as beautiful. For one thing, she was too small; she was barely five feet tall, and I towered over her. For another, she was not at all regal. But her lipstick was never on her teeth, and her dresses were usually new, and her eyes were kind. (My mother's eyes were incomprehensible; they were dark stages where dimly seen mob scenes were staged and all one ever sensed was tumult and drama, and no matter how long one waited, the lights never went up and the scene never was explained.) Mrs. Leinberg would invite me to help myself in the icebox, and then she would write down the telephone number of the place where she was going to be. "Keep Edward in the back of the apartment, where he won't disturb the baby," she would tell me. "If the baby does wake up, pick her up right away. That's very important. I didn't pick Edward up, and I'll always regret it." She said that every time, even though Edward was lurking in the back hallway, waiting for his parents to leave so he could run out and jump on me and our world could come alive again. He would listen, his small face—he was seven—quite blank with hurt and the effort to pierce the hurt with understanding.

Mrs. Leinberg would say, "Call me if she wakes up." And then, placatingly,

to her husband, "I'll just come home to put her back to sleep, and then I'll go right back to the party—" Then, to me, "But she almost always sleeps, so don't worry about it."

"Come on, Greta. He knows what to do," Mr. Leinberg would say impatiently.

I always imagined contempt in his voice—contempt for us both. I would be standing by the icebox looking down on the two little married people. Mr. Leinberg had a very red mouth. "Come on, Greta," it would say. "We'll be back by eleven," it would say to me.

"Edward goes to bed at nine," Mrs. Leinberg would say, her voice high and birdlike, but tremulous with confusion and vagueness. Then she would be swept out the front door, so much prettily dressed matchwood, in her husband's wake. When the door closed, Edward would come hurtling down the hall and tackle my knees if I was staring after his parents, or, if I was facing him, leap onto my chest and into my arms.

"What shall we play tonight?"

He would ask that and I would have to think. He trembled with excitement, because I could always make the games wonderful to him—like his daydreams, in fact. Because he was a child, he trusted me almost totally, and I could do anything with him. I had that power with children until I was in college and began at last to be like other people.

In Edward's bedroom was a large closet; it had a rack for clothes, a washstand, a built-in table, and fifteen or twenty shelves. The table and shelves were crowded with toys and games and sports equipment. I owned a Monopoly board I had inherited from my older sister, an old baseball glove (which was so cheap I never dared use it in front of my classmates, who had real gloves signed by real players), and a collection of postcards. The first time I saw that closet, I practically exploded with pleasure; I took down each of the games and toys and played with them, one after another, with Edward. Edward loved the fact that we never played a game to its conclusion but would leap from game to game after only a few moves, until the leaping became the real game and the atmosphere of laughter the real sport.

It was comfortable for me in the back room, alone in the apartment with Edward, because at last I was chief; and not only that, I was not being seen. There was no one there thinking of me or what I should be or how I should behave; and I have always been

COLLOQUY

In the broken light, in owl weather,
 Webs on the lawn where the leaves end,
 I took the thin moon and the sky for cover
 To pick the cat's brains and descend
 A weedy hill. I found him grovelling
 Inside the summerhouse, a shadowed bulge,
 Furred and somnolent. "I bring,"
 I said, "besides this dish of liver and an edge
 Of cheese, the customary torments,
 And the usual wonder why we live
 At all, and why the world thins out and perishes
 As it has done for me, sieved
 As I am toward silences. Where
 Are we now? Do we know anything?"
 Now, on another night, his look endures.
 "Give me the dish," it said.
 I had his answer, wise as yours.

—WELDON KEES

terrified of what people thought of me, as if what they thought was a hulking creature that would confront me if I should turn a corner.

There were no corners. Edward and I would take his toy pistols and stalk each other around the bed. Other times, we were on the bed, the front gun turret of a battleship sailing to battle the Japanese fleet in the Indian Ocean. Edward would close his eyes and roll with pleasure when I went "Boom! Boom! BOOOOM!"

"It's sinking! It's sinking, isn't it?"

"No, stupid. We only hit its funnel. We have to shoot again. Boom, Boom—"

Edward's fingers would press his eyelids in a spasm of ecstasy; his delirious, taut, little boy's body would fall backward on the soft pillows and bounce, and his back would curve; the excited breathy laughter would pour out like so many leaves spilling into spring, so many lilacs thrusting into bloom.

Under the bed, in a foxhole (Edward had a Cub Scout hat and I had his

plastic soldier helmet), we turned back the yellow hordes from Guadalcanal. Edward dearly loved to be wounded. "I'm hit!" he'd shriek. "I'm hit!" He'd press his hand against his stomach and writhe on the wooden floor. "They shot me in the guts—"

I didn't approve of his getting wounded so soon, because then the scene was over; both his and my sense of verisimilitude didn't allow someone to be wounded and then get up. I remember how pleased he was when I invented the idea that after he got wounded, he could be someone else; so, when we crawled under the bed, we would decide to be eight or twelve or twenty Marines, ten each to get wounded, killed, or maimed as we saw fit, provided enough survived so that when we crawled out from under the bed we could charge the Japanese position under the dining-room table and leave it strewn with corpses.

Edward was particularly good at the detective game, which was a lot more involved and difficult. In that, we would walk into the kitchen, and I would tell him that we had received a call about a murder. Except when we played Tarzan, we never found it necessary to be characters. However, we always had names. In the detective game, we were usually Sam and Fred. We'd get a call telling us who was murdered, and then we'd go back to the bedroom and examine the corpse and question the suspects. I'd fire questions at an empty chair. Sometimes Edward would get tired of being my sidekick and he'd slip into the chair and be the quaking suspect. Other times, he would prowl around the room on his hands and knees with a magnifying glass while I stormed



and shouted at the perpetually shifty suspect: "Where were you, Mrs. Eggnogghead [giggles from Edward], at ten o'clock, when Mr. Eggnogghead [laughter, helpless with pleasure, from Edward] was slain with the cake knife?"

"Hey, Fred! *I found bloodstains.*" Edward's voice would quiver with a creditable imitation of the excitement of radio detectives.

"Bloodstains! Where, Sam? Where? This may be the clue that breaks the case."

Edward could sustain the *commedia dell'arte* for hours if I wanted him to. He was a precocious and delicate little boy, quivering with the malaise of being unloved. When we played, his child's heart would come into its own, and the troubled world where his vague hungers went unfed and mothers and fathers were dim and far away—too far away ever to reach in and touch the sore place and make it heal—would disappear, along with the world where I was not sufficiently muscled or sufficiently gallant to earn my own regard. (What ever had induced my mother to marry that silly man, who'd been unable to hang on to his money? I could remember when we'd had a larger house and I'd had toys; why had she let it get away?) It angered me that Edward's mother had so little love for him and so much for her daughter, and that Edward's father should not appreciate the boy's intelligence—he thought Edward was a queer duck, and effeminate. I could have taught Edward the manly postures. But his father didn't think highly of me: I was only a baby-sitter, and effeminate, too. Why, then, should Edward be more highly regarded by his father than I myself was? I wouldn't love him or explain to him.

That, of course, was my terrible dilemma. His apartment house, though larger than mine, was made of the same dark-red brick, and I wouldn't love him. He wasn't as smart as I'd been at his age, or as fierce. At his age, I'd already seen the evil in people's eyes, and I'd begun the construction of my defenses even then. But Edward's

family was more prosperous, and the cold winds of insecurity (*Where will the money come from?*) hadn't shredded the dreamy chrysalis of his childhood. He was still immersed in the dim, wet wonder of the folded wings that might open if someone loved him; he still hoped, probably, in a butterfly's unthinking way, for spring and warmth. How the wings ache, folded so, waiting; that is, they ache until they atrophy.

So I was thirteen and Edward was

seven and he wanted me to love him, but he was not old enough or strong enough to help me. He could not make his parents share their wealth and comfort with me, or force them to give me a place in their home. He was like most of the people I knew—eager and needful of my love; for I was quite remarkable and made incredible games, which were better than movies or than the heart could hope for. I was a dream come true. I was smart and virtuous (no



"I had a wonderful acceptance speech all ready. I don't suppose you fellows would care to hear it?"



"I have a confession to make. I'm only half Indian."

one knew that I occasionally stole from the dime store) and fairly attractive, maybe even very attractive. I was often funny and always interesting. I had read everything and knew everything and got unbelievable grades. Of course I was someone whose love was desired. Mother, my teachers, my sister, girls at school, other boys—they all wanted me to love them.

But I wanted them to love me first.

None of them did. I was fierce and solitary and acrid, marching off the little mile from school, past the post office, all yellow brick and chrome, and my two locust trees (water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink), and there was no one who loved me first. I could see a hundred cravennesses in the

people I knew, a thousand flaws, a million weaknesses. If I had to love first, I would love only perfection. Of course, I could help heal the people I knew if I loved them. No, I said to myself, why should I give them everything when they give me nothing?

How many hurts and shynesses and times of walking up the back stairs had made me that way? I don't know. All I know is that Edward needed my love and I wouldn't give it to him. I was only thirteen. Many sins can be forgiven a boy of thirteen, but I'm not thinking of the sin; I'm thinking of all the years that might have been—if I'd only known then what I know now. The waste, the God-awful waste.

Really, that's all there is to this story.

The boy I was, the child Edward was. That and the terrible desire to suddenly turn and run shouting back through the corridors of time, screaming at the boy I was, searching him out, and pounding on his chest: Love him, you damn fool, love him.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

Gertrude Stein says, "A play can be revealed by placing it in being higher they look again or if being not higher they do look again. This is often their thought necessary." Puzzle over these words as much as you care to, they do mean that audience psychology, not the plot, finally makes or breaks a play.—From *"The Best One-Act Plays of 1949-50,"* edited by Margaret Mayorga.

Thank you.

PROFILES

THE HUMAN CONDITION~I

THE French look upon André Malraux as a remarkably multiple man. He is invariably classified first as *un haut aventurier*—a high adventurer being to the French a heroic fugitive from the commonplace, a modern romantic who is at home only at the altitude of dangerous events. In second place comes the Malraux who is internationally the best known—the writer and Goncourt Prize winner who created a virile and violent type of novel about modern man's fate and the tragic heroes who defy it, which remains unique in French literature. The third Malraux is *l'homme engagé*, the intellectual obsessed with action, who took part in a revolution on the other side of the globe, flew a plane in a neighboring civil war, and fought under a *nom de guerre* in the French Resistance—all of them like engagements with current history which must not be missed. Fourth is Malraux the political agnostic, who, long since having lost hope in yesterday's experimental Communism, has lately tried to find faith in General Charles de Gaulle. Fifth, and most recent, is the Malraux who, in some fashion combining the four others, along with the voyages made, the remote temples penetrated, the art museums absorbed in thirty years of travel and contemplation during and between wars, has summed up the experiences of his senses and his creative intellect in "*Les Voix du Silence*" ("The Voices of Silence"), a book on his theories of art which has established him on both sides of the Atlantic as a new interpreter of universal humanism. A sixth Malraux is the legendary one who lives in an atmosphere of obscurity—a Malraux magnified, mysterious, evasive, even more lavishly endowed and more consequential than the five others. Off and on, and for various reasons, French literary circles have been discussing the complexities of *le cas Malraux* over the past thirty years, during which they have pinned him down at least to the extent of identifying these half-dozen exceptional figures united under the single name.

Now, at fifty-three, Malraux is nerve-racked, intense, slender, elegant, and slightly bent, as if from too much reading. His hair is dark and his eyes are deep green; he has an impressive head and, with its dramatic lines and shadows, the cold, impassioned face of a Renais-

sance *condottiere*. He is a phenomenal peripatetic talker, if the room is large enough. No other French writer is so rapid, compulsive, fascinating, and rewarding a monologist. Malraux paces the floor as if he were propelled by the jerking energy of his speech. As he walks, words and ideas rush from his brain and out of his mouth in extemporaneous creation, as though they were long quotations from books he has not yet written, and they flow at a rate that is almost the speed of thought, and sometimes faster than the ear can catch. His extravagant memory accompanies him as he paces back and forth, bringing reminiscences out into the air, along with history, art, and man's dangerous destiny—whatever he needs at the moment. From time to time, for punctuation, he lifts his right hand, his long, apostolic forefinger erect, and says "*Mais attention!*," as if to warn the dazed listener about the paragraph to come, which passes in a revelatory gust. It is a concentrated talking style, which often includes interpolations of "*Primo*" and "*Secundo*" to keep matters straight; a low-voiced style, with a hurried coherence about it, and an occasional anguished straining for an ultimate exactitude; a style that displays immense general intelligence and erudition, expressed in particularities of reference, hypotheses, and hopes, as his thoughts develop audibly, through ellipses, into cogent conclusions—an astonishing creative production, which even some of his literary friends, professionally accustomed to ideas and vocabulary, have been unable to follow. André Gide wrote in his "Journal" that Malraux "talks with that extraordinary volubility which makes him so hard for me to follow . . . in awe before his dazzling and staggering flow of words," and went on to compare him with another friend of his who was a conversational trial—the poet Paul Valéry, who also did not notice whether the listener could keep up. Mme. Théo van Rysselberghe, who was also a friend of Gide's, records that once, on the way to Pontigny, where in the late nineteen-twenties the intellectual cream of Europe sojourned as if attending a series



André Malraux

of scholarly country houseparties, she picked up Malraux, who had just returned to Paris from Teheran, to take him along in her car, and that he said "*Bon jour*," and then went right on, "*In Persia . . .*"

A few years ago, at a luncheon given in Paris for Malraux, who speaks almost no English, and a *Life* editor from New York, who spoke no French at all but whose aim was to obtain an interview for an article on General Charles de Gaulle, three bilingual Paris correspondents of *Time*, invited so that they might translate Malraux's French, failed to manage anything comprehensible as he obligingly rushed on with staccato information, accompanied by the *Life* man's reiterated "What did he say?" Forewarned, another American writer with some questions to ask him was recently permitted to take along a stenotypist and machine to his home, in Boulogne-sur-Seine, just outside Paris, to record the answers. The result, as Malraux gathered momentum in his large studio, was prodigious. In a two-hour interview, he talked what turned out to be fifty-two typewritten pages, or a total of fifteen thousand words—the equivalent of seventeen columns of the *New York Times*, and more diverse in topic. In reply to an opening question about Lawrence of Arabia, known to be his favorite tragic hero, he talked for ten pages on several facets of the subject, including Lawrence's disappointment in his own writings, plus a side reference to Rimbaud. There were eight pages about a long conversation with Trotsky years ago, on the French bathing beach of Royan, when, Malraux said, Trotsky looked "like an old eagle with his feathers awry." Among other things, Trotsky said that the villagers did not

know who he was, and took him for a White Russian, and that the village mayor had kindly offered to explain local politics to him. The conversation lasted a whole day, while the two men "tramped the sand, talking, talking over the sound of the sea." Malraux seemed to recall the entire conversation verbatim. He then recalled some odd things that the elder of Chiang Kai-shek's two sons, when held as a hostage in Moscow, had said about his father; talked about the difficulty of making a film in Spain during the Spanish civil war; and talked an introductory paragraph about his escape from a German prisoner-of-war camp when France fell in 1940 ("quite easy—nothing serious at all") and then a page about a friendly, casual cat that almost made serious trouble by accompanying him as, under the German guards' eyes, he walked, in the cap and overalls of a carpenter, across the line into Unoccupied France. He gave a five-page analysis of the essential difference between the actual

thoughts of Nietzsche (the dominant philosophical influence of his life) and the modern interpretations of them, and he devoted one page to his first meeting with William Faulkner, in Paris, three summers ago. He talked about a Bible he had seen in Dostoevski's home in Russia, which Dostoevski had consulted when in exile in Siberia; it seems he had used it as a fortune-telling book, each evening taking the first text that met his eye as a forecast of whether he would be freed the next day, and then writing in the word "No" beside the text after each disappointment. Malraux talked of some little-known sculptural masterpieces in the Baghdad Museum of Antiquities, and added a paragraph on the also little-known thirteenth-century Japanese painter Takanobu, and a paragraph on semi-tones in Chinese music and the fact that the Japanese attitude toward love is more Western than that of the Chinese, who regard love as a soul-sickness, and then talked several pages on his own meta-

physics of art. The interview ended with his saying, with abrupt sadness, that, what with Iron Curtains and difficult visas—especially difficult for him—the world had become small to travel in.

GEORGES-ANDRÉ MALRAUX was born on November 3, 1901, in Paris, on the Rue Damrémont, in Montmartre. This is one of the few simple facts known about his life. There is no official biography. The history of his family is obscure. In Paris, the accepted composite version of his background says that he came from a ruined bourgeois family, that his father's family was from Dunkirk and was in marine business of some sort, that his grandfather was a ship's outfitter who was or was not also the mayor of Dunkirk, and that his great-grandfather was lost at sea. It says that Malraux's father, Fernand-Georges Malraux, was a businessman in the Paris suburb of Suresnes—or, on second thought, maybe a banker. On being divorced from his wife, he married a second time and had two more sons—Roland and Claude. The name Mal-

raux is unknown in France except in connection with this single family from Dunkirk; according to a family legend that André Malraux himself does not seem to take much stock in, they were originally Flemish, came to France in the eighteenth century, and, whatever their patronymic, were nicknamed and became known as Mauvaise Charrue, meaning they were bad with the plow because they loved not the land but the sea. Mauvaise Charrue was in time compressed into their new name—Malraux. Of the five or six French books and several dozen major critical French essays on Malraux, only two include any biographical notes, and each of these states only that Malraux's father and grandfather both committed suicide, the second report being perhaps not true but merely assumed, because Malraux wrote in one of his novels about somebody's grandfather who tragically did away with himself. Malraux himself is hermetic where his private life is concerned. The confusing legends about him have swelled like balloons to fill in his



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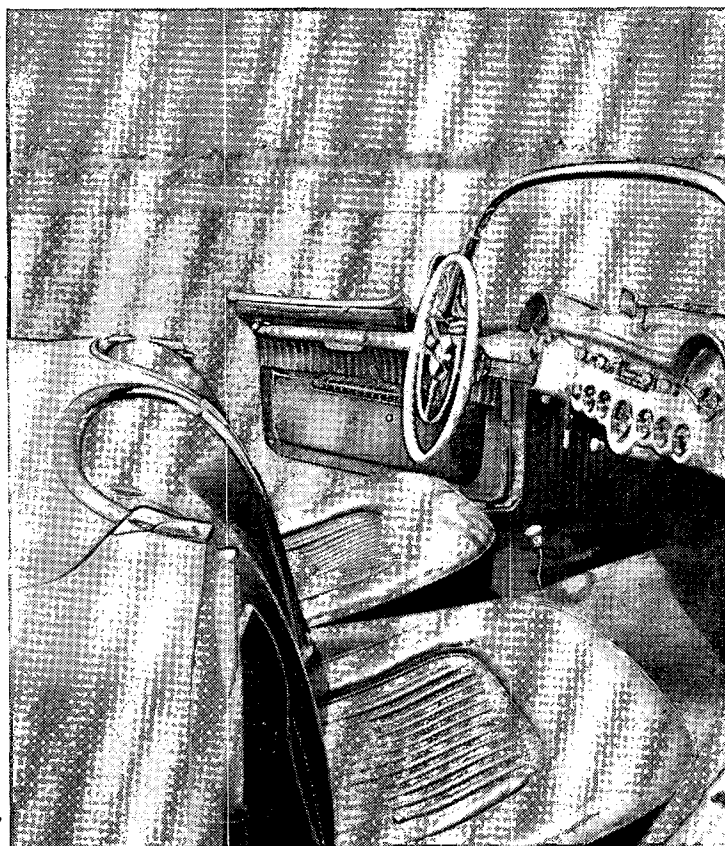
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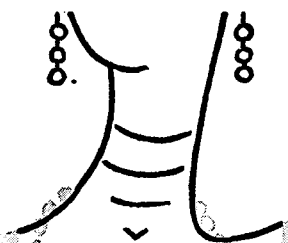
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silence. He assumes the position that his private life is actually his and actually private—a large, exclusive territory. It is taken for granted in Paris press circles that if a question of a biographical nature is inadvertently asked in an interview, Malraux will reply by saying "*Vie privée*" and nothing more. In his view, which is aloof, his *vie publique* lies in his books. To someone doing research on them, or on him as a writer only, he makes gifts of time, patience, bibliographical information, and counsel that are generous, even princely. The few friends who will discuss him at all outside their own strictly limited circle carefully speak of him without intimacy, as if he were a statue. Aside from what he has reported in his major novels—which are almost all autobiographical—about certain parts of his life of action, mostly in foreign settings and nearly always at bloody, acute angles of current history, little that is specific is generally known about Malraux the individual, except, as he pertinently says, for what he thinks, and about that he has been explicit for years.

He ranks as one of the three or four famous living authors of France and, since the death a few years ago of his aviator-writer companion Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, the nation's only *haut aventurier*. On the whole, Malraux remains like a djinni in his own ink bottle, as far as anybody who is trying to sketch a personal portrait of him now is concerned. Owing to his striking personality, however, he has left certain records in people's memories. According to one recollection, it was in 1919, when he was eighteen, that he formed his first professional connection with books. Already "distinguished, dressed modestly but very correctly, and reserved in manner," he presented himself, out of the blue, as a "procureur of rare books" to a minor literary character named René-Louis Doyon, who at that time ran a small Paris bookselling business and was also editor of the monthly magazine *La Connaissance*. Malraux, whom Doyon arranged to buy books from on a regular basis, added a note of prosperity to the enterprise by bringing in first editions that attracted collectors. He picked his material perspicaciously from the bookstalls on the *quais*, was businesslike and punctual, and knew what things were worth. Doyon thought that Malraux had a vocation to be an artist of some sort, though he also seemed worldly and ambitious, and that he showed a developed taste for good printing and an all-round

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JOAN FONTAINE
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Tea and Sympathy

by ROBERT ANDERSON

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BARRYMORE Theatre
W. 47th St. Eves. 8:35
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LAST 2 WEEKS FINAL PERF. SAT. NOV. 13

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LLOYD BRIDGES in

Oh, men!
Oh, women!

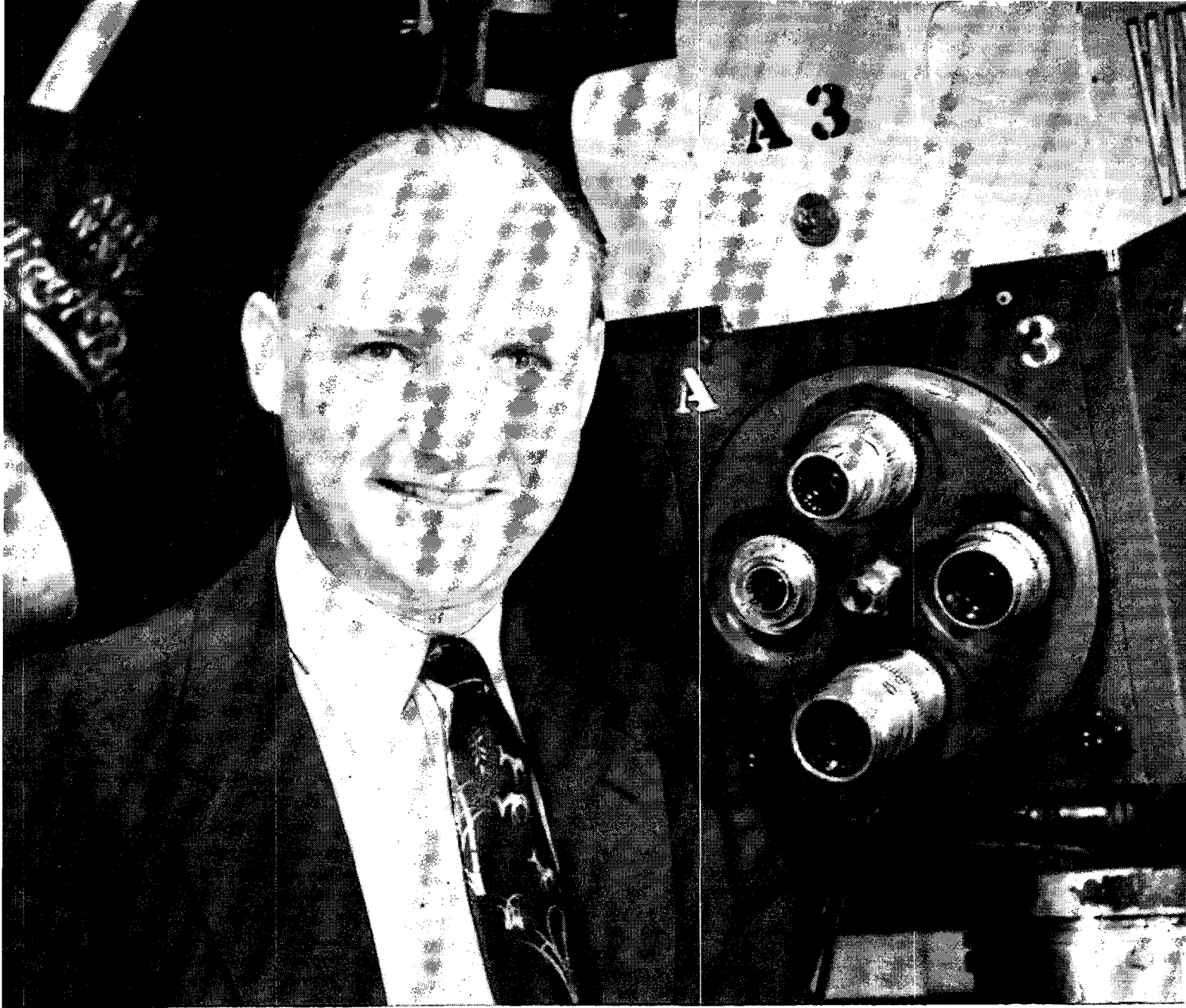
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MOROSCO THEA.



Guests in the house

To Philip Lincoln McHugh, radio and television are guests in the house. It's up to him to guide them in the social graces.

That's a pretty nice way to look at it. It's an honest way to look at it.

Unlike other forms of communication, radio and television are personalities. They speak to you, and you see and hear them as individuals. Each announcer, each actor, even each cartoon character, is in your home because you want him there.

So, like any guest invited into your home, radio and television must be truthful and honest, they must act with dignity and restraint. Yet they have another obligation, the job for which they're invited. They must entertain you—they must be showmen. And they must sell merchandise, ideas.

If they don't do the job, or if they misbehave, you can get rid of them—fast.

These are pretty much Phil McHugh's thoughts. And it must be apparent by now that he's head of radio and television at Campbell-Ewald. He's responsible for programs and commercials.

McHugh is in love with television—he regards it as the closest thing to the perfect advertising medium yet devised. And he's true to his first love, radio, too. He is an adamant partisan of radio-TV. In fact, he's worked at nothing else since he made his first collegiate broadcast in 1936. He's not the only partisan at Campbell-Ewald. Every department in the agency believes implicitly in itself, its importance, and its abilities. Yet, for all their apparent self-

centeredness, each person and each department in this constantly growing agency contributes special talents and abilities to just one end—the preparation of the good advertising which for 43 years has strengthened our clients and ourselves.

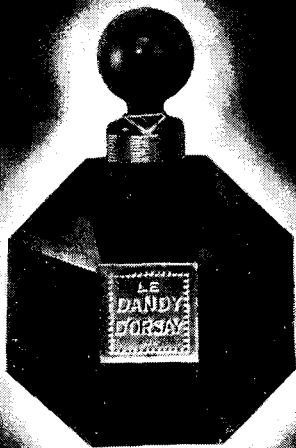
The creative departments at Campbell-Ewald contain a refreshing blend of the new and the seasoned, the fresh and the mellow, a multitude of pasts, presents, and futures. These, plus enthusiasm and sound business sense, make the advertising guests that people see, hear, read, enjoy—and welcome back.

If you're interested in that kind of advertising—in a new and more rewarding slant on radio and television commercials [N.B.: And on printed ads, too!] we're only as far away as your telephone.

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"Someone lovely
just
passed
by!"*



**Someone wearing*

**Le DANDY
D'ORSAY**

INTOXICATION, DIVINE, FANTASTIQUE
FAMOUS FRENCH FRAGRANCES THAT WHISPER
"SOMEONE LOVELY JUST PASSED BY!"

talent for publishing. By 1920, when he was nineteen, Malraux began to write for Paris avant-garde magazines like *Signaux* and *Action*. His first book, published in 1921 and dedicated to the poet Max Jacob, was "Lunes en Papier," a slim extravaganza, part Dada, part Hieronymus Bosch, about midget monsters who turned into the seven deadly sins.

By this time, backed by Kra, the Paris publishing house, Malraux was bringing out a series of small de-luxe books, named Les Aldes, after the famous fifteenth-century Venetian printer, Aldus Manutius. Presently, he began working for Kra as editor of their literary series called "Editions du Sagittaire." Then, as later, literary work, including writing, was of strictly secondary interest to him. His dominant intellectual occupations were with art; with archeology, an extension of art that could lead afield into foreign adventures; and with anthropology, a natural third element in his curiosity about civilizations as a key to the meaning of man. According to the Malraux legend, he had attended the Lycée Condorcet, and, after receiving his *baccalauréat*, had studied at the famous Ecole des Langues Orientales Vivantes, founded in 1669 under Louis XIV, and perhaps even at the Sorbonne. If so, he even then was leaving no footprints or records. In any event, with his swift precocity, he would have found classrooms only an exasperating delay in the carrying out of his remarkably adult, far-reaching early program. It was apparently as a feverish reader and a haunter of museums and libraries that Malraux gave himself his special education in his three favorite subjects, establishing, in his passionate interest, his own curriculum and being his own harsh schoolmaster and, in a way, his own roaming university. Since Orientalism was his chosen specialty even then, he apparently attended lectures at the Louvre and the Paris Musée Guimet of Oriental art, concentrating, by means of books and photographs, on the greatest honeycomb of Khmer art in France's colonial empire—the ruined temples on the abandoned Royal Road of Cambodia. He decided that the area around Bantay Srei, the dilapidated, exquisite little temple forty-five kilometres from Angkor Wat, would be the place to hunt for valuable Khmer statues. As fantastic as anything else in connection with Malraux is the fact that the French government—reportedly prodded by the Guimet, though the Guimet has denied this—gave him, at the age of twenty-two, the official mission of go-

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ing out and making a search there. While at Kra, he had married an attractive, intellectually inclined German, Clara Goldschmidt. They set out together for Indo-China in 1923. The trip occupied nearly a year.

Suffering from fever, Malraux and his wife pushed into the Cambodian brush on horseback, preceded by natives who hacked a path through the jungle growth and followed by natives with ox-carts to transport the hunted statues when they were found. Most impressive and most repugnant to the fastidious, city-bred Malraux in this search for jungle art was the accompanying insect life—"spiders held by their grasshopperlike feet to the center of webs four metres across . . . phosphorescent and geometric," and underfoot a crawling myriad of unnamable little creatures "with the sickening virulence of life seen under a microscope" (so he later wrote in "La Voie Royale," a novel about this journey). He found the statues where he had supposed they would be. This was his only triumph, however, for they lay in jungle territory designated by a French government research institute in Indo-China called the Ecole Française d'Extrême-Orient, on the basis of rulings made back in Paris, as *classé*, meaning that its art, lost, recumbent, and decaying under creepers, was still a historical monument, not to be removed for salvation even by a daring young man sent by the home government for the express purpose of finding it. Malraux's differences with the colonial administration over the question of whether he was merely to report on the location of the statues or take them away with him led to his being brought to court at Pnom-



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Boston	Bigelow Kennard Co.	Philadelphia .	J. E. Caldwell & Co.
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Detroit	C. W. Warren & Co.	San Francisco .	Shreve & Co.
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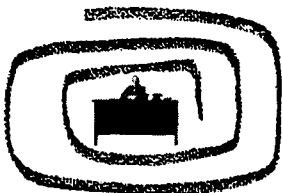
Religion, Taxes and...

How can the same magazine, and in the same issue at that, publish two such popular articles as "God Before Gold" and "How the New Tax Law Helps You"? What are you trying to do, Nation's Business—walk up both sides of the street at the same time?

Well, Billy Graham, who wrote "God Before Gold", ought to be able to explain a simple thing like that. As a matter of fact, he does, right in his opening paragraphs: "The Apostle Paul once wrote a letter to some men in busy, bustling Rome and among other things he said: 'Be . . . not slothful in business; but fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.' Thus we have the suggestions from the Scripture itself that faith and business, properly blended, can be a happy, wholesome and even profitable mixture."

This is a reasonable explanation, we feel—even of the greater coincidence that articles on religion and articles on taxes have both been enthusiastically received by Nation's Business readers. We've had hundreds of letters, requests for thousands of extra copies. Many of the articles have been reprinted by other magazines and house organs.

If all this sounds like a pretty fundamental operation, please be assured that the editors also cover many other subjects. In the current November issue, for instance—an interview with John L. Lewis; government property auctions; fast growth in Canada; who owns the air over your house; dehydrofreezing of food; national highway improvement . . . well, you see what we mean. Nation's Business, a magazine for businessmen, Washington 6, D.C.



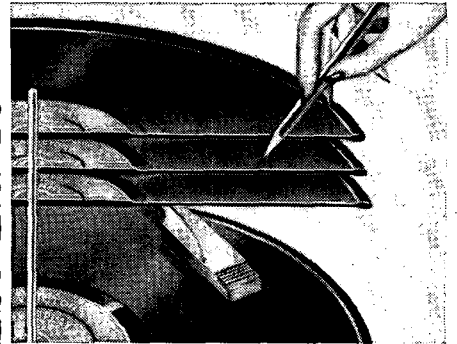
(Advertisement)

Penh, the capital of Cambodia, and sentenced to three years in the local jail.

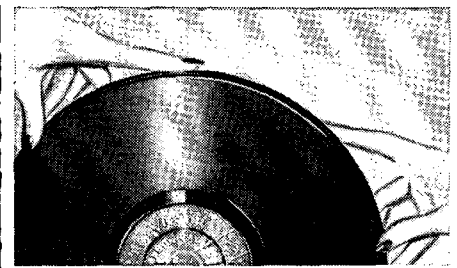
From here on the tale becomes even more *farfelu* (or bizarre), as Malraux recently called it, in recounting the details to a friend. Though he had received a jail sentence, he had not been arrested, owing to the laxity of colonial procedure. However, the court had arrested his statues and put them in the city museum. While he was supposed to be in jail, he was living in style at the Grand Hotel. Evidently, the hornet's nest he had run into was really the *amour-propre* of the French colonial archeological service, outraged that Paris had sent in this young outsider to dig out their very own statues—which they had never laid eyes on before but whose general location they knew of, from military maps made some years earlier by the French colonial army, which had stumbled over them—and, on claim of discovery, to try to get them out of their country. From the Grand Hotel, Malraux haughtily appealed his case. Then the court made an embarrassing discovery; the Paris authorities had never had the legal right to give the Extrême-Orient art men jurisdiction over undiscovered Cambodian statues, because Cambodia was only a protectorate, not French territory. Thus, the real owner of the disputed Bantay Srei statues was the King of Cambodia, the only proper plaintiff who could have sued Malraux. The last act of the Pnom-Penh court was to grant Malraux's appeal, dismiss the case, and try to forget it all.

A lot of gossip had been stirred up, however. Various stories circulated at the time went to make up the beginning of the Malraux legend. The Belgian Prime Minister, who had gone out to look at Angkor Wat, related when he got back to Europe that Malraux had sent his oxcarts filled with art, as though it were his private luggage, to the French governor's mansion at Pnom-Penh, where he was expected as a guest, and that they had been inhospitably impounded there. There was gossip in Paris, too. It was said that according to a private dossier on *l'affaire des statues* assembled in Paris for the Colonial Minister, Albert Sarraut, the native police were only hunting for opium in the carts when they discovered the art. Another story was that the statesman Philippe Berthelot, who esteemed young Malraux's brains and perhaps was the government figure who had endorsed the expedition in the first place, had the private dossier of supposed facts sup-

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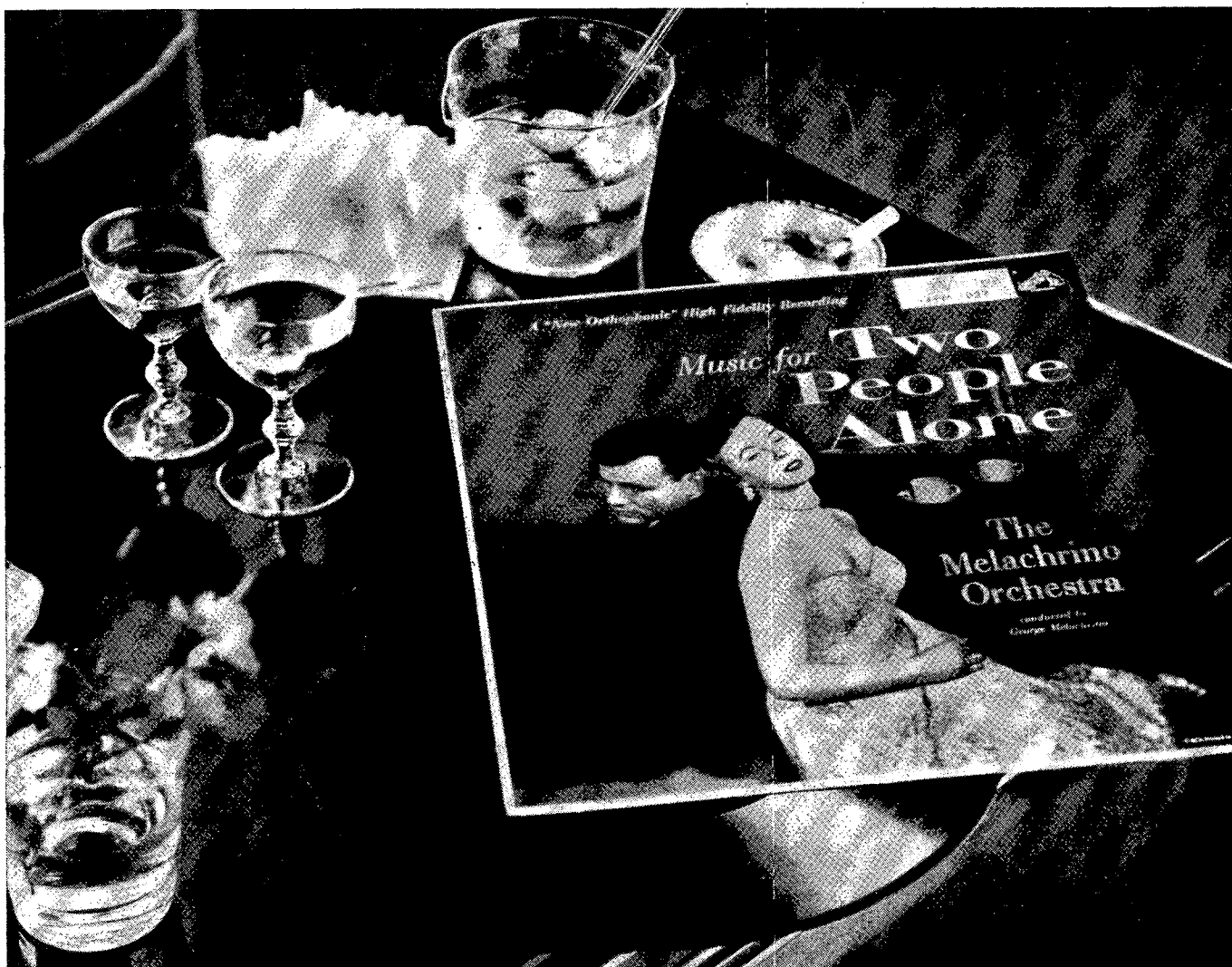
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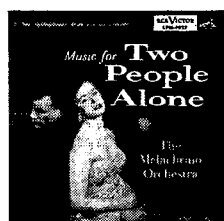
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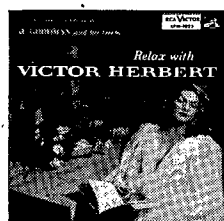
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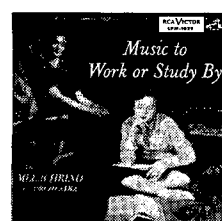
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Heart
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pressed. The most sensible Paris rumor was that the charge against Malraux was rigged up by the colonial authorities because he had established contact with the Jeune-Annam political group, who wanted dominion status, which was at that time regarded by the French as a wildly rebellious notion, and that the threat of the jail sentence was to cool him off. Late in July, 1924, Paris papers printed the statue story, calling Malraux, of whom the public had then never heard, the Pilgrim of Angkor Wat, and reporting that he had been carrying statues worth a million francs (about fifty thousand dollars at the time) in his oxcarts when he was stopped en route to the Indo-Chinese-Siamese border.

Early in August of that year, a rousing open letter headed "Plaidoyer pour André Malraux" and written by the bookseller-editor Doyon appeared in the Paris daily *Eclair*. Could not pardon be given, he pleaded, for "audacity marked by courage," so that this youth "of strong cerebral activity, with an impassioned taste in art" might not "perish in a land and a prison of doubtful hygiene." By this time, Mme. Malraux, apparently ignorant of the fact that the case had been dismissed in Pnom-Penh—this had taken place while she was on the sea—had come back from the East to find help for her husband. A month later, the weekly *Nouvelles Littéraires* printed a petition from a galaxy of Paris writers offering to testify to Malraux's value to literature and declaring that a three-year imprisonment could prevent the achievement that they had the right—as they sternly put it, as if warning the absent Malraux himself—to expect of him. Among the signers were the noted Catholic novelist François Mauriac (who seemed to be the guiding hand in the drafting of the petition), André Gide, André Breton, Louis Aragon, André Maurois, Roger Martin du Gard, and Max Jacob, as well as Gaston Gallimard, the big Paris publisher. One of the signers said recently that at the time he had never heard of Malraux, and that he thought many of the others had not, either. But the young man's *bel exploit*, his haughty, lawless courage, and his admirable taste in Khmer sculpture provided him with an identity that was strongly appealing. This friendly pressure to liberate him from a prison he had never seen the inside of only added confusion to the whole Malraux situation and legend. With his case dismissed, he reappeared in France in the autumn, but by the

SATIN FOR GALA OCCASIONS

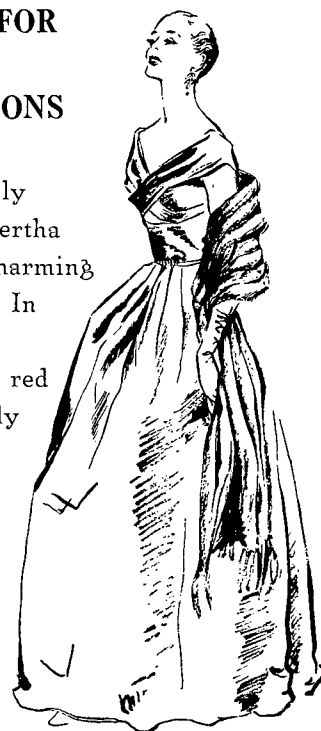
Beautifully draped bertha frames charming neckline. In emerald, sapphire, red and lovely pastel shades.

Sizes

10-20

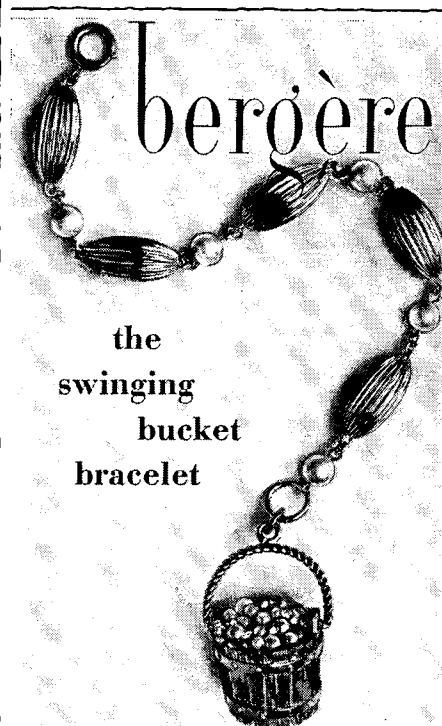
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beginning of 1925 he had set out once more for the East. He stopped off in Saigon, where he founded a Jeune-Annam newspaper called *L'Indochine*. Then he went to China.

MALRAUX's expatriation from post-war France was the typically more vigorous expression of a malaise also experienced by other young intellectuals, who felt homeless there, too, but stayed on in Paris to say so. The year Malraux left for what proved to be his longest Eastern stay marked the climax of the young French intellectuals' dissatisfaction with the moral, artistic, and social leftovers of prewar bourgeois France, which many of them had been old enough to risk dying for in the war but which they now felt they could not live with. The war, in destroying the familiar old values, had created a vacuum, which the younger generation of talent had started furnishing with Cubist paintings and Dadaist and Surrealist writings. On both sides of the Atlantic, youngish men with something new to say were restless; the twentieth-century era was evidently coming in at last, and already there had been a hegira to Paris of unknown Middle Western writers who were to found a new American school of literature, ruggedly dropping its first roots in the Left Bank. For certain young French writers, so violent was the sense of cleavage with the literary past that at the state funeral of Anatole France in 1924, as the procession, an autumnal flower parade of chrysanthemums, passed along the Left Bank *quais*, his remains were jeered at by a sidewalk crowd of Surrealist poets, armed with a pamphlet they had written called "Un Cadavre," which identified him with all they considered dead in prewar writing. In that year, too, the intellectuals' bellwether, the monthly *Nouvelle Revue Française* (or *NRF*), published a diagnostic essay by Marcel Arland, a close friend of Malraux, called "Sur un Nouveau Mal du Siècle." (The first sick century had been discovered a hundred years before by Chateaubriand, Alfred de Musset, and others.) Among the symptoms of his generation's malaise, Arland solemnly cited its loss of belief in the international supremacy of the French novel—in the superior national genius of their nineteenth-century bourgeois novelists. A new vogue had sprung up for the novels of Dostoevski, which, with their more analytical, spiritualized tragedies, seemed irresistibly modern to the youthful French of the nineteen-twenties, for whom—and in

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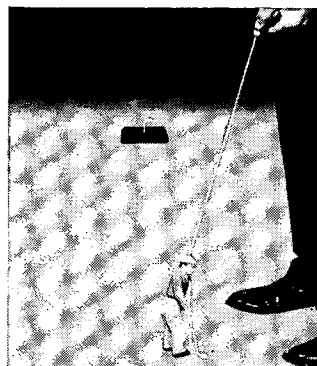


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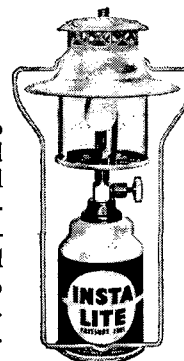
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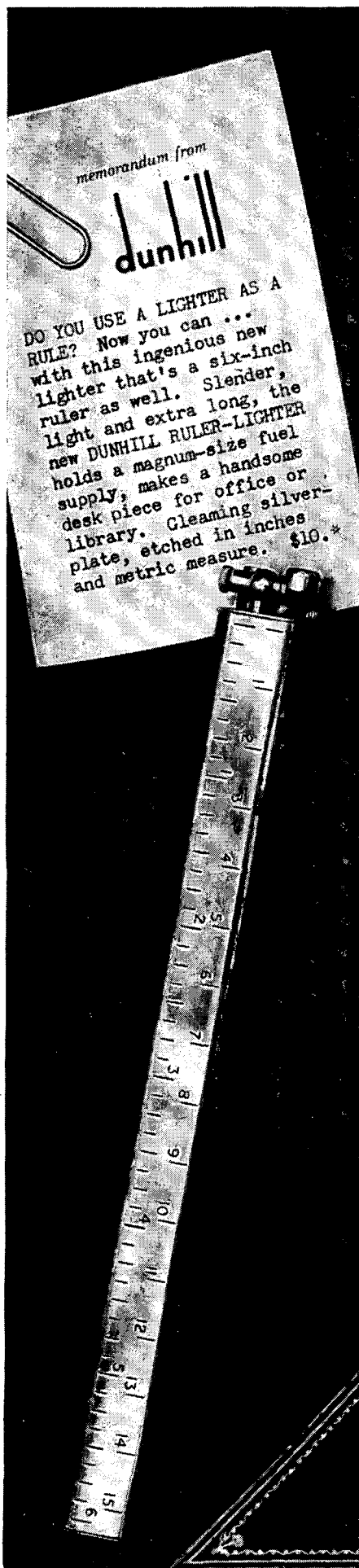
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particular for young Malraux—he became the master European novelist.

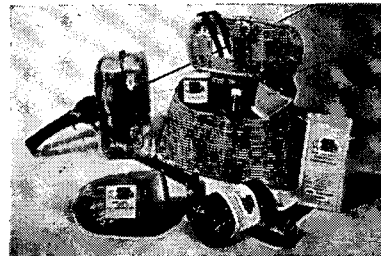
The one 'book Malraux himself wrote while in the East was not a novel but a short contribution to this youthful chorus of denunciation of what was wrong with France. This was published in 1926, when he was still out in China, and it was mockingly called "La Tentation de l'Occident," since at the time the West held out to him no temptation whatever. In general, his complaint, melancholy in tone—he referred to Europe as a great cemetery of dead conquerors—flayed the soullessness, the destructive materialist energy, the anxiety neuroses, and the masochism of the West's "metal civilization," which he compared to the East's detached, contemplative spirit, consciously occupied through the ages with its unconscious. The book was in the form of letters exchanged by two overeducated young men, one Chinese, Ling W. Y., and one French, Monsieur A. D., each of whom was visiting the other's continent for the first time, inspecting its culture, its art, its civilization, and its philosophy as if through a microscope lens in the guise of a monocle. Because of his pro-Orientalism, Malraux not only gave Ling more than half the letters but let him announce in italics, to show its importance in his creator's mind, what turned out to be the most famous of all Malraux's formulas, even though it was later associated with another author. This formula was "*At the very center of European man, dominating the great movements of his life, there lies an essential absurdity.*" This philosophical reference to the meaninglessness and non-sense of modern life (that vanity of vanities denounced in Ecclesiastes) Malraux repeated as one of his dark fundamental assumptions in all his subsequent books, but it was not until after the Second World War that the idea of the Absurd became popular in France, as a feature of Jean-Paul Sartre's Existentialism.

In 1927, right after his return from China, Malraux wrote a provocative essay, "D'une Jeunesse Européenne," which appeared in Paris in a volume of the noted Cahiers Verts series. Malraux did not choose to squeeze this brief, rich essay, as he did the mystic "La Tentation de l'Occident," into the one-volume de-luxe edition of his novels published in 1951 by Gallimard, but it is considered the basic expression of his life's program, and is still an up-to-date critique on the continuous crises of European civilization. It dealt strongly and penetratingly with what educated

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young twentieth-century minds then thought modern reality consisted of—soulless emptiness. Malraux stated that youth was out of step with the doctrinally Catholic civilization of France, since “we are no longer Christians;” this was his first announcement of his agnosticism, from which position he has never retired. He described “the constellation of despair” developed by his generation, suspended between its empty longing for faith in something and its lack of capacity for belief in anything (a dilemma from which Existentialism later leaped off, via Malraux’s doctrine of the Absurd, into the *Néant*, or Nothingness). He said that in modern civilization there was no home for spiritual values, and “that youth can be moved only by a better world than it is living in,” adding, in a typical sweep of imagery, that now that God had gone, man had nothing to place his hope in but “man, the sole object left.” Though Malraux was only in his mid-twenties when he wrote “The Temptation of the Occident” and “On European Youth,” they contained practically all the germinal thinking for his future works. They exhibited his intelligent despair, and his lucid, humanistic, and “splendidly unconquerable” man, set down among sombre philosophic guidelines; later, he would add war and international groups of men, and turn them into his special type of novel, but already he had established the passionate assumption he would build the novels on—the assumption of the heroic and its risk of death, of virile fraternity, of defiance of what was classically called fate, joined to the rebellious contemporary ethic that man must struggle against men’s injustice and that civilization must be saved, with a love of art and a dignified disdain for defeat as the golden instruments of salvation—all major, adult romantic postulates, thought out and written down with genius by a young Frenchman who had strayed far from



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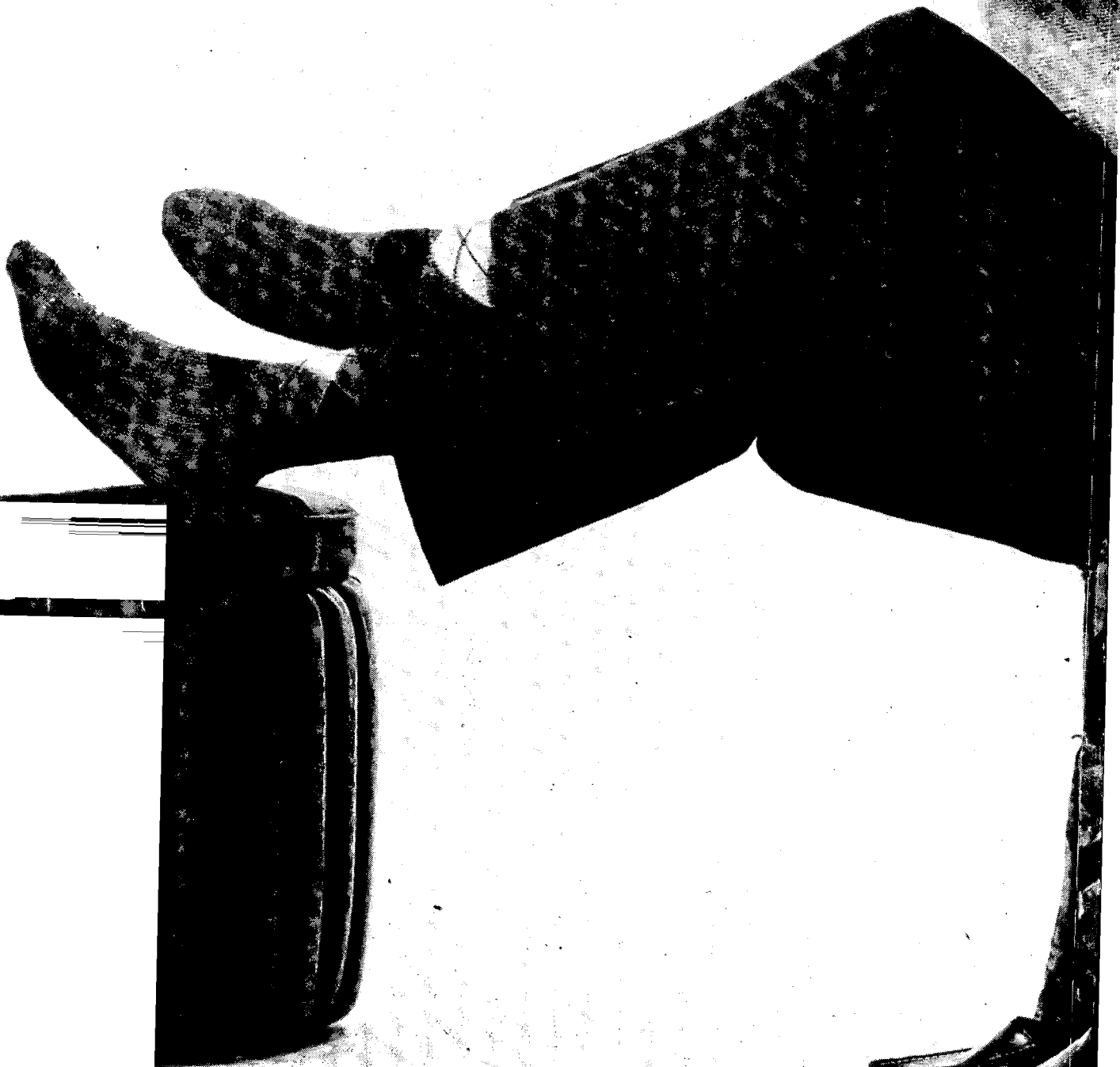
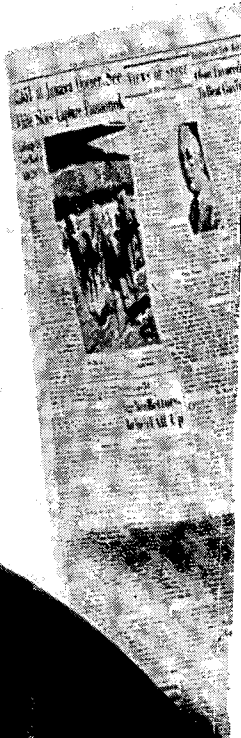
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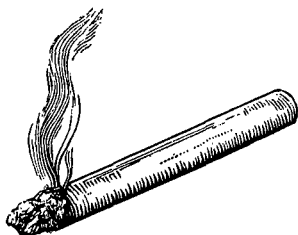
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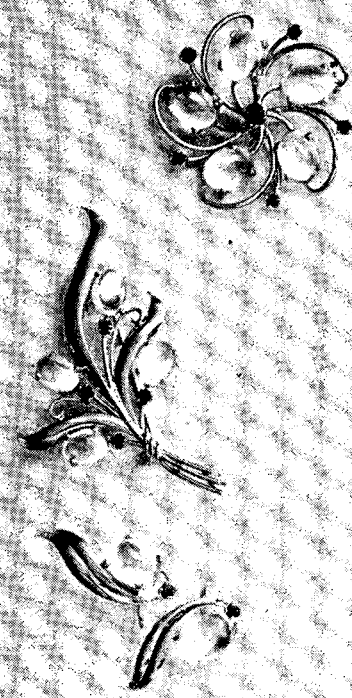


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home and was preoccupied with the Chinese revolution. The China he had lived in had been in a state of revolution and counter-revolution since 1911, and in active ferment since 1924.

Malraux was young enough just to miss being a soldier in the First World War. In any case, private wars were more to his taste, with his adventurous, undisciplined character. *L'affaire des statues* had given him the vulnerable standing of *hors la loi*, a man outside the law—a standing that, years later, with various mature qualifications, Malraux termed the adventurer's foundation. Embedded in his talent and dominant in the range of his human curiosity was his special interest in the mentality and philosophies of the East, and in the events to which they gave rise. There at hand, in the bloody Chinese seesawing for power, which was now at its peak, lay unlimited exotic, reckless adventure and the male heroic material, confused but still on the discernible individual scale, that was to be the special subject of both his action and his writing—man's fate in his struggle with the meaning of modern history. Germany had recently given the world its first lesson on the subject, but the young Malraux had missed it.

Malraux was the first of the postwar intellectual generation to come into contact with China's revolution. By this time, the original aim of the founder of the Kuomintang, or Nationalist People's Party, Dr. Sun Yat-sen—to set up a Chinese republic without foreign influence—had been altered by the Doctor's having been influenced himself, shortly before he died, by the Comintern's well-known Russian delegate in those parts, Mikhail Borodin, whom he appointed political counsellor to the Kuomintang in Canton and who promptly created a Chinese Communist Party within the Kuomintang. In the summer of 1925, the Nationalists in Canton organized a general strike, in an attempt to starve out the great British shipping trade on the island settlement of Hong Kong, at the mouth of the Canton River. Not unexpectedly, the strike flared into bloodshed; the local Nationalist army was routed by Chinese mercenary forces of the British, and the Kuomintang won the day only by begging help from Borodin's new Chinese Red Army. Malraux used this uprising, including Borodin, as the theme of "Les Conquérants" ("The Conquerors"), his first novel. Nearly two years later, in the spring of 1927, when the Red workers were ousting a pro-foreign police regime from Shanghai, General Chiang



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Kai-shek, who until then had been accepting Communist backing, arrived in the city with his army, and there found financial help more to his political taste—from the Right. His switch made the Nationalist revolution two-headed, with him in charge of the Right head. Malraux used the Shanghai incident, with Chiang Kai-shek as a real-life character, never seen but often referred to, in "La Condition Humaine" (published in the United States as "Man's Fate"), his third novel, which ranks as his greatest. (His second novel was "La Voie Royale," dealing with his experiences in Indo-China.)

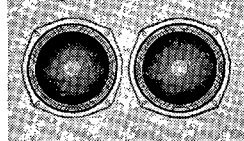
The Malraux legend that later grew up said he had been a dashing cloak-and-dagger agent in China, and even a member of the Kuomintang's Committee of Twelve, sitting with Chiang Kai-shek himself. Actually, Malraux's official position in China is one of the rare personal items concerning his revolutionary period on which he has ever volunteered information. In 1933, in a letter he wrote to Edmund Wilson, then a contributing editor to the *New Republic*, Malraux stated that he "organized the Jeune-Annam movement, then became a *commissaire* [in charge of propaganda and information] of the Kuomintang in Indo-China and finally in Canton," adding dryly, as if to place himself with even further precision, "There were in Canton in 1927 singularly more revolutionary adventurers than Marxists."

IN 1928, "Les Conquérants" was published in Paris. It was a success. It was hailed, with some confusion, as an epic chronicle that movingly created viable mythical heroes in the present century; as an autobiographical story of an adventure in political violence; as a novel concentrating on male psychology, since there were no women in it; and as a book obviously written by a talented, febrile intellectual who was also an astonishing interpretive reporter of revolution as a current event, and who possessed, as a form of imagination, his own philosophy—something altogether new in French novels. Most French critics—some, though, were only irritated or alarmed—saw in it an intense, original, and brilliant formula for modern writing, with visual images as clear as a movie camera's, and an almost telegraphic style that provided both immediacy and rapidity of report on physical action. Together, the immediacy and the rapidity cut the distance between the reader and what was happening until he seemed close enough to see, overhear,

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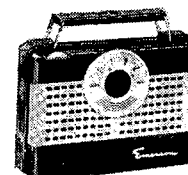
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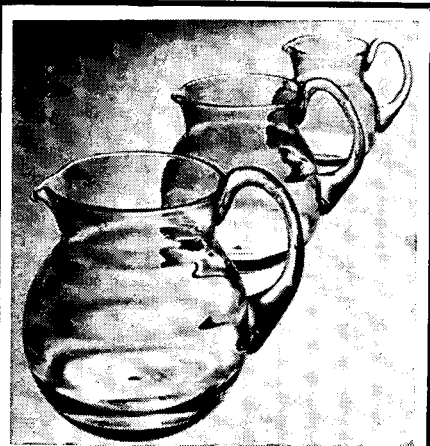
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and scent—to be intimately, physically informed. It was this powerful sense of reader participation that gave the Malraux style its effect of authenticity, which became part of his legend and his fame.

The material of "Les Conquérants" was certainly new to the times. Starting merely as an account of a Canton general strike, it swelled into an account of a confused struggle in power politics between East and West—a book dripping blood and violence as it portrayed a new form of political tactics, in which remorseless men stabbed, shot, or poisoned each other by way of presenting political arguments, plotted an assassination as carefully as a political speech, or used torture as an encouragement to political conversions. All this was recorded as taking place in a strange corner of the world, where colonial affairs had become a desperate matter, and where modern politics was producing a private war of a kind Europe had not yet dreamed of. Malraux's novel read like sanguinary living history. It was news to Paris, relaxing at its glittering postwar entertainments.

The leading figures of "Les Conquérants" are Chinese, Europeans, and Russians—all revolutionaries, all with different national psychologies but similar reasons for taking part, more or less united, in a heroic struggle for change. Malraux has used this same epic theme of struggle for change in all his war novels, and the dominant figure in "The Conquerors," Pierre Garine, is the prototype of all the Malraux adventurers to come, who always reflect Malraux himself, tyrannically tied to his own image. Garine-Malraux is represented as a Swiss-born international adventurer, intellectual, disillusioned, romantically illogical, but lucid in imagination and talented in intrigue; a dual-minded skeptic, constantly seeing the defeat of some elements of ideals in physical victory, as well as the victory of ideas in physical defeat; sensitive to man's hopes, yet bored by any planned political utopia; an individualistic rebel against Marxist doctrine, yet a man who is attached as a paid propaganda chief to the Communist wing of the Chinese revolution, having chosen it, he says, for its dangers and *hautes actions* and for the chance it gives him to gain power, which he craves. As "The Conquerors" opens, this expatriate is carelessly dying of tropical fever. The only important Frenchman in the group is an unnamed novice adventurer, who is really the young and reckless Malraux as he was when he wrote the book, rather



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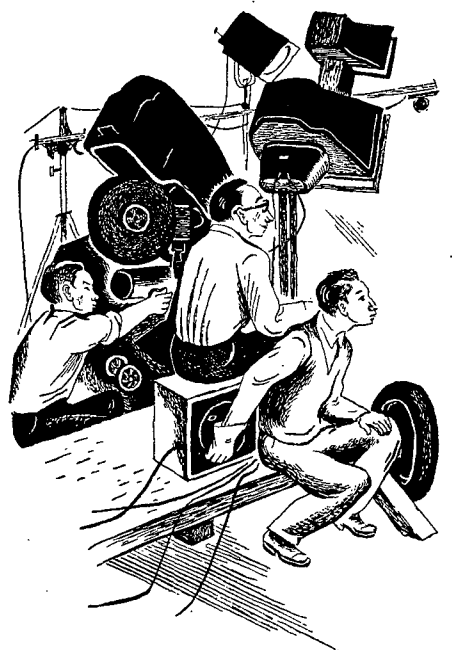
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than the flashing Garine-Malraux he perhaps longed to be and, as an artist, already understood well enough to create perfectly on paper. The Russians are the Comintern agent Borodin, the only real-life personage, who was by legend also the original for a part of the Garine-Malraux character, even though Borodin represents Marxist indifference to the survival of any individualism, including his own; and Nicolaïeff, a former Cheka policeman and current torturer, whose specialty is slow strangulation, during which he uses incense to revive the victim, so he can prolong the treatment. The Mandarin Tcheng-Dai represents the Kuomintang's anti-Communist wing and non-violence, and was modelled on Gandhi. The terrorist Hong, who assassinates him and is later killed for the killing, represents the impoverished coolies and their class hatred of the rich, and has a quotation from Lenin, whom Hong has come to hate also, tattooed on his arm. Rebeci is a queasy, talkative old Italian Anarchist shopkeeper. The German Klein—Malraux groups are always carefully internationalized—is an ex-Trotskyite, tortured to death by terrorists, who cut away his eyelids and slice his face. (The growing sadism of our century's politics, ending in the Nazi crematories, was to be the subject, in his novels, of one of Malraux's continuing rages against today's so-called modern civilization.) In the swift action of the novel, in the presentation of the fighting itself, in the intrigues of Russian against Chinese and Communist against Republicans, in the street battles, the propaganda coups, the funerals, the speeches, in the anguish of



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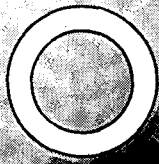
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men's heroism and hopes, and in the piling up of visual details, Malraux reproduces that frenzied sense of haste with which a revolution spins its history. It is a technique of speed that he has made his own. Because thoughts are as important to him as action, his main characters relax between moments of danger by talking in brilliant aphorisms—another device that he uses in all his novels, creating a unique conversational style. The French critics immediately recognized these aphorisms of "Les Conquérants" as pungent social definitions. One was Hong's bitter maxim: "There are only two races, the poor and the others." An aphorism of Garine's established him—and young Malraux—as a strange, cerebral type of modern French adventurer. "I don't like mankind," Garine starkly muses. "I don't even like the poor, for whom, after all, I am going to fight." He adds that he does, however, prefer them to the European bourgeois class he himself (and Malraux) comes from and despises. Still quoted today is Garine's mockery of Borodin for his Bolshevik exaltation of discipline: "He wants to manufacture revolutionaries the way Ford manufactures autos!" "Les Conquérants" ends with the victorious Red Army tractors rumbling into Canton and the apolitical, asocial Garine, the most intellectual, inappropriate, and démodé of the conquerors, who is symbolically doomed to defeat and death by his tropical fever, taking ship for the Europe he will never live to see. In all the Malraux novels, defeat of one sort or another falls on most of the heroes like a transfiguration.

BACK from China as a débutant novelist, Malraux's curiously youthful appearance, after his years of tough adventure, surprised Paris literary circles. One press photograph showed him dressed in a sophomore sweater and boldly holding a cigarette to his lips, seeming almost too adolescent to smoke, let alone to have written a revolutionary novel—a handsome, reckless-looking prodigy with intense, watchful eyes and a mop of dark hair. (Malraux looked so boyish that apparently he had run into difficulties when taking over responsibilities out in the East; at any rate, in his next novel, "La Voie Royale," the young statue-hunting French archeologist in it takes pains to state that he is several years older than he appears to be.)

Soon after Malraux arrived in Paris, he began his long editorial career (it is still going on) in the influential Left

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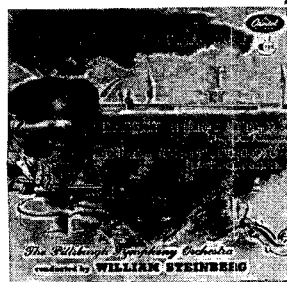


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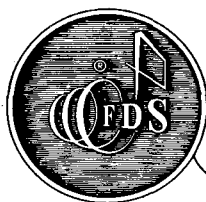


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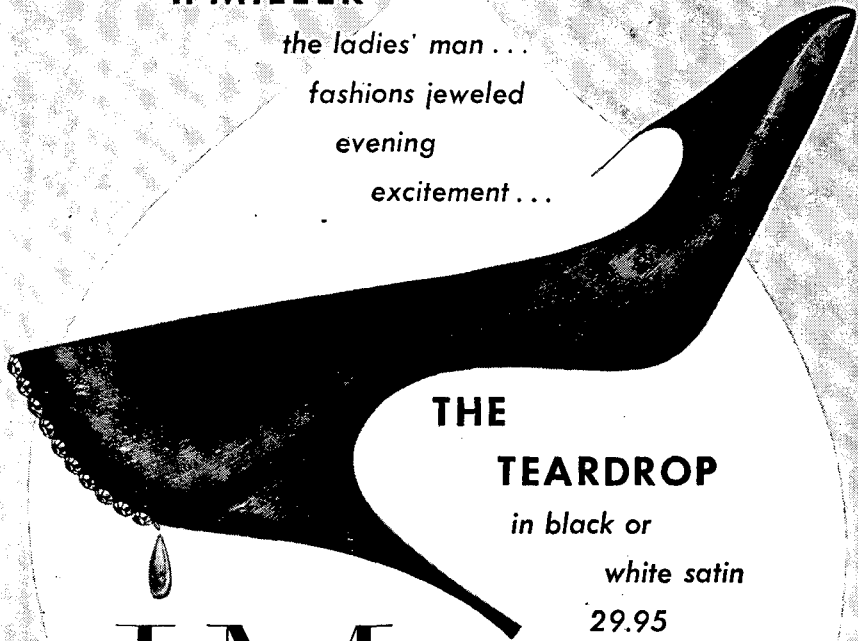
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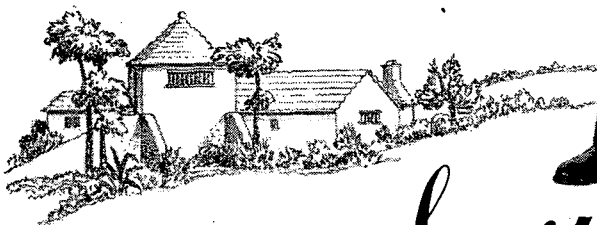
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Bank publishing house of Gallimard. As the publisher of a choice list of important prewar and postwar writers and of the monthly *NRF*, it was considered the chief mold of French literary trends and discoverer of talent. Malraux's first position at Gallimard was as the editor in charge of the firm's art books. Paris was seething with an interest in art, ultramodern or antique. Malraux also put on *recherché* art shows on the Gallimard premises, one of them consisting of sculpture from Gandhara and Afghanistan, which was then new to the public, and caused considerable talk pro and con. His having been invited to work at Gallimard showed that he had arrived as a literary personality and, more important, was expected to go further. In his new position, he came in contact with a famous trio of senior editors and writers—Gide, Jean Schlumberger, and the poet Valéry. It was probably not all beer and skittles for the young newcomer. He still remembers with shock that Valéry, who then ranked as France's greatest poet, began their acquaintance by asking why on earth he had gone to Asia, as if travel for the sake of either the eyes or the imagination was youthful folly. Malraux made his usual strong first impression on the staff. One of its members recently reminisced about the feeling of isolation that already surrounded Malraux, giving him the air of "a young man living outside any coterie [which is precisely what the Gallimard circle was]; of having a haunted need for something off the regular path of young men, even young men of talent; of being always in search, in flight; of talking so fast that he sounded pursued." The reminiscence continued, "He seemed to have made up a universe for himself, based on choice, on what he chose to put in it, and ignoring the rest. He obviously had his own system of weights and balances for ideas, duties, and activities, his own fashion of measuring life and man's values, or participation in it. He had a horror of the mediocre. He was *chevaleresque*. Basically, there was something noble about him. His education was uneven. He had been preoccupied with writers rather than with their writings. He seemed to have the disorganization of genius, and its neurasthenia. He fitted into no formula. You could never hold on to him. He was Byronic—his Greece was to be China and Spain. He was not intimate." At this time, too, Gide's friend Mme. van Rysselberghe remarked semi-jokingly of Malraux that even to say to him, in greeting, "How are you, Malraux?" seemed an intru-



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sion. It was already clear that his life was to be concentrated on a public study of himself. In the eyes of exceptionally observant men and women who knew him then and know him still, he has never changed. He is difficult to assess, because of the magnetic qualities of his personality and of his writing; he has a glamour that is more than style. In his writing, he uses words and thoughts that seem to mean even more than they state. This special margin between what the reader does and does not understand is accepted as another dimension of Malraux himself. He conveys something profound in what is already difficult and indefinite. His writing has a triple potential: first, in his ideas, which are always intelligent; second, in his use of them, which gives them the echoing effect of poetry; and, third, in the fact that they perfectly support his personality. What early conferred upon him his high *classement littéraire* was his real need for physical action that risked and tried to prove all, coupled with his equally real necessity for writing, for the self-expression of the artist on the written page.

Historically, the most interesting book review of "Les Conquérants" was one that was three years late. It was written by Trotsky, and came out of a clear sky, since the two men had not yet had their long, single meeting, and, as far as Malraux knew, Trotsky had not been aware he existed. The review was published early in 1931, in the *NRF*, and was entitled "La Révolution Etranglée" ("The Strangled Revolution"). Trotsky was then living in exile on the island of Prinkipo, near the Golden Horn, and had doubtless just come on the book. In his review, he noted admiringly that Malraux had "the precise eye of the artist, the original and bold observation." He called it "a remarkable book . . . of exceptional importance . . . [as a] romanticized chronicle of a part of the Chinese revolution," adding firmly that this was "the greatest subject of the past five years." Malraux was the only French novelist who had used this subject, and it was certainly what had attracted Trotsky's attention. Then, for thirteen pages, written for the most part with surprising elegance, he discussed Malraux's treatment of the revolution, saying, among other things, that "a good dose of Marxism" for Garine and Malraux, whom he took to be one and the same, would have saved the book from mistakes like Malraux's "aesthetic caprices" and Garine's scorn of "revolutionary doctrine," this scorn being



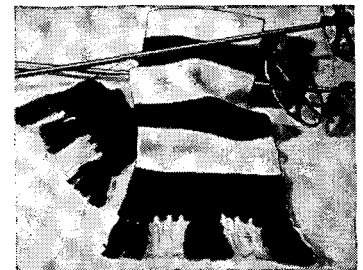
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obviously a black heresy. (Twenty years later, professionals in art history were to make the same reproach of heresy and "mistakes" to Malraux, the poet of art history.) An old doctrinaire himself, Trotsky thought that the pages dealing with Hong, whose aim was to assassinate as many of the proletariat's enemies as he could get his knife into, were the only real revolutionary stuff in the book. Trotsky deplored the fact that the agent Borodin, whom he recalled as a third-string operator once used by the Communists in America, had been depicted as an important representative of his calling. Trotsky's biting disapproval of Malraux's picture of the Chinese revolution clearly stemmed for the most part from the fact that the revolution was being run by the wrong people in Moscow, meaning Stalin, whom he was too proud to mention. Malraux's answer to Trotsky, printed in the same number of the *NRF*, was candid and probably reasonably effective, considering that as an amateur revolutionary he had been rather caught in a forked stick by one of the greatest professionals. In the correct dialectic jargon, Malraux replied that as a novelist he had put the accent in "Les Conquérants" on "the relation between individuals and collective action, not on the collective action only;" that is, he said, he had been writing not about a revolution but solely about tragic heroes operating in a revolution—heroes who, it might have seemed to the *NRF* readers, were perhaps not such tragic revolutionary figures as Trotsky himself, writing a belated book review in exile on Prinkipo. By the time "Les Conquérants" reached its thirteenth edition (it was published by Grasset, who had published Malraux's "Tentation" in 1926 and "Jeunesse" in 1927), Stalin



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had reportedly heard of it and banned it in Russia as anti-Communist, and Mussolini had heard of it and banned it in Italy as pro-Communist. At any rate, Grasset put a band around the book, announcing, in large letters, "INTERDIT EN RUSSIE ET EN ITALIE," which automatically increased its sales in France.

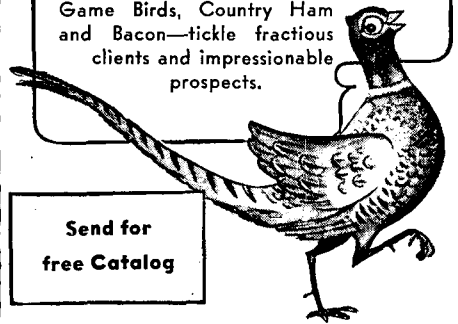
Soon after Malraux began working as art-book editor at Gallimard, he also began functioning as a manuscript reader and editor, when he was not travelling to the ends of the earth. From the first, the pattern of his journeys had been determined by his art interests; they were planned so that he could see museums or private collections, temples, cathedrals, palaces, or maybe just one particular Romanesque fresco or statue in a remote, dilapidated chapel in an obscure European village. "Archeology was my first study; it formed me," he has said. "Art was my most constant preoccupation, then literature. It is my obsession with other civilizations that has given my own civilization and probably my life their special accent." He always travelled swiftly but intensely, seeing everything and forgetting practically nothing. He is gifted with a photographic memory for art, and says that he is able to come out of a room containing twenty pictures and list the pictures in the order of their hanging. In his earliest travels, he repeatedly covered Western and Central Europe, and later he classically viewed Greece and Egypt. He travelled all over North Africa, but never penetrated savage Central Africa. He visited Abyssinia, the Near East, parts of Arabia, and Persia, living occasionally in a little palace in Isfahan. In the course of even longer journeys, he travelled around Central Asia and engaged in a brief archeological exploit in Afghanistan. In 1930 or thereabouts, he went to Japan and, on his way back, travelled extensively in India; he once returned to France from Indonesia via the United States, in order to see the American museums. And, for a European, he knew Indo-China and China well, making the most recent of a number of voyages out there in 1931, to see more temple paintings and carvings, and to visit mandarins who still possessed collections of art to be contemplated privately. To his regret, he has never been to Latin America or Oceania. He feels that the aesthetic high points of his journeys were the works of Michelangelo (in Florence, not those in Rome); his first sight of the temples and shrines of Nara, a Buddhist center in Japan; the tomb of Jahangir, in Lahore; the Sphinx, seen for the first

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time under the best conditions; and the art excavations from Mari, now in the Damascus Museum, and the Parthian art excavations in Iraq, which he considers two of the archeological achievements of the century. The vast range of art he has seen in all these places seems to have remained like a private collection in his memory, but the dates when he saw the things, and what year this voyage was sandwiched in between others, have always been unimportant to him, and are in a state of confusion in his mind. Besides, during the last war the Gestapo seized some of his papers, making gaps in his records. Except for art or history, dates do not catch his attention; as for the events of his own life, he does not recall or much care which year was which, and says that in a general way he knows how old he is only once a year, on his birthday.

IN 1930, "La Voie Royale," the novel based on Malraux's statue-hunting exploit in Cambodia, was published. The dramatis personae and certain facts were somewhat changed in his account. Mme. Malraux, who had made the journey with him, was not in his book. (Several years later, she gave her own interpretation of the trip in a novel called "Portrait de Grisélidis"—a reference to Griselda, the fabled patient wife.) In "La Voie Royale," he reduced the company to two versions of himself—one an overwrought young French archeologist in the East for the first time, the other an old colonial professional adventurer, tarnished by his struggle for survival there, such as Malraux might in time have come to be. The story of "La Voie Royale," which either frankly reveals the lawlessness of the Cambodian escapade or else cynically uses what others said about it, as an arrogant spoof, has the young archeologist taking a gamble on making a quick fortune out of the only thing he knows, which is art, by hunting Buddhist statues to sell on the European antiquities market. Politically speaking—since all Malraux's early novels contain acute and prophetic political insights—the old adventurer, a Nordic named Perken, represents a privileged colonialism that is perishing. He runs a kind of private kingdom of tribesmen somewhere in Siam, and wants his share of the money—assuming that his knowledge of the jungle can lead the expedition to certain lost temple sites in Cambodia—to buy guns with which he plans to fight off other white men's more progressive civilization, already creeping toward his pre-

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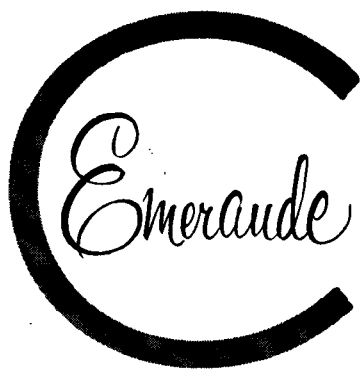
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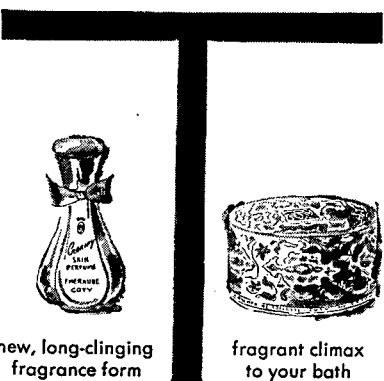
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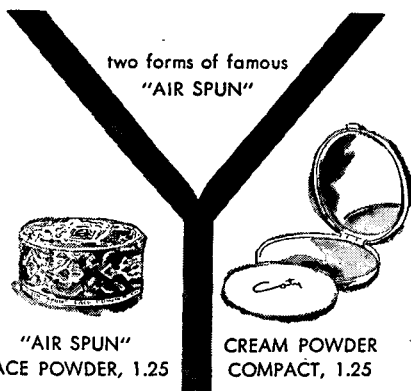


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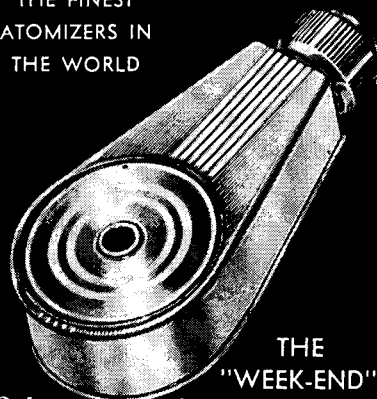
cious kingdom with railroads and bad brandy. (A few elements of the situation vaguely remind the reader of Joseph Conrad's "The Heart of Darkness.") When, after repeated disappointments, the pair finally discover a ruin, richly complete with dancing-girl statues, Perken's only response to the temple's beauty is to calculate how many carbines and machine guns it may be worth to him. In a fight with hostile natives, he cuts himself on a piece of bamboo, the gangrene of the jungle sets in, the statues are abandoned, and, in "a desperate fraternity," the young Frenchman vainly tries to transport him back to his own domain. Perken dies in agony en route, killed by the dangerous life he has proudly made for himself. His last words are "There is no death. There is only me . . . me . . . going to die," ringing the rebellious, lonely Malrauvian cry against mortality as the final defeat of man.

This is Malraux's one novel in the old-fashioned romantic sense of the word, being the story of a treasure hunt, a drama of male comradeship, a superb tableau of counterpoised male psychologies, with no distracting overtones of world politics—all handled with beauty and a rush of fresh, ornamented writing, filigreed like jungle ferns and colored like the alarming jungle flowers. It is a tour de force of young, masculine literary brilliance. Malraux's gift for visual images, stimulated by these first experiences of his with rampant and devouring nature in the brush and jungle, resulted in descriptive passages of sensuous beauty—or horror—that rustle like poetry through his prose, yet behind his lyric eye lay the detached, materialistic intelligence, its comments affording the separate and second level of observation which French critics feel always gives his work its special dual quality. Unfortunately, Malraux, who is a harsh critic of his own works, thinks "La Voie Royale" is adolescent (he also thinks that of "Les Conquérants"), because both its old and young adventurer are too romantic to have any sense of humor, and so he did not include the jungle story in the 1947 Pléiade edition of his novels.

MALRAUX's marriage with Clara Goldschmidt failed sometime in the middle thirties, shortly after the birth of their only child, Florence. In the early thirties, they lived on the Rue du Bac, not far from the Gallimard office. The apartment was described by one visitor as "sombre, nude, with whitewashed walls. Against this white-

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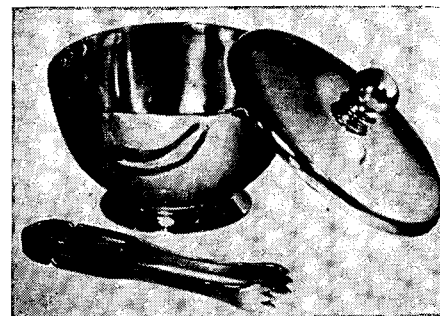
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ness stood out a divan, a few furnishings, simple in their silhouettes, some colored Oriental objets d'art, and two or three pictures and pieces of sculpture, all very modern." Malraux's capacity for reading, writing, concentration, endurance, and isolation was extraordinary. His strength for work was cyclonic. He could work at his publishing job by day and at his writing more than half the night at home, on a sustained schedule of eighteen hours out of twenty-four. It was in these circumstances that he wrote "La Condition Humaine," considered his masterpiece as a novelist. Upon its publication, in 1933, it made one of those rare sensations in Paris that start a new book's entry into the body of a nation's literature. Not only was it given the Goncourt Prize that December, but at the same time it was generally acknowledged to be the finest recipient of the award since its most opposite laureate number, Marcel Proust's "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs," the Goncourts' choice back in 1918. One of the Goncourt jury members, the writer Roland Dorgelès, was so enthusiastic about "La Condition Humaine" that, in violation of the jury's practice of maintaining secrecy, he announced to a Paris newspaper two days before the voting took place that Malraux would be his choice. In addition, having heard that one jurymen wanted above all to give his vote to a young writer, and was hesitating between a pair of authors he had never laid eyes on but assumed to be young enough, Dorgelès hastened to call on him and point out that one of those authors was past forty and the other was fifty-eight, whereas Malraux was only thirty-two. A few days later, Malraux received the Goncourt Prize, thus becoming one of the



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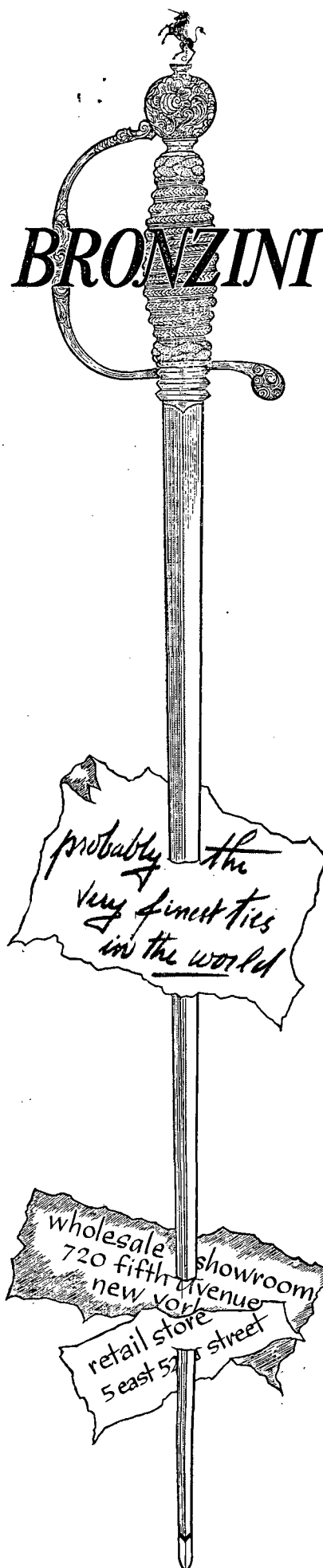
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youngest winners who had ever been crowned. In the course of the winter, he was the most talked-of literary figure in Paris, and the most fêted, dazzling the dinner parties and salons of fashionable Parisians with his conversation and adulated as "the most intelligent Frenchman of the century" until his social patience, of which he never had any great supply, gave out.

Whereas in Malraux's first two novels he had created male types who were memorably exceptional men, in "La Condition Humaine"—and this was the basis of its profound popularity with and meaning for the French and the world of readers at large (it was soon translated into sixteen languages)—he not only stabilized his characters' heroism by means of the pressure of revolution but also aggrandized their normal human qualities of pity, tenderness, patriotism, and sacrifice. For the first and only time, too, he included domestic relationships—of husband and wife, of father and son, of lover and mistress—so his new book seemed a mature novel on the grand classic European scale, seen against an exotic Chinese background. Moreover, its main theme was essentially simple; it was the doom, as Malraux saw it, of the Shanghai revolutionaries after Chiang Kai-shek's issuance of an order to turn in their arms, which meant their massacre—an order that the Communists in the Shanghai Kuomintang resigned themselves to because Moscow was not yet ready for an open struggle with the General for control of the now two-headed Chinese revolution. Led on first by hope, then by heroism, all the major fighting figures of "La Condition Humaine" came to a tragic end, only the less active characters being allowed a sad survival, to continue in their unimportance.

The book opens in absolute silence, with the quiet assassination of an unidentified man who is sleeping in a bed in an unidentified hotel (he possesses a document that would procure for him a shipful of arms the revolutionaries must get for themselves to set off their uprising)—a stabbing by the intellectual Tchen as his first awful moral sacrifice to the revolution. Old Gisors, a former Peking professor, art expert, and mentor, survives by turning again to his opium pipe for forgetfulness after the torture and suicide of his beloved son Kyo. Kyo and his German doctor wife, May, are the only married couple that Malraux has ever attempted (except on a reduced scale in his later novelette, "Le Temps du Mépris"), and they are

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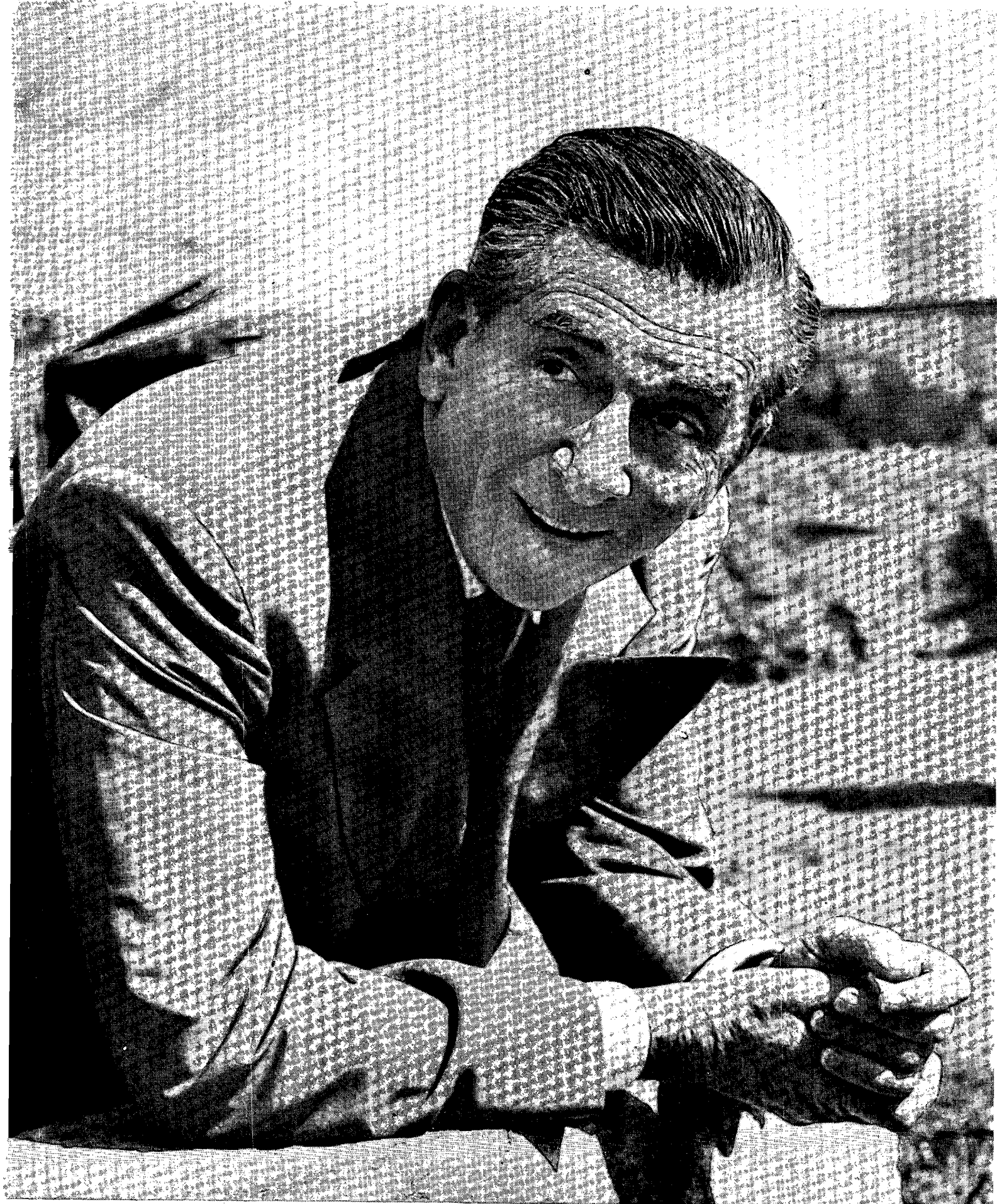
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unconvincing: he cannot successfully imagine himself into being a wife, and since his characters are usually parts of him, when he tries to be a married woman he signally fails as a writer. The Russian Katow, the rarest hero of them all, gives his cyanide pellets to two fellow-prisoners who have lost courage before the waiting horror of their execution—to be thrown alive into the fire-box of a locomotive whistling nearby—so he meets his end exaltedly facing the torture for all three of them. Among the survivors who flee the revolution is the French Baron de Clappique, shrewd clown, whoremonger, arms merchant, and mythomaniac. There is also Valérie, the feminist French cocotte, who leaves her lover in order to teach him that a woman is a human being, not merely a body in bed. There is her lover, Ferral, a French representative of big business, whom Malraux uses as the novel's *deus ex machina*; to beat the revolutionaries, he scrapes up the fortune in Chinese dollars from the Rightists as backing for Chiang Kai-shek, to enable Chiang to break with the Left. This time, nearly all the important characters—Katow, the old professor, the comic and careless Clappique, the erotic, tough-minded Ferral, and, especially, the two ultramodern, intellectualized women, the cocotte and the German lady doctor, despite his failure to make her marital psychology sound convincing—seem to be projections, clear or opaque or even reversed, of some part of Malraux himself, as if he were an actor playing many different roles with intuitive understanding. The novel ends with what has turned out to be a weighty prophecy to white men with investments in the East: with Ferral back in Paris at a meeting in the office of the Minister of Finance with a group of elderly, candy-nibbling financiers, who are so avariciously shortsighted, politically, that they refuse him money for the Chinese Right to use in fighting the Chinese Communists—a decision which, he warns them, will mean, in a changing East, the financial doom of every European in Shanghai and eventually the loss of the white man's China to Moscow.

In Paris, the book critic of *Le Temps* said of "La Condition Humaine," "The material is of an inexpressible richness... a great book. Two-thirds of its pages are worthy of a master"—a high percentage for that conservative paper to concede to a young author whose subject was revolution. A more worried view was taken by the ultra-Catholic François Mauriac, who wrote in his diary, in an anxious analysis of Mal-

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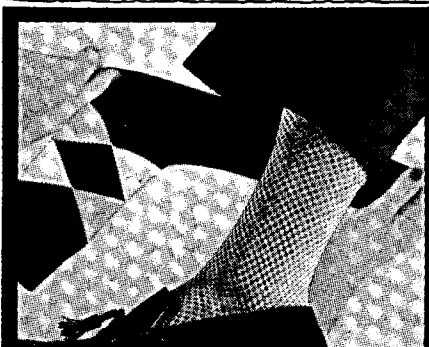


as a cocktail



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raux, "We live in a strange society, old, bored, that pardons anyone who entertains it, even with fear. . . . Here is a youth who since adolescence has been moving against society, a dagger in his hand, and who to stab it has sought out its most vulnerable point, in Asia. . . . But look! He has talent; he has more talent than any other youth of his age. And whether one is indignant or whether one approves, it is a fact that in the year of grace 1933 a fine book excuses anything."

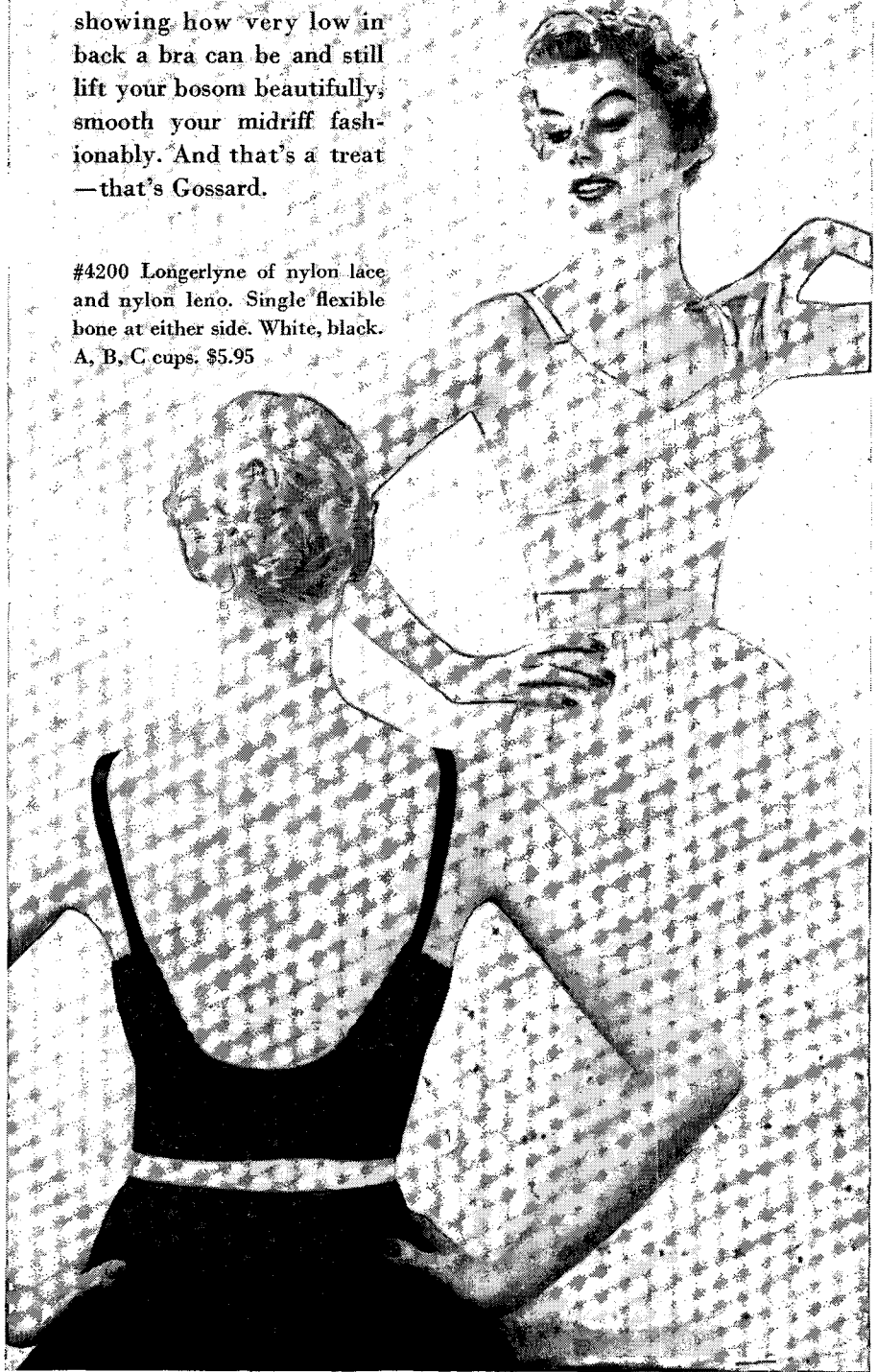
The phrase "la condition humaine" immediately entered the French language, where it has remained. It has become a stock expression in serious French conversation, in editorials, in essays, and in Parliamentary speeches, and it is frequently used in sermons from the pulpit to mean the Christian's sufferings here below. It is the only book title in modern French writing that has become an everyday idiom. The Malraux legend has it that he took the title from the "Pensées" of Pascal—specifically, from the famous tragic reflection that said, in part, "Imagine a number of men in chains, and all condemned to death, of which some each day had their throats cut within view of the others, those who remained seeing their own plight in that of their fellows. . . . This is the likeness of man's estate—*C'est l'image de la condition des hommes*." In one of Montaigne's essays there is the phrase "*l'humaine condition*," and the legend has also cited this as Malraux's source. However, in some fairly minor correspondence of Mme. de Maintenon with her father confessor, she used the actual phrase: "*Il y a une vide affreuse dans toutes les conditions humaines* [There is a horrible emptiness in all man's estate]," which somehow escaped the attention of the legend-makers. Malraux recently said that the title of his novel could be taken as a souvenir of the writings and the thoughts of all three—Pascal, Montaigne, and the lady. Because of today's nostalgic interest in China, lost to Moscow, "La Condition Humaine" is this month, twenty-one years after it was first published, being presented in Paris in play form, dramatized by the playwright Thierry Maulnier.

IN an American book on Malraux, called "André Malraux and the Tragic Imagination," published in January of 1953, Professor W. M. Frohock, now Professor of French at Wesleyan University, in Connecticut, offers evidence that Malraux was not in Canton during the events of the June,

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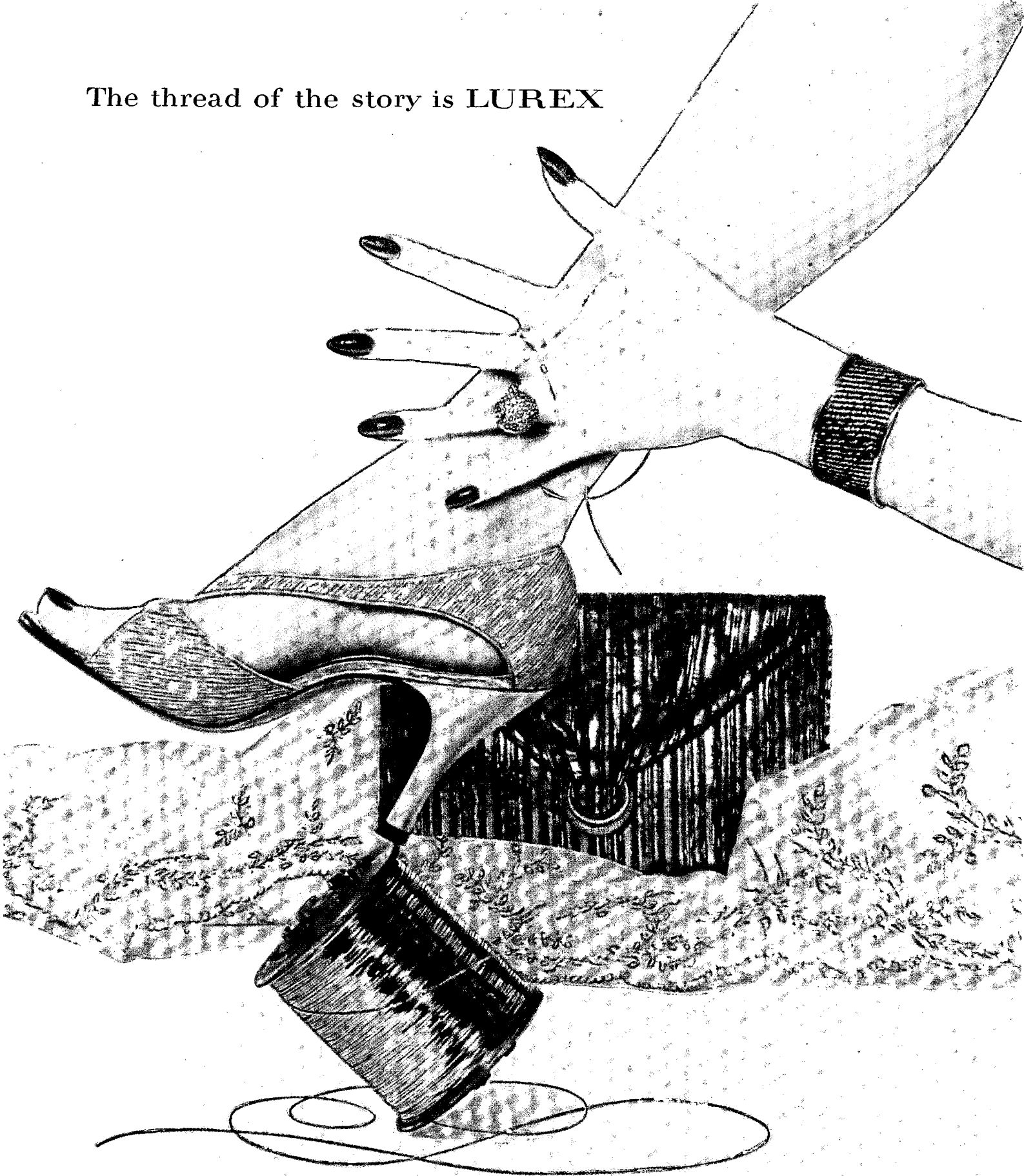
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1925, Canton uprising reported on in "Les Conquérants," and regards it as unlikely—on what basis he does not make clear—that Malraux ever went to Shanghai, the scene of the events of the 1927 political struggle, made bloodier, that he used in "La Condition Humaine," until several years after the events had taken place. Checking French colonial newspapers in the branch of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Versailles, Professor Frohock found Malraux's signature on a series of daily articles on Franco-Annamite political relations that appeared in his Saigon newspaper during most of the three weeks when the Canton uprising was taking place. According to several American journalists who were in China at the time, Malraux may have been in Canton a week or so later; being a gifted reporter, with hypersensitive perceptions, in their opinion he could have found his story still vibrantly alive. As for his Shanghai experiences, whenever he had them, everything he wrote about them, an American Far East correspondent recently said, "rings as true as a Chinese gong." In a recent review of Frohock's book in the British *New Statesman & Nation*, the critic says, "During the thirties it was commonly thought that he [Malraux] was an unusual kind of reporter who recorded in brilliant imitation-fiction actions he had himself taken part in... [but whether he actually did take] part or not in the actions described is irrelevant... Malraux, in his Chinese novels, at all events was not writing disguised autobiography... [but] a vision that demands for its complete embodiment the extreme situations of war and revolution." The Frohock book has not been translated into French or commented much on in Paris, but in any case, such careful research is little appreciated there, and as soon as Malraux's Chinese books appeared, French literary critics concluded that whether or not the author had physically participated in what he wrote about, its authenticity lay in his having made the material his own, as any great novelist does, by the authority of his artistry.

Shortly after Malraux won the Goncourt award, which amounts to five thousand francs, he informed a friend that he intended to use the prize money to discover the long-lost capital city of the Queen of Sheba, which someone had told him was beyond the desert of Yemen. In 1896, when Edmond de Goncourt established the prize, its gold francs were worth a thousand dollars. But the paper money of France had

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fallen in value until in 1933 it was worth only about two hundred dollars. Because Malraux had a reputation for extravagance, his project was taken to be one of his occasional mordant jokes, until he explained that his plan was to explore the desert modestly, passing himself off as a Persian. However, his royalties from the large sales of a Goncourt winner had already brought him 300,000 francs, or about \$12,000. By the time *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* for March 17, 1934, announced as a quasi-literary note that the Goncourt winner was using his prize to search for the Old Testament queen's city, Malraux had been off on his adventure for a month, having flown out to it in a specially outfitted, borrowed private airplane.

—JANET FLANNER

(This is the first of two articles on André Malraux.)

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT (AFTERMATH DIVISION)

[Howard v. Howard Nev., 239 Pacific (2d) 584]

Although both the record and the testimony are confusing, the litigation appears to include the following actions:

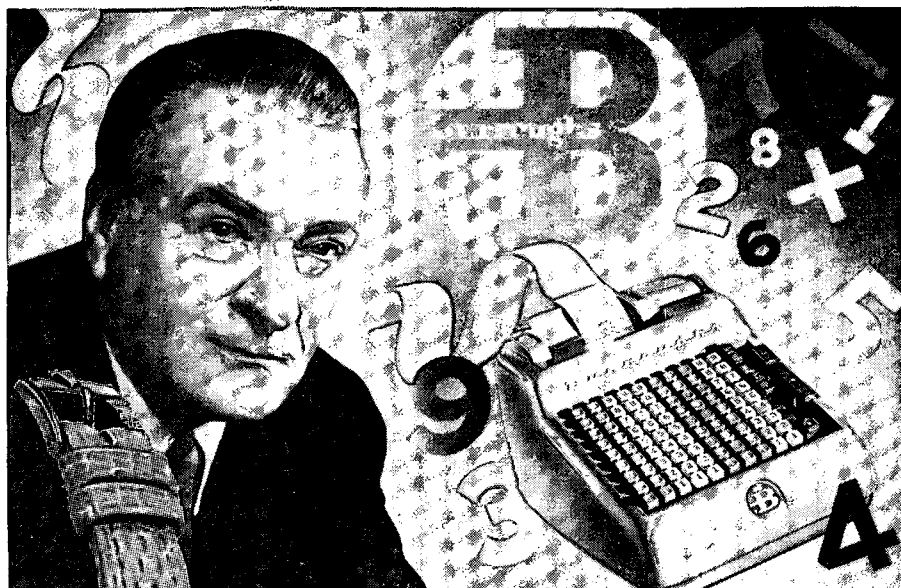
1. Fred's 1926 suit for divorce from Louise.
2. Louise's 1923 suit for divorce from Fred.
3. Louise's second 1923 suit for divorce from Fred.
4. Louise's 1926 suit for separate maintenance.
5. Fred's eviction suit against Louise.
6. Fred's Mexican divorce suit against Louise.
7. Fred's divorce suit against Winifred.
8. Winifred's divorce suit against Fred.
9. Louise's prosecution of Fred for bigamy.
10. Fred's first Las Vegas divorce suit against Louise. (Denied by Judge Marshall.)
11. Fred's second Las Vegas divorce suit against Louise. (Granted by Judge Watson.)
12. Fred's second Las Vegas divorce suit against Louise. (Granted by Judge Henderson.)
13. Louise's action to vacate Fred's Las Vegas decree.
14. (pending) Fred's California divorce suit (on retrial after remand) against Winifred.
15. (right asserted by Louise) Contemplated suit in California by Louise, for divorce and settlement of property rights.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 2 (AP)—Alfred Carlton Gilbert, toy manufacturer whose great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother was hanged as a Connecticut witch, is himself a vanishing type of American.—*The Times*.

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TWO TO FORGET

THE RAINMAKER," at the Cort, is an elaborate piece of contrivance that seems to call up another day in the theatre, when audiences were a good deal more innocent than they are now. There is a bunch of inhabitants of the Western plains, including a sheriff and his deputy, who converse and behave exactly as these types have been doing since "The Great Divide;" there is a sunny ranch house in a parched landscape; there is a hero of almost overwhelming virility, and there is a heroine who has somehow got

the idea that she's plain but turns out fine when she lets down her hair; and there is all the talk about what's going to become of the cattle and crops unless some rain falls that used to make dramaturgy so simple for our ancestors. There is everything except the Old Mortgage—and I have a feeling that the author, N. Richard Nash, would have got that in if he'd thought of it—and what might be called a conventional moral point of view, which goes to prove, I suppose, that styles have changed a little but not very much.

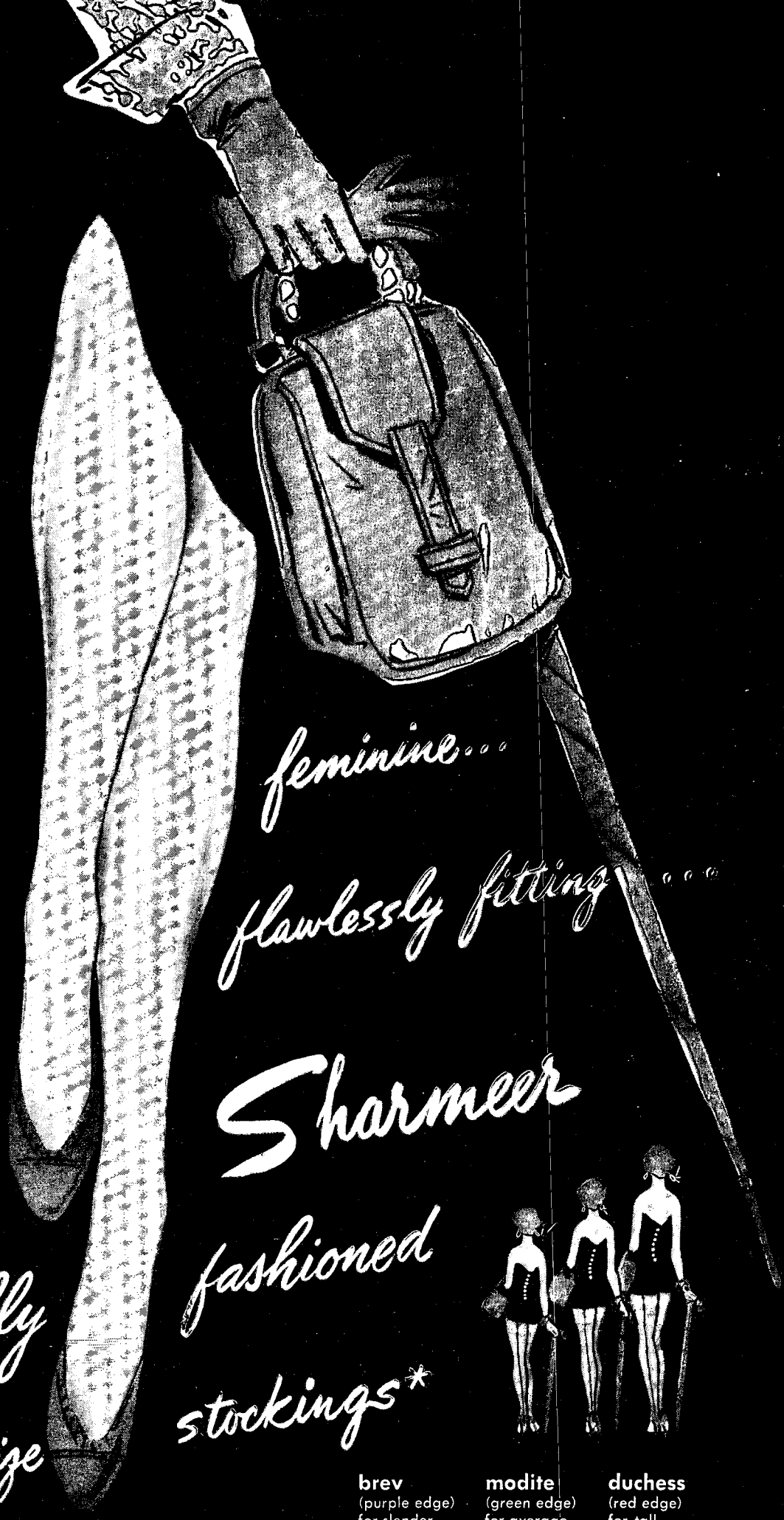
What Mr. Nash wishes to say is that a handsome scoundrel can in many ways be a more considerable man than a moral pinhead. The main concession to modernity, however, lies in the fact that nobody really comes to a good or a bad end. The Rainmaker produces his shower on schedule at the conclusion (just in time, in fact, for the final curtain), and the Girl gradually understands that dreams are not acceptable substitutes for reality. Her name is Lizzie (I conclude Elizabeth), and the big, and almost interminable, joke around the Curry family, to which she has the misfortune to belong, is that she is unmarriedable. This lasts until a polished city scoundrel comes along. He creates a world in which she is some sort of princess called Mélisande, and I wish you'd take it right from there.

Anyway, the curious thing about Mr. Nash's play is that it has a certain stature. I can't imagine anyone's taking it seriously, but it is almost equally hard to think of anyone who wouldn't be moved and entertained by it from time to time. Whether Mr. Nash is kidding or not when he asks us to believe in his variety of Wild West melodrama—with, of course, its latter-day metaphysical attachments—I can't help finding him occasionally a diverting man.

For quite a long time, I disliked Geraldine Page, who seemed to be giving the kind of performance that would demonstrate her ability to operate in practically any acting style (at one comic point she even kicked one of her shoes right up into the flies) rather than to be trying to pull the production into a coherent whole, but somehow or other I came around to admiring her in the end. It was a superb exhibition of vitality and resourcefulness, whatever you might think of it in terms of the outrages it was perhaps committing against the author's original purpose. The others, whose names were Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, Joseph Sullivan, Albert Salmi, Tom Flatley Reynolds, and Cameron Prud'homme, respectfully got out of the way whenever Miss Page decided to take off, which was presumably all that their director, Joseph Anthony, required of them. Ralph Alsang's setting, a multiple-door-and-window arrangement, struck me as an unlikely representation



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of a human habitation, even in the great Southwest, where people notoriously live in very peculiar ways. However, I am certainly captious in these matters.

LAST year, Horton Foote wrote a play, called "The Trip to Bountiful," that permitted Lillian Gish to give a remarkably sustained and touching performance as a woman who travelled to a small town in Texas in an attempt to get back the unrecoverable past. It also contained at least one other part that showed the type of astute and bitter observation of small-town American womanhood that used to be the special province of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Jo Van Fleet was cast in that one, and I thought she played it beautifully.

This year, in "The Traveling Lady," at the Playhouse, Mr. Foote has done just about the same thing. There is a girl who shows up in Texas looking for a new life with her ex-convict husband (the unrecoverable past), and there is a terribly funny picture of a woman who is, I'm sure, the kind of "character" without which no hamlet in this great nation could hope to get along. This one, specifically, has a passion for hunting fireflies at night; she is as apt as not to invite total strangers to go swimming with her; and she is very likely to entertain you with her memories of the Civil War, which took place a good many years before she was born, as her daughter is in the habit of indignantly pointing out. She is a very fine comic invention, and Kathleen Comegys realizes practically every possibility she offers.

Unfortunately, a play goes with all this, and it is hard to have anything but a low opinion of that. From the minute the curtain rose, it seemed quite clear to me that the heroine would wind up with the clean-cut young man called Slim (one of my impossible dreams for the theatre is a play in which the boy named Slim doesn't get the girl), and I watched the means by which this was accomplished with a good deal of detachment. A scene in which the unregenerate man was momentarily freed



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from his handcuffs in order that he might sing a farewell ballad to his child, with suitable gestures, produced something a little stronger than detachment, and so did one in which an otherwise excellent actress, Kim Stanley, who has the misfortune to be cast in the title role, went on and on about the circumstances that led her to take up with a bum in the first place, but I see no point in being needlessly unpleasant. It is enough to say that Mr. Foote has substantially recapitulated himself, and I just wish he would stop.

In addition to Miss Comegys, the supporting players are Mary Perry, Jack Lord, Calvin Thomas, Helen Carew, Katherine Squire, Lonny Chapman, Tony Sexton, and a tot known as Brook Seawell, who would probably do a great deal better if the director, Vincent J. Donehue, would let her alone. The set was designed by Ben Edwards. I can imagine no more horrible place to live, but I guess that was the idea. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

DARKEST AFRICA DEPARTMENT

[Letter to the editor of the Uganda Mail, Kampala]

SIR,

I shall be very much grateful to have a little space in your esteemed daily paper for the following matter.

Not I, but never a Regular bus passenger will agree with one Kampala Dweller who's article appeared in the Uganda mail of 9th instant that the company is doing good service to the people, probably the Dweller has not seen any other bus services than that of Kampala. Will Mr. Dweller without any prejudice reply to the following:

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(2) All serving people in Kampala are not so lucky to get lifts from Mr. Dweller daily or regularly. Are they?

(3) The buses for Mengo sometimes leave at 12.30 P.M. and sometimes at 12.45 P.M. and I have very often travelled in the bus leaving at 1.10 P.M. instead of leaving at 12.45 P.M. Does the Dweller say honestly that this service is "good service?" Or he simply wants to praise the company for nothing???

Let us have some views from other regular passengers.

Yours etc.

"REGULAR BUS PASSENGER"

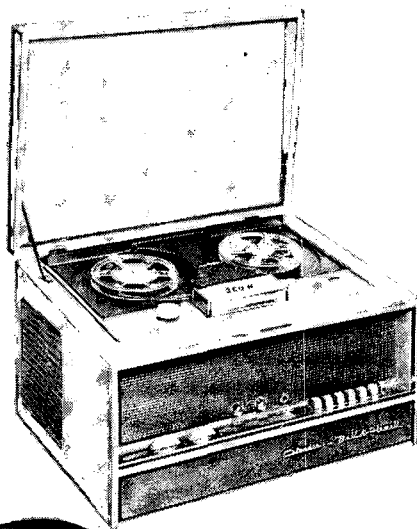
Visal Wangtal was charged here Friday with stealing a neighbor's house. He is accused of dismantling board by board the home of Mrs. Yip Multhongnoi during her absence. Police said they found the reassembled house on Visal's property. Typhoon Leaves Many Homeless.—Pittsburg (Kan.) Sun.

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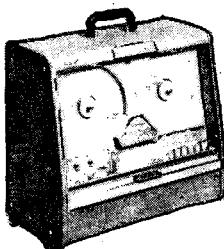
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EVERYONE who stayed at home last weekend has by now had sufficient opportunity to be ashamed of himself for being afraid to venture out into the wind and the rain. Down in Baltimore, a very fine Navy team, instead of falling all over itself on the wet and slippery turf, held Notre Dame to a single touchdown and barely missed tying, or even beating, the enemy when a Navy back dropped the ball as he was crossing the Notre Dame goal. At Princeton, the home team, voted to have not even the most nebulous chance of staving off the undefeated Colgate squad, managed to keep ahead of the visitors until just five minutes before closing time, and the very best Colgate could manage then was a quite unsatisfying tie, 6-6. Up at West Point, Army had a perfectly terrible time beating Virginia, a team that had allegedly made the long trip up from Tidewater territory just for the ride. The score, 21-20, could scarcely have been closer. And in New Haven, Yale and Dartmouth fought an all-out battle (Yale 13, Dartmouth 7) that was anyone's for the asking right down to the last two minutes, and one of the most hair-raising of a long and hair-raising series between these venerable Ivy League contestants. Only Columbia, unhappy land, did exactly what was expected of it, by going down, practically without a trace, before Cornell, 26-0, at Baker Field. Cornell, by the way, is now the unbelieving possessor of a string of two straight victories, having collected the first one a fortnight ago from Princeton, a team it left so severely trounced that it seemed impossible that Colgate would have any trouble at all last Saturday. What has caused Cornell's reversal of form could be the fact that Princeton was (and still is) playing with all its star backs on the sidelines and Columbia was playing with only one of its star backs, or the fact that a fellow named Van Buren has returned to his position in the Cornell line.

THE match between Yale and Dartmouth was possibly the best one on tap, at least as far as spectacle goes. The technicians may have found fault with some of the thinking and execution on display during the after-

noon, such as Yale's sudden reversion to the often disproved theory that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Once, Yale took four successive cracks at the massed-up middle of the Dartmouth defense on the Dartmouth two-yard line and got nowhere. Yale, which had been so bright and perky all season, took off in the most dismal fashion—two consecutive fumbles, some bad blocking, and a combination of a bad pass from center and a bad punt—and before anyone on the Yale team knew it, Dartmouth, on the wings of a handsome pass by Beagle, was at the Yale goal. The ensuing touchdown, which arrived on the next play, looked large indeed until late in the first half, when Yale, which had been trying to shake loose one of its wide-sweeping, long-gaining plays, finally managed to do so. Ward, a back who theretofore this season had racked up a total yardage of fifty-two, knocked off seventy in one magnificent sally through the left side of the Dartmouth line and then through the entire Dartmouth backfield, and the score was 7-7. At that point, Yale, which when it is in top form plays football with the verve and guile of the bigger and heavier Navy team, caught fire, as the expression is, and there was no stopping it, even though Dartmouth made some very convincing tries. The tries weren't especially convincing, though, after Beagle bruised a hip and retired for the afternoon.

Beagle, Dartmouth's pet quarterback, is a cool young man and an effective passer, to say nothing of an expert punter. But the Yale line, a sinewy lot of ballplayers, was having none of the ground attack he was directing, and in the end Beagle was only demonstrating another theory—and not a disproved one, either—that the most expert passing attack in the world is merely an excellent alternative to a ground attack, rather than a complete substitute for it. (Columbia, whose ground attack is just about nonexistent when Mercier is unable to play, is another living demonstration of the danger a team incurs when it goes to the pass once too often.) In the last quarter, the Dartmouth passers who were filling in for Beagle were time and again trapped far behind their line.

The play of the afternoon came in the middle of the final quarter. Things had been going badly for Dartmouth, and after three plays had lost ten yards, Turner, a Dartmouth back, dropped to the rear to get off a punt. Things went even worse then, for the Yale line



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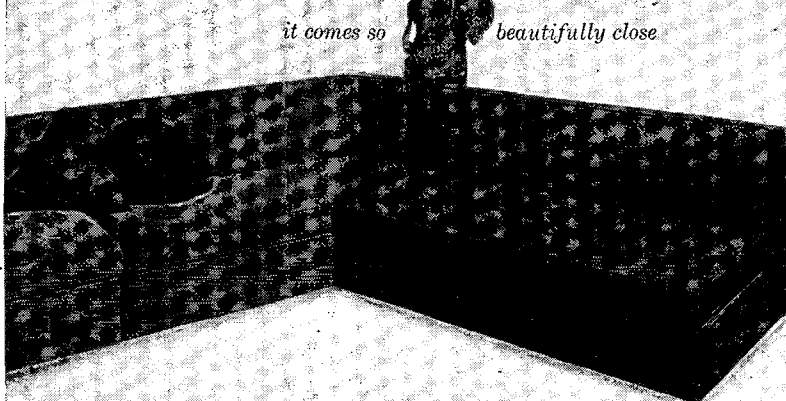
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burst over Turner like a typhoon and blocked his kick. But as the ball bounced backward toward the Dartmouth goal, Turner picked it up and, paying no heed to half a dozen Yales intent upon bringing him down, wove his way ahead for some thirty-five yards before anyone was able to lay a detaining hand on him. Net result: instead of giving Yale the ball on his two-yard line, Turner gave it to Dartmouth on his thirty-nine-yard line. Turner's effort, like so many of his team's efforts last Saturday, was a losing effort, but it was also a graceful and a stirring one.

—J. W. L.

Mrs. Ralph Williams was feted with a stork shower at the home of Mrs. Ailine Jones, Freeport, Wednesday afternoon. Approximately 16 guests were present, and the room was decorated with arrangements of pink flowers throughout.

Highlight of the afternoon was when an old lady, very obviously fresh from the farm, appeared at the door and ask for Mrs. Warren, who is grandmother of the expected bundle from heaven, saying that she was the aunt of Mrs. Warren, and hearing of the expected arrival and the shower she had decided to come to town.

She said "I heard about this here shindig, and seeing as how I'm sorta in the family I come without no invite. Lord if I aint tired, I rode and rode that thar bus, and I'm just plum give out, but I got a bunch of family heirlooms here for the little one and I intend to give them to the mama my self."

At this point the young mother didn't seem very much impressed with the things the old lady was pulling out of her bag, and she "in-her mind" was obviously filling the trash can with them.

After pulling out numerous things that couldn't have been used even fifty years ago, the old lady said "well I got me one of them hacky things awaiting outside so I best be going," and you can believe it or not a Broadway actress could not have done better, because at this point all the ladies including Mrs. Williams still believed that this character was actually the aunt of Mrs. Warren, however Mrs. Warren at this point exposed Mrs. Hilda Rowlings of Velasco, and all the ladies were quite surprised that they had been so taken.

This little stunt was all that was needed to make the shower a huge success, and refreshments of pink lemonade, open-face sandwiches, and cookies completed the afternoon.—Freeport (Texas) Facts-Review.

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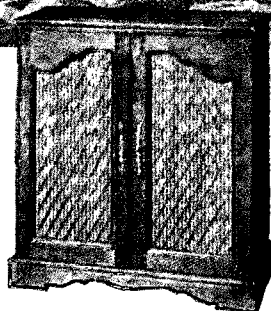
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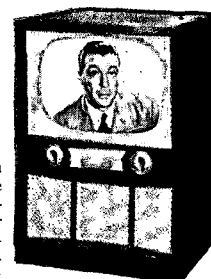
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GRANDFATHER ATTENDS A VENDU

BACK of my Grandfather Adams' cottage on Union Street, Rochester, stood a small barn. Here dwelt, in 1883, a sorrel horse, of unestablished age and domestic temperament, named Horace G., the initial standing for Greeley. The horse was looked after by a student who was working his way through the Rochester Theological Seminary. In the last week of July, illness in the student's family called him away from his duties, and on the second day of his absence Horace G. disappeared.

Four of us grandchildren, paying our customary Saturday call on our grandfather, found him excited and distressed. He expressed the conviction that Horace G. had been stolen. "The race circuit is holding here," he said. "All trotting men are horse thieves."

As the missing animal's best gait was a lop-footed five-mile-per-hour shamble, we guessed that, instead, Horace had merely gone gypsying.

"Is it likely that my horse would forget seventeen years of loving care and commit a willful evasion?" Grandfather demanded bitterly. "No, no! He has been misled."

John, young Charlie, and I offered awkward condolences. Sireno was more practical; being farm-bred, he was wise in the ways of livestock, and asked if Horace G. had been pastured out that spring.

"Yes," Grandfather answered. "In Cook's ten-acre, out beyond the Liberty Pole."

Presently, the four of us found the truant there, led him home in triumph, and were rewarded by the warmest blanket approbation we had ever heard from Grandfather's Draconian lips. We were knowledgeable and officious boys, he told us, and he was proud of us. ("Officious" meant, in his day, "helpful, obliging.") He gave John a quarter and directed him to fetch five bottles of sarsaparilla from the corner grocery. Just then, Jenny, the eldest of the grandchildren, arrived, and the old gentleman tossed a nickel after the departing John and grandly bade him make it a round half dozen. Plainly, there was jubilee in the air.

When John returned, we all sat guggling for a time in pleasurable silence. Outside, a hand organ approached. Or-

dinarily, Grandfather did not approve of street music, but now his feet began to shuffle. "A spry tune," he said. "A tune of merit."

"Yes, sir," John agreed. "'Turkey in the Straw.'"

"Hunca-munca!" Grandfather retorted. "'Turkey in the Straw,' indeed! 'Hoggee on the Towpath.' The canal gangs used to sing it before the Grand Erie Canal spanned the Great Montezuma Marsh." He raised a clear, steady baritone:

"Hoggee on the towpath, picking up straw. Along came a Dutchman. Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"It's a pretty song," said young Charlie politely. "What does it mean?"

"A hoggee was a towrope driver," Grandfather explained. "The straw of the song was leakage from a path master's sack. It was used to plug breaches in path or berm. As for the Dutchman, he might have been Dunderhead Van Rensselaer, or Piet Van Altemer, of Van Altemer's Nose, or Rip van Winkle. I don't know. Nobody knows."

The hand organ passed on, and we fell silent again. Grandfather took a pull at his pop. His eyes closed. He said dreamily, "I remember one day when I was driving my team along the towpath and around the bend came a hoodledasher, the tandem making its three mile an hour. There—"

"Came a what?" John asked.

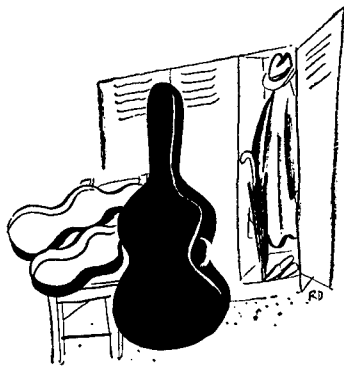
"A hoodledasher. Surely you know what a hoodledasher is?"

"No, sir," we said all together.

"A hoodledasher is one live and two or more dead," Grand-

father said, and after he had savored our puzzlement, he proceeded to enlighten us.

For one reason or another—as an economy measure, or because a horse had fallen sick or a hoggee had broken his indenture and run away—canallers often tied two or more cargoless "dead" boats onto a "live" one, so that the live one's horses might draw them all. This hookup was called a hoodledasher. Why? Grandfather did not know. Nobody knew, he said. "And there he sat on the hoodledasher," the old gentleman continued, "as chirk as a chitter-



ARPEGE



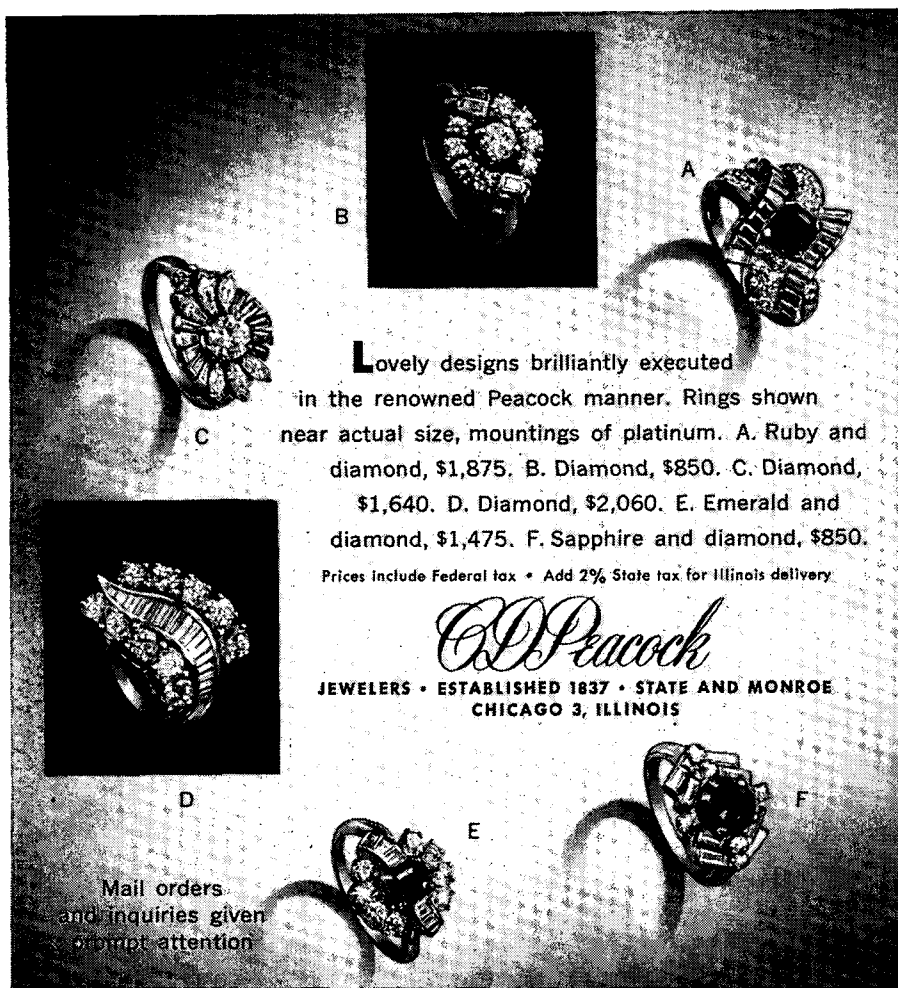
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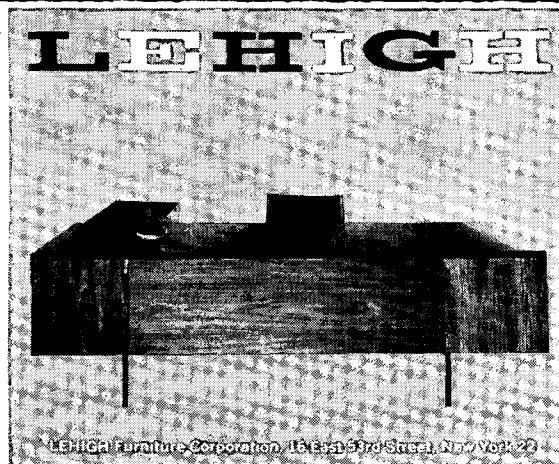
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diddle on a pokeweed, whistling away the time."

"Who was whistling, Grandpa?" John inquired.

"My grown-up poor boy," said Grandfather. "But that was years after I lost my bay mare, Spiderfoot, the finest bit of horseflesh I ever owned—except perhaps Horace G."

ROME, New York, in 1820, was a very active and affording town, Grandfather said, and one October day he rode there on Spiderfoot without a care in his twenty-year-old head but to turn an honest dollar into two. At the town hall, he reined in to look over the hoardings, for one never could tell what matter of interest might turn up: offers of reward for fugitive slaves; sales of furs, fish, cattle, and rope; postings of errant wives whose husbands would no longer be responsible for their debts; electioneering appeals; sheriffs' warnings of jail-broken criminals; notices of runaway apprentices; and bids for "mechanics" to work on the swiftly progressing canal. One printed broadside caught Grandfather's eye. The Rome selectmen, having voted the sum of five hundred dollars for the relief of the poor, had resolved that "said poor be set up at Public Vendu by the Overseers, and go to the lowest bidders." The vendu was set for that very afternoon, and Grandfather resolved to go.

John said, "Lowest bidders? Didn't it mean the *highest* bidders, Grandpa?"

"Not at a poor vendu," the old gentleman replied. "At a poor vendu, the person on the block went to the bidder who offered a year's board, lodging, and care at the lowest rate per month—a sum the selectmen were to pay from the fund they had voted."

"Just like slavery!" Jenny said indignantly.

"Not very different," Grandfather agreed. "The occupants of the poor bench, when I arrived, looked quite as wretched as slaves."

"Couldn't the poor people do anything about it, sir?" John asked.

"Oh, yes," the old gentleman said. "If they did not choose to be bid off, they could lie out and starve or freeze. Humane persons did not approve of these pauper auctions. Nevertheless, they went on for many years. The New England system, it was called. I suppose the custom came from there. It was so well established in this region that a farmer of my acquaintance used to bid for the entire pauper list of Amsterdam, New York. Three hundred

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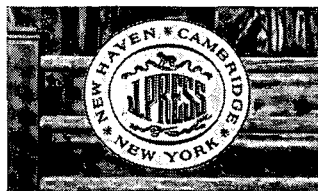


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and fifty dollars per annum was his stated offer. Nobody ever underbid him, so he got the lot, whatever it was, year after year."

"Why did you go to the auction, Grandpa?" Charlie asked. "Did you want to buy a person?"

"I had no such conceit at the time, Charles," said Grandfather. "I went there out of idle curiosity."

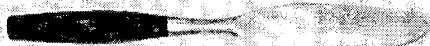
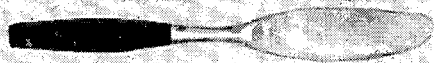
THE Rome town square, the old gentleman continued, was shrouded in dreary October fog. Sixty or seventy townsfolk stood about, paying little heed to the auctioneer, a facetious fellow named Schley. It was an unpromising vendue, Grandfather thought. A scant dozen figures were huddled on the poor bench. An obliging bystander identified several of them for the stranger's benefit. There were two recent widows, the local half-wit, a pock-marked young redemptioner who had been turned out of the farmstead where she worked as not worth her keep, a rheumatism-doubled cripple, and a black-haired, befreckled urchin of ten or eleven, unknown to the informant. Among the whole sorry lot, this boy was the only one who kept a straight back.

As Grandfather dismounted, Auctioneer Schley was exercising his wit upon a bleary and tremulous crone who could hardly stand upright, she was so weak from hunger. "Exhibit B for Beauty," the auctioneer said merrily. "Any travelling popet show would hire her on sight. How old are you, Mrs. Nosegay?"

The answer was an unhappy mumble. Taking her chin between thumb and forefinger, Schley pulled down her jaw. "Look!" he cried. "No teeth! Can't eat! Cheap to feed! What's the offer?"

There were a few scattered bids, the woman was knocked down to the toll-keeper's wife for twelve shillings, and her place on the block was taken by the frightened redemptioner. On the redemptioner's quavering admission that she could cook and wash, she went to a quick-bidding canal-labor contractor and was led away, weeping. The rheumatic cripple followed, and was offered by Schley with the suggestion that whoever got him would not have to keep him long. Bored and depressed, Grandfather was about to remount and go his way when the auctioneer's raised voice checked him. "Here's a fine bit of goods!" Schley called. "Up with you, spratling!"

The urchin rose and walked—



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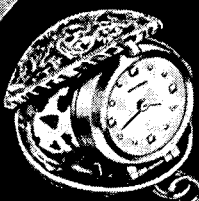
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straight, steady, and scowling—to the block. He was skeleton-thin. Shapeless pantaloons of well-worn fustian flapped around his legs. His coat was fashioned from a large jute bag. Oversized wooden shoes were held on his meagre feet with strings. His wretched and defiant look moved Grandfather to a kind of admiration.

"How old are you, Web?" Schley began. "That's your name, ain't it?"

"Yup," the boy said.

The auctioneer glanced at his list. "Web Loakes," he said. "Where's your folks-y, young Web Loakes-y?"

Amidst the merriment provoked by this sally, Grandfather heard the boy mutter, "Ain't got any."

"Well, well! Foundling, hey?" said Schley. "Nobody to stir up trouble over you. How old are you? Speak up!"

"Don't know."

"Call it ten. How you been living?"

"Travelling circuit with a show," said the boy. "Popet and animal. I tended the bestial."

"Bet you ran away," said Schley. "Did you?"

"No. Monkey died. Bear bit the boss. Show busted," said the boy.

"So we get you on the poor rates. Can you read?"

"No."

"Nor write nor figure, neither, I reckon?"

The boy shook his head.

"See?" the auctioneer said to the on-lookers. "No book learning to set him above his vittles. A stout fellow, too—stout and willing, ain't you, boy?"

"No," the boy said.

"Yes!" Mr. Schley corrected him, cuffing the side of his head. "Now, what's the bid on this brisk spratling?"

A scissors-grinder opened with thirteen shillings, which pleased the auctioneer, though he feigned disappointment. "You could keep him a year on that!" he cried. The local whitesmith, who was looking for an apprentice, bid twelve. A taproom-keeper cut a shilling under. A motherly-looking boarding-house mistress went to ten. "Nine shilling!" came a bellow from a hulking citizen in a painted castor hat, who had been lolling against an oak. Grandfather recognized him as Dunk Snedeker, captain of the line boat Try and Catch Me, and felt sorry for any human chattel who might fall into the Captain's brutal hands. It was none of Grandfather's business, however.

A "Peter Funk"—a spurious bidder, the accomplice of the auctioneer—now offered eight-and-six. Captain Snedeker underbid him, and was immediately

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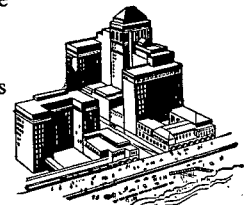
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capped by the scissors-grinder. Again the Captain shouted a bid, and the Peter Funk kept the bidding going once more. It was now down to five-and-six.

"Five, blast ye all!" Dunk Snedeker roared, glaring about him. "Any man unders that, he'll have me to deal with."

"That's no manner of talk," protested the official, discountenanced. "Don't let him scare you off, folks. Next bid?"

Nobody responded. The Captain was an ugly customer. "Do I hear the four?" the auctioneer cried. "Well, four and the penny? Four and tuppence? Going, once. Going—Hey, grab him!"

The merchandise had plunged from the platform and was scrambling through the crowd. He was tripped, collared, and dragged back. Grandfather caught sight of his face. It was filled with hate and terror.

"One shilling!" Grandfather called, startled to hear his own voice.

"Who spoke?" the auctioneer asked, peering around.

"One shilling," Grandfather repeated firmly.

"Done!" cried the auctioneer. "Get down, boy. The next article is—"

Grandfather heard no more. He was making for his mare, with one eye out for the Captain and one hand on the collar of the boy. He swung into the saddle, and the boy swarmed up behind him. Captain Snedeker was pushing through the crowd toward them. There was no chance of evading him. Grandfather pulled the mare around, set her straight at the Captain, and bowled him over like a ninepin.

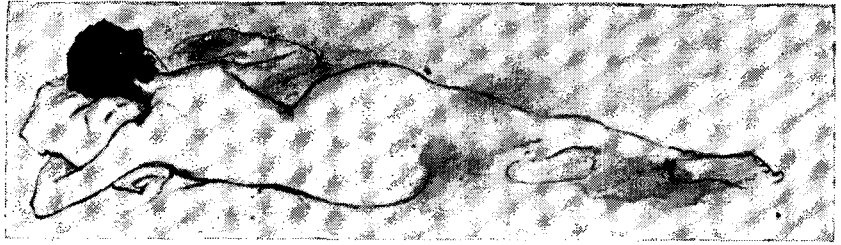
"And that," the old gentleman told us, "is how I got my first apprentice."

"I think it was noble of you, Grandpa," Jenny said.

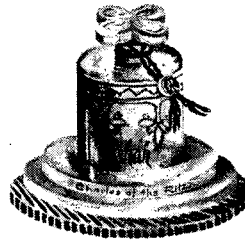
"Why, I was rather of that opinion myself," said Grandfather.

THE old gentleman refreshed himself with more sarsaparilla, and went on. He did right by his charge, he declared. He took him home and treated him like a younger brother. "I victualled him and clothed him and beat him for his own good when he needed it," Grandfather said. "I taught him reading and writing and the rule of three. When I took the road on my occasions, he went with me under indenture as my apprentice. He was sharp as the little end of nothing at a trade, but an uncompanionable roadfellow, with naught to say for himself. Surly blood

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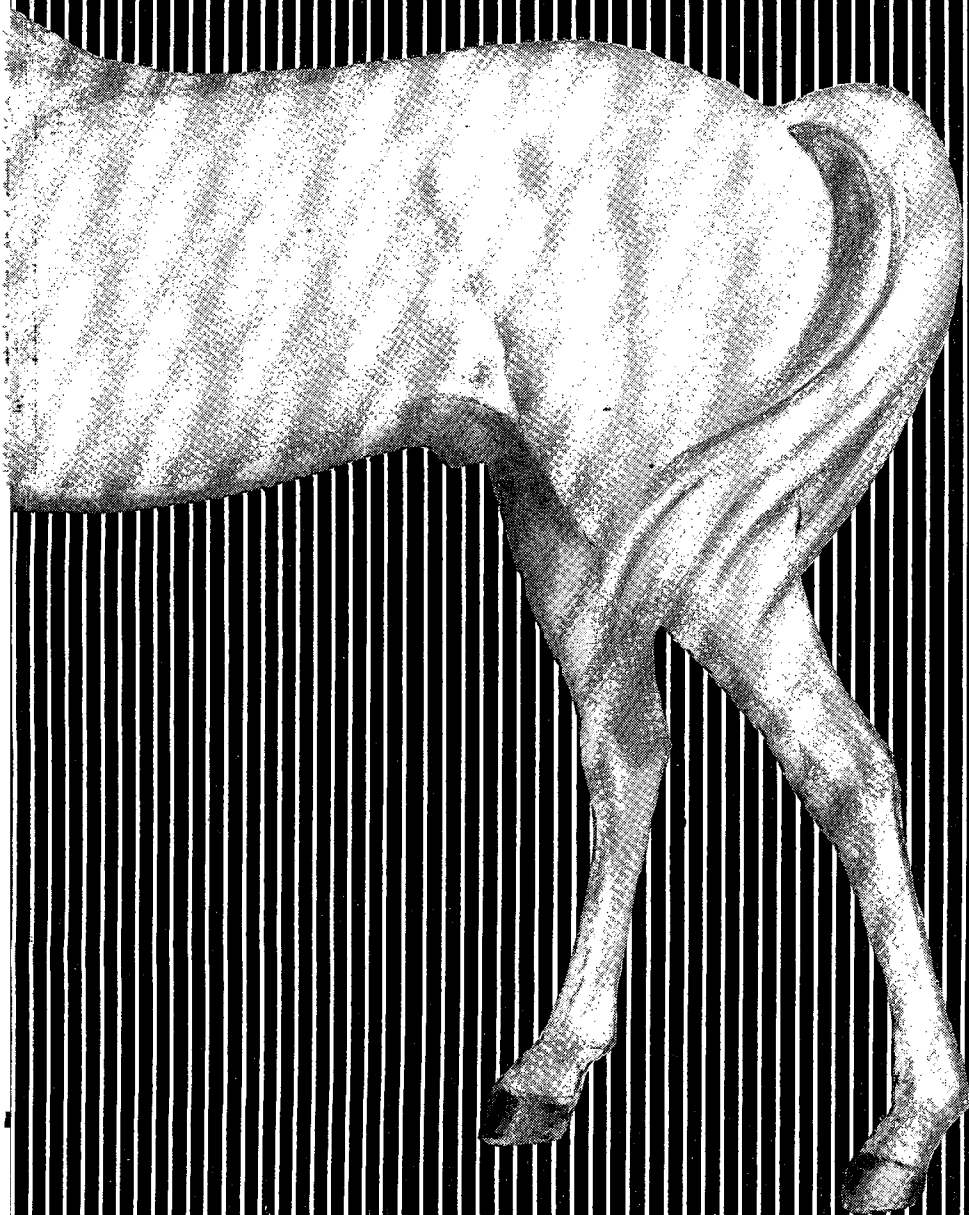
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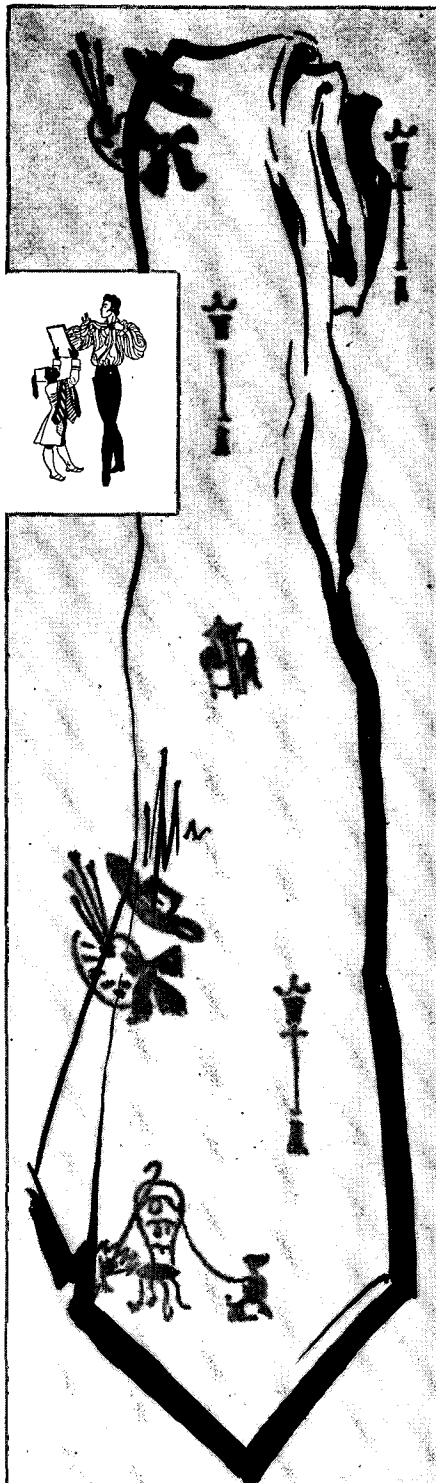
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there. Indian, I suspect, or perhaps gypsy. Nearly three years he was with me. Then, one misty, summer morning when we had tented on the Cherry Valley pike below Skunk's Misery, he was gone without sign or word, and so was Spiderfoot."

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth!" Jenny said, sighing. The third-year class at the Rochester Free Academy was taking Shakespeare that term. "What did you do?"

"I put out a broadside offering forty dollars for the mare's return and inserted a paid runaway notice in the *Western Farmer & Canal Advocate*," Grandfather replied. "Hand me my orthobook, Samuel."

I went to his secretary desk and brought him the massive, leather-bound volume in which the odds and ends of seventy years were pasted. Grandfather opened it and found an old clipping. It read:

TWO CENTS AND A BUCKET OF ASHES—
The aforesaid will be paid for the return of my evaded apprentice, Web Loakes, circa twelve years; short, slim, black-haired and ill favored. No pock-marks. All and sundry are warned against harboring him at my charge.

MYRON ADAMS
EAST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

John frowned. "Who'd want a bucket of ashes, sir?" he asked.

"It was a custom of the day," said Grandfather. "It advertised to the public that the subject of it was a worthless fellow, and held him up to merited derision."

"And he was the passenger on the hoodlasheder?" Jenny asked.

"Yes," Grandfather said. "The whistling passenger was Web Loakes, finified beyond belief in a brass-buttoned coat like a packet master, a flowered sarsenet waistcoat, and prunella-topped boots, no less. And I soon found he had a gift of the gab quite different from my tongue-tied poor boy of the vendu."

Web Loakes waited until the hoodlasheder veered in to give space to an approaching boat, Grandfather said, and then made a flying leap to the tow-path, where Grandfather had reined in.

"Good day to you, Mister," said Loakes, civilly enough.

"What fetches you here, Web Loakes?" Grandfather asked.

"You put the ash bucket on me."

"And deservedly," Grandfather said.

"I've come here to clear my name," Web Loakes said. "I want the wrong you put on me righted."

"Oh, do you?" said Grandfather.

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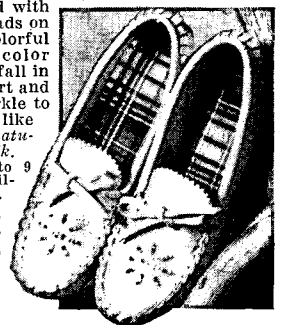
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"And how came you by knowledge of the ash bucket?"

"I read it in the newspaper."

"That print appeared in 1823," Grandfather said. "This is 1827."

"Posts are slow out beyond the Big Muddy," said Web Loakes.

"Missouri country, eh?" said Grandfather. "What have you been doing out there?"

"Indian trading."

"And fared well at it, I take it," Grandfather said.

"I could buy and sell you like a pinch of kinnikinnick."

Grandfather considered this disputable, but, not caring to argue, he said pacifically, "I give you *éclat* for your pompous, fine appearance. You are fit for the governor's gala."

Web Loakes, unmollified, said, "You posted me on the Horse-Thief Society roster."

"I did," Grandfather said. "You stole my mare, Spiderfoot."

"Not me," said Web Loakes. "The gypos stole her. I saw them."

"Then why did you not make an outcry?" Grandfather asked sternly.

"They stole me, too, with my head in a bag," Web Loakes said. "I can prove it by a sworn paper, which I will send to you."

At that, Grandfather, who was bound for Rochester on business, invited Loakes to be his guest there. On the way there, Web recited an account of his adventures.

The gypsy band that stole him had pushed west, he said, by turnpike and Indian trail to the huddle of fishermen's huts that was later to be Buffalo. There the boy escaped. The tail-wheel steamboat *Walk-on-the-Water* was about to cast off. Though terrified by its snortings and roarings and spoutings of vapor, Web sneaked aboard and hid. He was found, and thrown off at Cleveland, half starved. A party of hunters took him on as chore boy for their trip across state to the Ohio River. There he caught a ride on a raft, which carried him to the Mississippi, and, hearing of the wonders of the Far West, he joined up with a family of Pittsburgh pioneers, in a six-horse conniewagon, who needed a helper with the stock.

Thanks to his apprenticeship, Web Loakes could read, write, and figure—accomplishments rare on the frontier—and had no difficulty getting a job in a store. He accumulated a bit of capital, and when an expedition set out for the fabulous Mexican city of Santa Fe, Web went along. He carried fishhooks, jew's-harps, hand mirrors,

Raymond Loewy

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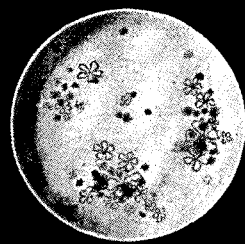
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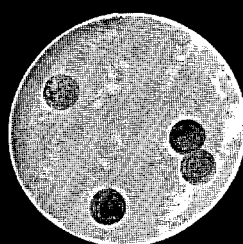
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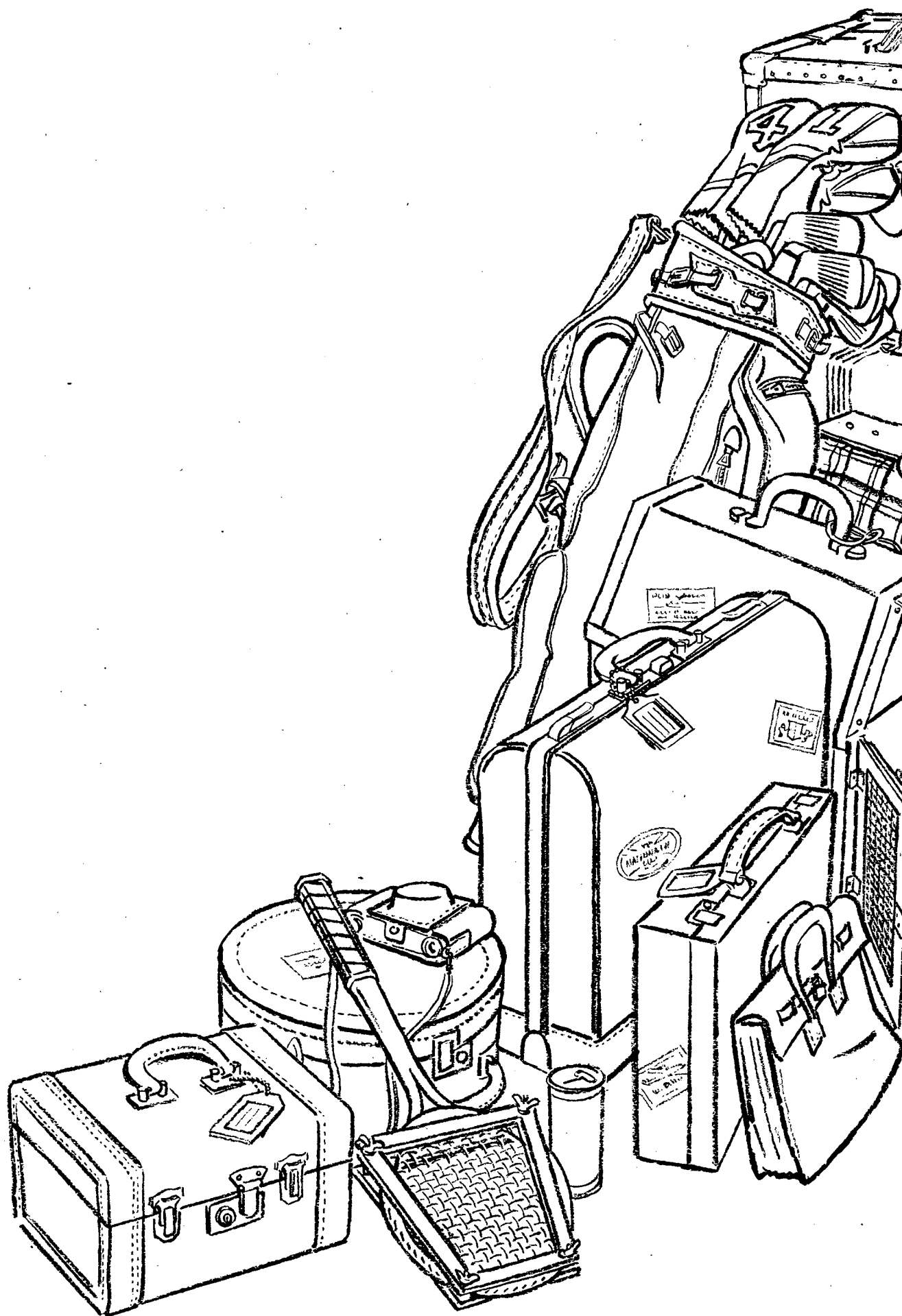
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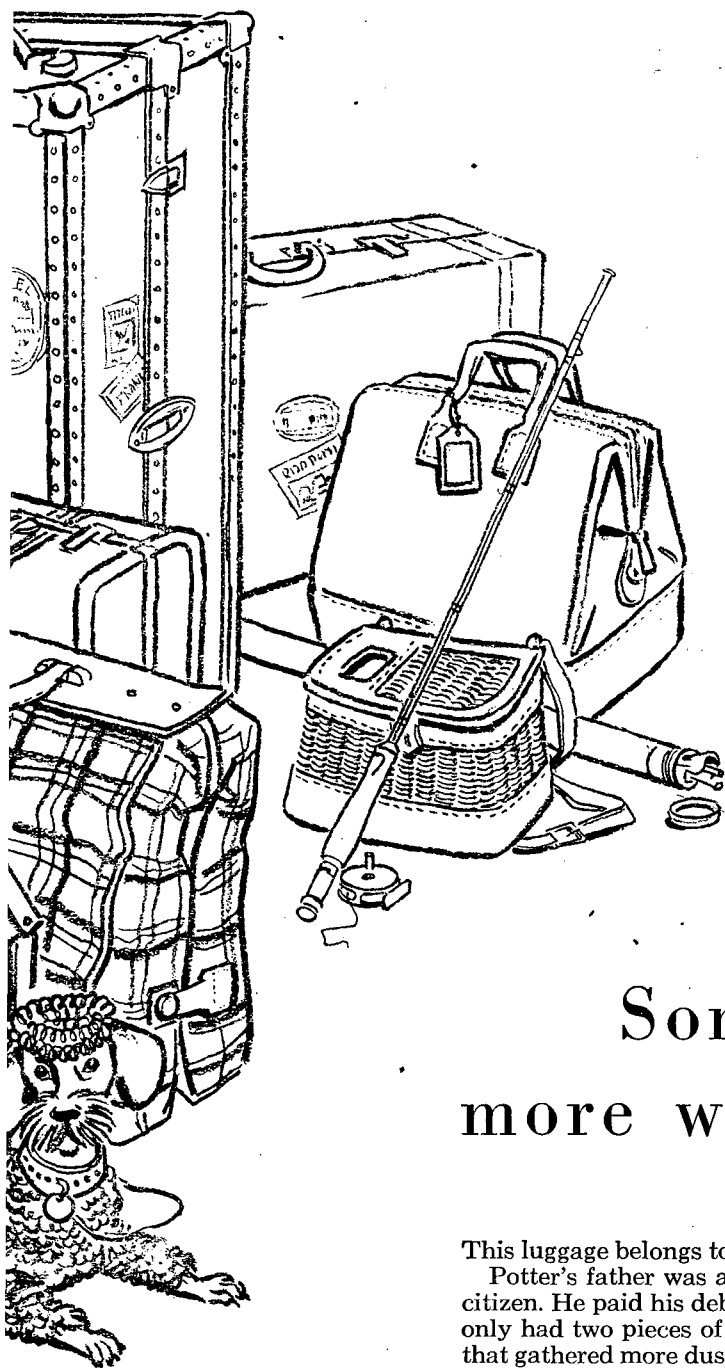


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Some people carry more weight than others...

This luggage belongs to Mr. Potter.

Potter's father was a highly respected citizen. He paid his debts, lived well, but only had two pieces of luggage. A trunk that gathered more dust than belongings. And a briefcase — for business.

His son — our hero — may or may not be a bigger man. But he lives a bigger life. Likes, among other things, to travel, fish, swim, golf.

Potter isn't the only one with a luggage-storage problem today. America is full of Potters. They're the leaders of the big change to a new, lively way of living. The kind of people who get out to the country frequently, or out on the tennis

court. They're the first to adopt the new fabrics, to get into Bermuda shorts and out in sports cars.

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and tin whistles—valuable fripperies that he could exchange for beaver and otter pelts with the Indians along the way.

It was a hard life, Web said. He was shot by a spent Arapaho bullet, treed by a grizzly bear, island-bound for three days in an Arkansas River spate, bitten by a centipede, and jailed on general principles by the Santa Fe authorities on arrival. Released, he marketed his pelts with such success that when he got as far back east as Missouri, he owned a half share in a Durham wagon and four hundred dollars.

"He palavered me into expunging his name from the horse-thief list," Grandfather said, "and into inserting a retractive advertisement in the newspapers. On the strength of that, he cashed a bank note at a trustful Rochester bank, bought a saddle horse, and went his way without farewell or Godspeed."

"Was it a red-dog note, sir?" I asked, perceiving a chance to show off my own knowledge.

"Not precisely, Samuel," Grandfather replied. "The bank of issue was not wholly mythical. It was, however, defunct, rendering the note painfully uncurrent."

John spoke up quickly. "An Ontario note?" he said.

"Quite so," Grandfather assented. "Such was the local stigma, consequent upon the frequent failures of banks in that county, that the very name Ontario was much blown upon."

"And that was the end of Mr. Loakes, I suppose," Jenny said.

"Not by fifty years," said Grandfather, "though I never again set eyes on him. From time to time would come a memento from the West—a bedizened vest, or a buffalo robe. Once, it was a full-feathered war bonnet with what purported to be a Pawnee scalp inside. After the Civil War, Web sent me a certificate of stock in a turquoise mine, and a message: 'Hold this, and your descendants will be millionaire men.' He was a great brag-hard."

"How I would love to have seen him!" Jenny said.

"Would you?" The old gentleman turned the leaves of his ortbook until he came to a photograph of an erect, richly mustachioed man in an ornate uniform topped by a superbly cockaded hat. Scrawled across the photograph was "Yours resp'y, Webster F. Loakes, Grand Commander, Wide-Winged Condors of the West."

"Whether, as he once wrote me, he was actually a member of the San Francisco vigilantes," Grandfather said,



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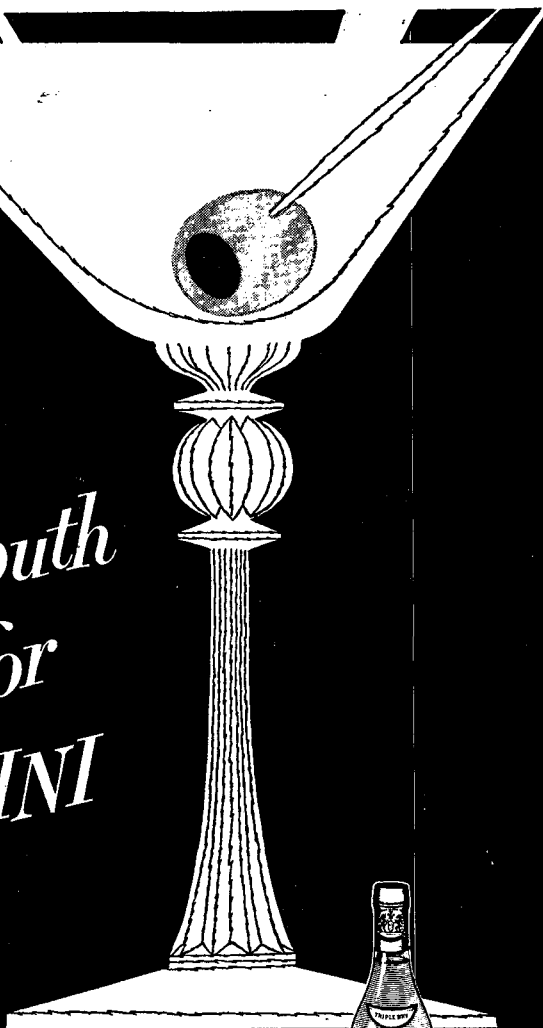
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A perfect Dry Martini or Gibson should taste dry. The Vermouth should never dominate the cocktail. (The secret is Cresta Blanca White Vermouth. Mixed with gin in any proportion, its light, delicate herbal flavor "marries" perfectly with the gin.)

2. IT SHOULD LOOK DRY

A Dry Martini or Gibson should look as dry as it tastes. It should be as crystal white and crystal clear as the gin itself. (Here again the secret is Cresta Blanca White Vermouth, which is crystal clear and virtually crystal white.)

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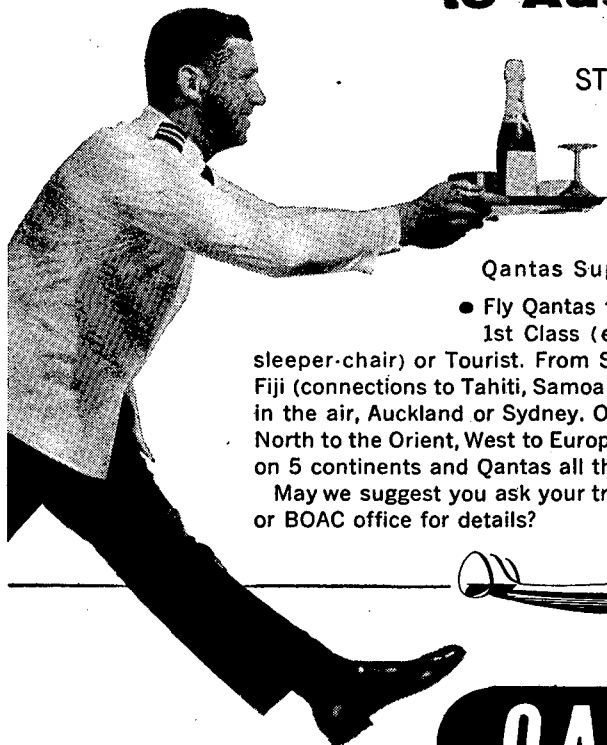
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"or whether he served as a cavalry captain in the Confederate Army, I would not undertake to say. But here, at least, is authentic news," and he showed us the headlines of an article in a San Francisco newspaper of 1874:

DEATH OF A PRIZE LIAR

WEBSTER F. LOAKES, SELF-STYLED
HERO OF A THOUSAND CRISES,
EXPIRES IN DIRE POVERTY

"Did you know all along he was lying, Grandpa?" Reno asked.

"I had my suspicions confirmed by certain developments," the old gentleman answered mildly. "The Pawnee scalp proved to be rabbit pelt. The buffalo robe was mangy. The sworn paper about the gypsos, which he did send me, was signed by no witnesses. And the Wide-Winged Condors of the West existed only in their supposititious commander's fancy. The truth," he concluded, "was not in Web Loakes."

"There wasn't any turquoise mine, either, was there?" Reno asked, laughing.

The old gentleman turned a sardonic regard upon him. "Doubtless wisdom shall die with you, Sireno," he said. "But there you err. There *was* a turquoise mine, and still is, for aught I know. I disposed of my shares for nine hundred dollars in 1874. Therefore I would not too harshly judge Web Loakes. As my father, the Deacon, used to say, 'Man that is born of woman is seldom all of a piece.'"—SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Friends will be glad to know Mrs. E. C. Kinney is doing nicely after undergoing an operation on her hip at Mayo's Clinic last week. She will be there several weeks longer undergoing treatment.

The public is invited to all these services.—*Cullman (Ala.) Democrat.*

Drinks?

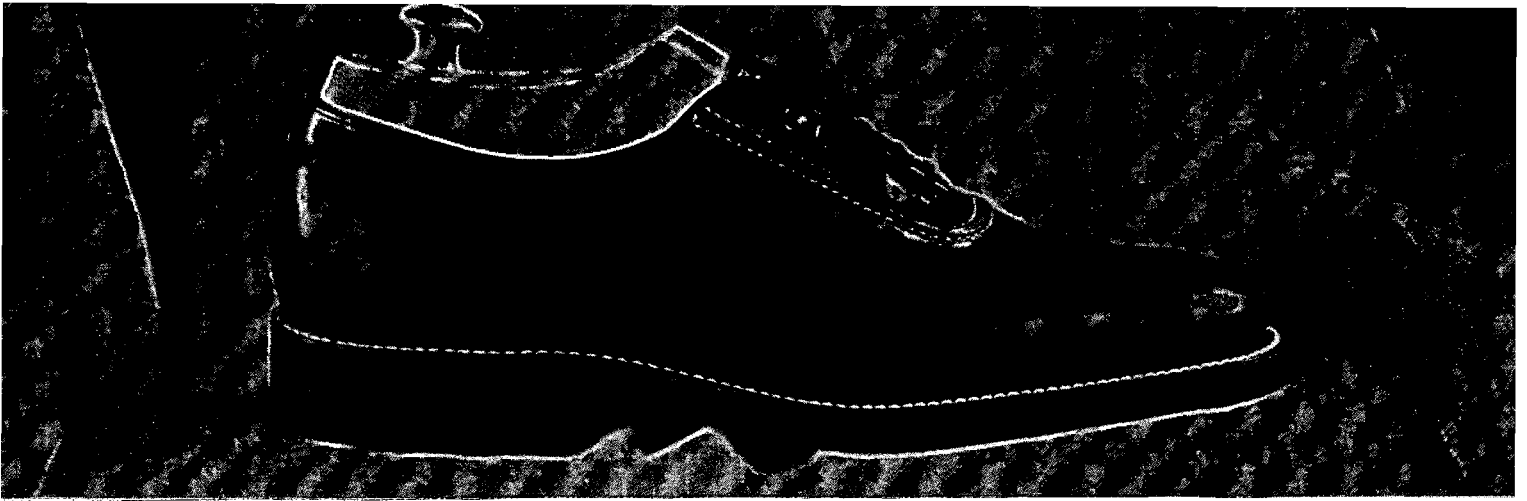
Roy Howard, Edgar Rigg, Lee Wood, Boyd Brodhead, Jack Bisco, Herbert Hoover and other fishermen will nod in agreement at the philosophy expressed by this line in "Fragile Fox," the tense new war play: "Any man who likes two fish can't be all bad!"—*The Herald Tribune.*

No, but he needn't make a pig of himself.

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *Bradenton (Fla.) Herald*]

SCHENECTADY, N. Y. (AP)—Fatties Anonymous, a secret organization of weighty women, interrupted their ballet lessons to help the police.



The Taylor-Made Imperial, in rich, supple Puritan leather. Custom details include chamois-lined tongue, leather-bound top, full leather lining. Style 6169.

The smile on St. Crispin's face

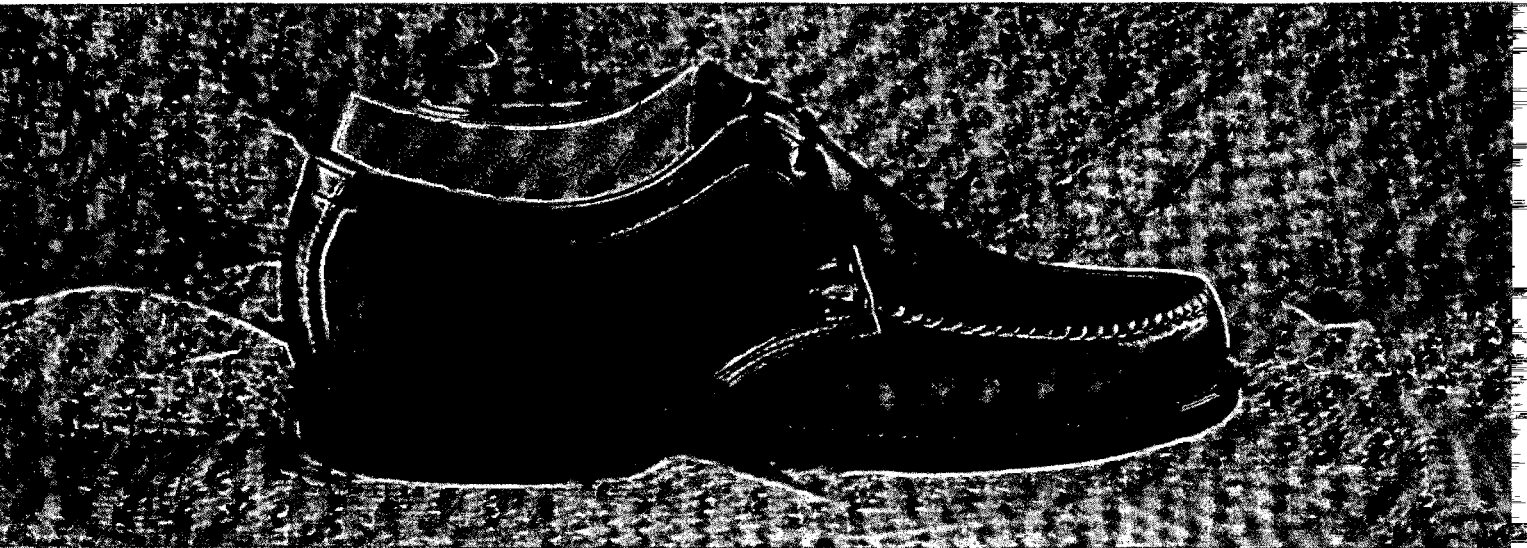
If you love leather as most men do; if you like to see it treated with a workman's respect for its glow and its grain, and styled with quiet taste, we recommend the work of our shoemakers down in Maine. They make the Taylor-Made Shoe and the Taylor Hand-Fashioned Informal. They know that each of these shoes has its special character and they express it in impeccable detail. Being craftsmen, and Maine craftsmen at that, they insist that custom features need not make a shoe expensive, and they prove it. And when they present their finished work for your approval, they are indeed true sons of St. Crispin.

St. Crispin? He is the patron saint of all good shoemakers.



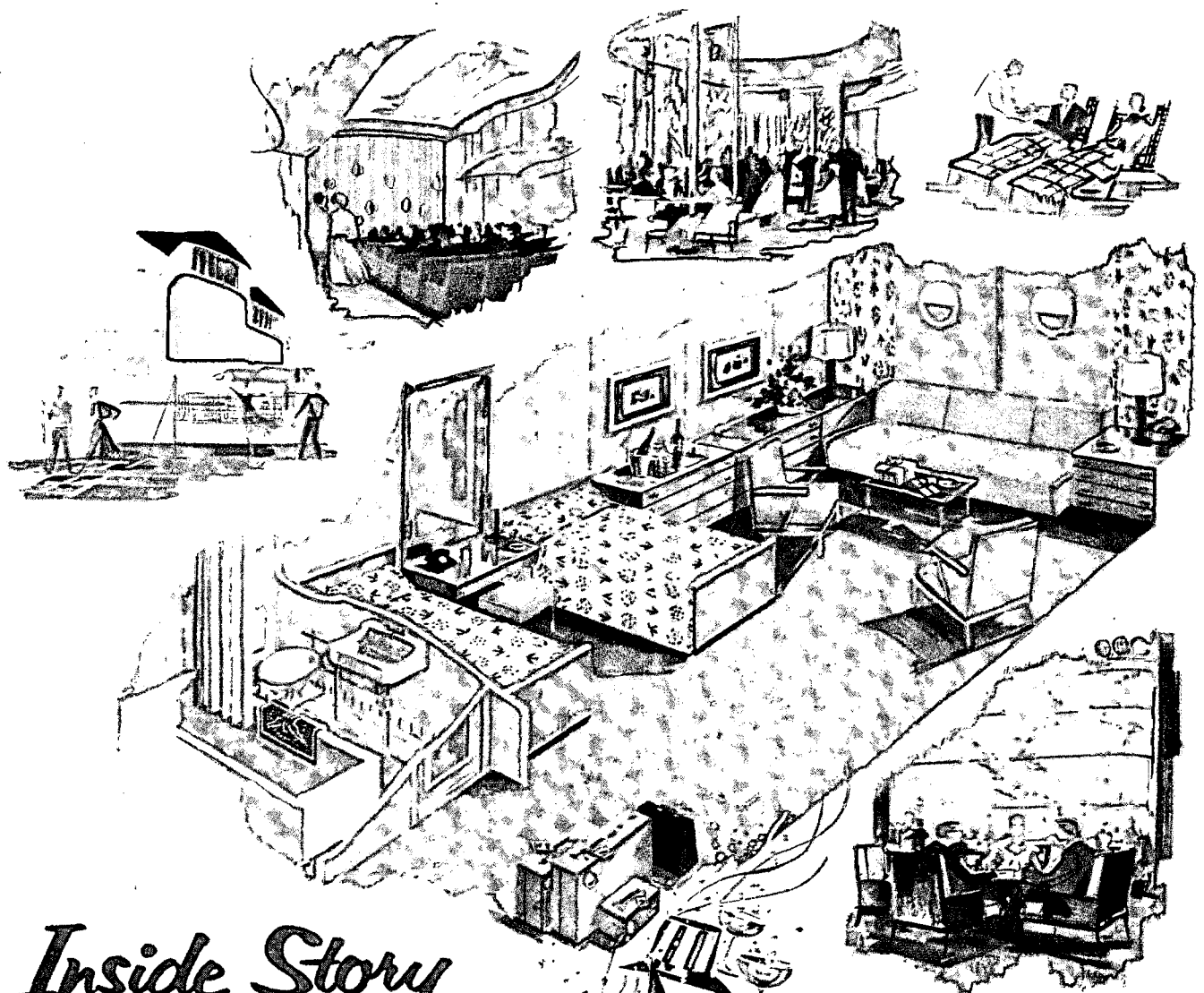
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The Taylor Hand-Fashioned Informal, for in town and out, office or country club. Hand-lasted, hand-sewn, soft and light in chestnut calf, Style 204.



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S.S. AMERICA

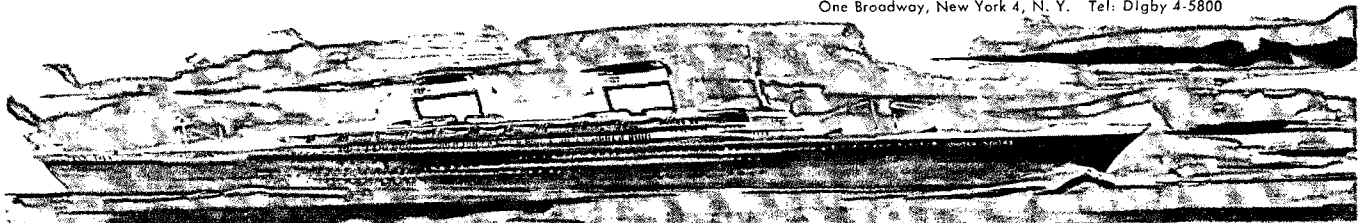
Sails from New York to Cobh in 5½ days, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven: Dec. 9, Dec. 30, Jan. 20, Feb. 10, Mar. 3 and regularly thereafter. First Class \$295 up; Cabin \$200 up; Tourist \$160 up.

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DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT
OCTOBER 27, 1954

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

IT is gratifying to see Mr. Anthony West come out so vigorously in defense of the marriage laws, but there are a few mistaken impressions in his review, in your October 2nd issue, of my edition of "The George Eliot Letters," and they ought to be corrected. A serious one occurs in his account of George Eliot's relations with John Chapman. Most of what is known of this episode comes from Chapman's diary for 1851, published in my "George Eliot and John Chapman" in 1940. At the age of thirty-one, George Eliot had come up to London to make her way as a free-lance journalist. It is true that Chapman's mistress, Elisabeth Tilley, soon showed signs of jealousy, in which she was joined by his wife, Susanna, who had once found her husband holding George Eliot's hand. But no evidence exists of more serious misconduct on George Eliot's part. Though her feelings were deeply engaged by the magnetic Chapman, he was much too fully occupied with Miss Tilley to reciprocate. Several pages torn from the diary prevent any explanation of why, after eleven weeks, George Eliot returned to Coventry. Chapman took her to the railway.

She was very sad [he wrote], and hence made me feel so. She pressed me for some intimation of the state of my feelings. I told her that I felt great affection for her, but that I loved Elisabeth and Susanna also, though each in a different way. At this avowal she burst into tears. I tried to comfort her, and reminded her of the dear friends and pleasant home she was returning to—but the train whirled her away very very sad.

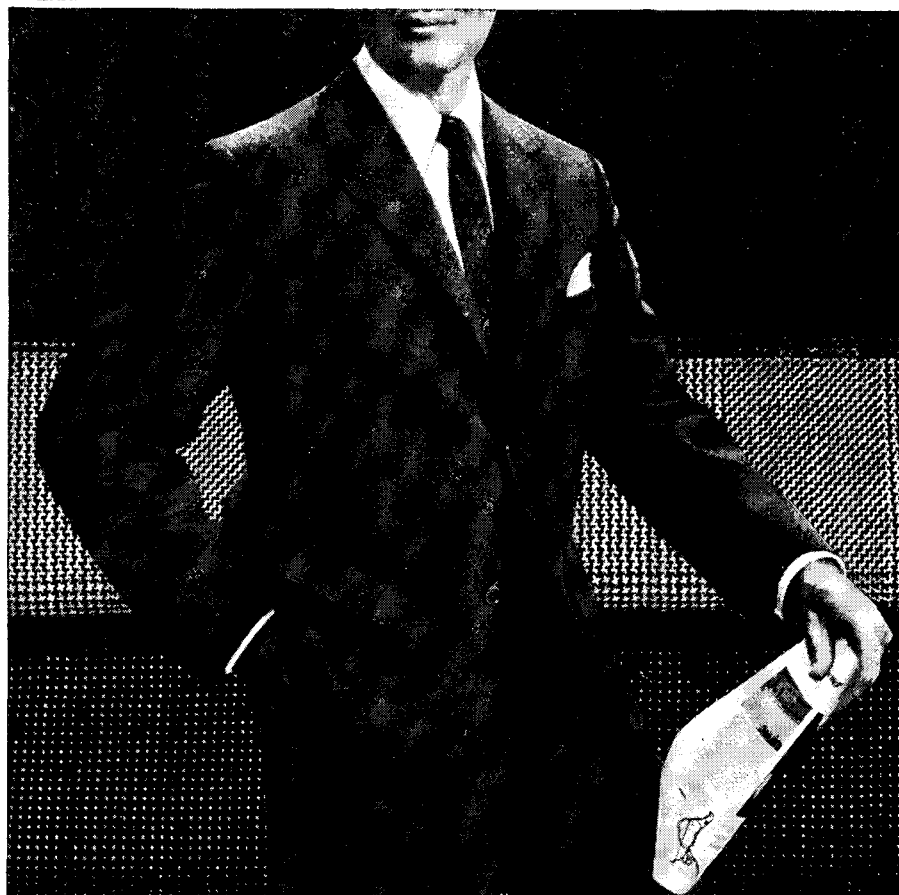
She may have been guilty of some indiscretion, which the exacerbated feelings of the other ladies magnified. But in the absence of proof of such a serious charge, Mr. West surely goes too far in saying that "Chapman made her his mistress."

Mr. West's statement that Lewes "fell in love with George Eliot and she with him, and presently they ran away to Germany" gives a distorted impression of their relations. He also speaks of her having "bolted with Lewes," who felt free "to take off" with her. These phrases are not quite applicable. The Leweses had been married for nine years and had four sons. Then, in 1850,



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fashions by
fawn

Agnes Lewes gave birth to a fifth son, whose father was Thornton Hunt. Lewes forgave the offense, and to spare the child the stigma of illegitimacy generously registered him as his own and continued on friendly terms with his wife. But the offense was repeated, and in 1851, after she had borne a second child to Hunt (who was living simultaneously with Mrs. Hunt), Lewes ceased to regard Agnes as his wife. His home was hopelessly broken up, but, having condoned her adultery, he was precluded from asking for a divorce. George Eliot did not become intimate with Lewes until 1853, or more than two years later. Before agreeing to live with him, she made certain that it would not alter his feeling of responsibility toward Agnes, who was still living with Hunt, and who had a third child by him in 1853 and a fourth in 1857. Lewes contributed to her support and that of her illegitimate children as long as he lived, and afterward George Eliot provided for them. There was never any "running away."

For his charge that George Eliot made her life with Lewes into "an altruistic act of moral courage," Mr. West cites no evidence beyond the unrelated fact that she translated Feuerbach, whose views on love are shockingly modern. The "dialectic conjuring trick" in this case is his own. In quoting from the letter George Eliot wrote to Charles Bray in October, 1854, he omits the lines here given in italics:

It is possible that you have already heard a report prevalent in London that Mr. Lewes has "run away" from his wife and family. I wish you to be in possession of the facts which will enable you to contradict this report whenever it reaches you. Since we left England he has been in constant correspondence with his wife; she has had all the money due to him in London; and his children are his principal thought and anxiety. Circumstances with which I am not concerned, and which have arisen since he left England, have led him to determine on a separation from Mrs. Lewes, but he has never contemplated that separation as a total release from responsibility towards her. On the contrary he has been anxiously waiting restoration to health that he may once more work hard, not only to provide for his children, but to supply his wife's wants so far as that is not done by another. I have seen all the correspondence between them, and it has assured me that his conduct as a husband has been not only irreproachable, but generous and self-sacrificing to a degree far beyond any standard fixed by the world. This is the simple truth, and no flattering picture drawn by my partiality.

Had they been willing to carry on a private liaison, nothing would have been

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said of it in those less censorious days, and George Eliot might now be lying beside Dickens in the Abbey. It was her integrity that forbade such dishonesty. "Light and easily broken ties," she wrote Mrs. Bray, "are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do *not* act as I have done—they obtain what they desire and are still invited to dinner." When she made up her mind to live with Lewes, she determined to do it openly, quite prepared to accept the consequences without bitterness. "Marriage it was, in every vital sense," says Gerald Bullett in his excellent biography of George Eliot. "To call it anything else would be the merest quibbling." They lived together with great affection until Lewes' death, twenty-four years later. They had acted on principle, and their contemporaries, well aware of the legal obstacle, eventually acknowledged the fact. Even Queen Victoria's daughters were happy to meet George Eliot and Lewes at dinner.

Sincerely yours,
GORDON S. HAIGHT

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

The stripped almond of the plane is gone, veering against an anchored moon. Cloud waste spews out over the red tiles of Belgium. You beat a tympanum of cloud; I drum deserted cobblestones.

Now into your moving star I toss my calendar, the shadow of a house, and normal days. We meet as two gulls might, in a cinema of sky, the green sea under, the green eye of the sea scanning the alternate shores of night.

This starry field is ours to trace. Between the hour and zero hour, tideless as in an aquarium, the virginal water clocks unwind, the luminous frescoes smile and sway, and in that lambent medium tomorrows bite off yesterday.

—ROSEMARY THOMAS

But when I actually tackled the closet where the magazines were, my eye fell on a tiny basket. It was the size and roughly the shape of a small saucer and it had a handle... the kind of basket, I was reminded, that we used to put arbutus in at Easter when I was a child. In the arbutus basket were a number of treasures, all of them in excellent condition.—Mr. Harper in *Harper's Magazine*.

Even so, gives you a nasty turn.

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ANNALS OF CRIME

THE FIRST PILLAR

ON September 21, 1912, at one o'clock in the afternoon, when the Clyde liner Comanche left Pier 36 on the North River, bound for Charleston, one of its passengers was a short, plump, studious, opinionated New York saloonkeeper and tenement owner named John N. Schrank, who had only a vague idea of his ultimate destination but a very clear idea of what he intended to do when he reached it. He intended to assassinate former President Theodore Roosevelt, who, after being out of office for four years, was stump-ing the country as the Presidential candidate of the Progressive, or Bull Moose, Party. Schrank had two things against Roosevelt. One was that, in his opinion, Roosevelt was seeking a third term (he had succeeded to the Presidency in 1901, after the assassination of William McKinley, and had served all but six months of a full term, and then, in 1904, he had been elected in his own right), and Schrank thought that the two-term tradition was the most sacred tradition in American politics. The other was that Schrank believed Roosevelt had been responsible for McKinley's murder, his authority for this being McKinley's ghost, who, he said, had appeared to him on two occasions, almost precisely eleven years apart. The first time—at half past one on the morning of September 15, 1901, twenty-three hours and fifteen minutes after McKinley's death—Schrank dreamed that he was in a room looking at a coffin surrounded by flowers when, suddenly, the occupant of the coffin, a clean-shaven man, sat up and pointed a finger toward a corner of the room. There Schrank saw a man in a monk's habit. The monk bore the features and wore the mustache of Theodore Roosevelt, and the man in the coffin was unmistakably William McKinley. "This is my murderer," McKinley told Schrank. "Avenge my death." Schrank, who knew, of course, that the assassin had been a young malcon-

tent named Leon F. Czolgosz, had no idea what to make of this dream until shortly after Roosevelt was nominated by the Progressives, in the summer of 1912. Then, at half past one on the morning of September 14th, as he was sitting alone in his room in a hotel on Canal Street, writing a poem called "Be a Man," he heard someone say, in a low, sad voice, "Let not a murderer take the Presidential chair. Avenge my death." He felt a light touch on his left shoulder, and looked up into the face of President McKinley. A week later, Schrank was on his way south, armed with a .38-calibre Colt revolver.

It was not easy for Schrank, a dreamy, slow-moving man, never much given to action, to catch up with Roosevelt, who, as usual, was setting a stiff pace, and, to Schrank's annoyance, did not always adhere to his published itinerary. The two men were not in the same city at the same time until September 29th. That day, in Chattanooga, Schrank got within ten feet of the candidate, but then lost his nerve. Two weeks later, Roosevelt arrived in Chicago, and Schrank, who had got there

first, was twice within shooting distance of him, but refrained from firing—once because an official reception for Roosevelt was in progress and, being a considerate man, he didn't want to spoil it, and once because he was hemmed in by a crowd. It was not until Monday, October 14th, in Milwaukee, that Schrank, having travelled two thousand miles through eight states in twenty-four days, shot Roosevelt. A few minutes before eight that evening, the candidate came out of the Hotel Gilpatrick, on North Third Street, and climbed into an open touring car, which was to take him to a big campaign rally in the Milwaukee Auditorium. Schrank, who was standing on the sidewalk, poked his revolver between the heads of two men in front of him and fired point-blank. The bullet struck Roosevelt in the right breast, an inch below and slightly to the right of the nipple, and bored inward and upward about four inches, fracturing the fourth rib. It would undoubtedly have torn through Roosevelt's lung if it had not hit the breast pocket of his coat, in which he was carrying a steel spectacle case and the manuscript of his speech—fifty pages of heavy white linen paper, folded double. Roosevelt said later that the

hundred thicknesses of paper had saved his life.

As was to be expected, the Roughrider rose to the occasion, with grit and grandiloquence. With a wave of his hand, he ordered the driver on to the Auditorium, and when his companions suggested that he be taken to a hospital instead, he said, "I will deliver this speech or die—one or the other." Afterward, he told his followers, "It matters little about me, but it matters all about the cause we fight for. If one soldier who happens to carry the flag is stricken, another will take it from his hands and carry it on.... Tell the people not to worry about me, for if I go down, another will take my place." To his friends, it seemed highly probable that he



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might go down—with a crash—at the Auditorium, and when the party reached the hall, some of them stationed themselves around him on the platform to catch him if he fell. Roosevelt had been bleeding profusely, and the sight of his blood-soaked shirt inflamed the audience of nine thousand Bull Moose; they alternately cheered him on and implored him to stop speaking and go to a hospital. "It takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose," the Colonel said. "I give you my word, I do not care a rap about being shot—not a rap." He proceeded to speak for fifty minutes. It was a rambling address, in which he lit into the press and his opponents for stirring up what he called "weak-minded people" like his assailant.

When Roosevelt finished, he was rushed to Johnston Emergency Hospital, where he was found to be suffering from shock and loss of blood. He was strong enough, however, to be taken that night to Mercy Hospital, in Chicago. There he recovered rapidly, and on October 21st, a week after the shooting, he left for Oyster Bay, where he rested up until October 30th. That night, he was on his feet again, addressing a capacity audience, which gave him a forty-five minute ovation, in Madison Square Garden. The American people admired Roosevelt's pluck, but on Tuesday, November 5th, they elected Woodrow Wilson, giving him four hundred and thirty-five electoral votes to eighty-eight for Roosevelt and eight for Taft. In his prison cell in Milwaukee, Schrank said he was gratified that the two-term tradition had been upheld, and apologized to the police for having caused so much trouble. He was the fifth man to attempt to assassinate a President of the United States and the second to fail. (Two have tried and failed since.)

JOHN NEPOMUK SCHRANK, whose true object in life seems to have been to demonstrate how unpicturesque a man can be and still, by shooting a gun, make history, was born in Erding, Bavaria, twenty miles northeast of Munich, on March 5, 1876. While he was a child, his father, who worked in a brewery, died of tuberculosis, and his mother, who was a charwoman, remarried and moved to another town, leaving the boy with an uncle and aunt, Dominick and Anna Flammang. When John was thirteen, the Flammangs emigrated to America and took him along. They settled in New York, and soon Flammang bought a saloon at 370 East Tenth Street, between Avenues B and C, in what was then an almost solidly German neigh-

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borhood, and the family moved into an apartment on the floor above it. John spent his days delivering pails of beer to nearby tenements and his nights at school, where he learned, among other things, to speak English fluently, though not altogether correctly. At fifteen, he began to tend bar, and this was his occupation for most of his life.

Flammang's was a thoroughly respectable saloon, but, like many New York saloons at the time, it habitually violated the law by keeping open on Sunday, which, because most workers put in a six-day week, was the big day for drinking. As long as Tammany was in power, Flammang had to slip policemen five or ten dollars every so often, but he had no objection to this, since it meant he could do business on Sundays. When Schrank grew older, he sometimes voted Republican in national elections, but he always voted for the Democrats in municipal elections, in gratitude for their friendliness toward saloonkeepers. In 1895, New York got a reform administration and the Board of Police Commissioners got a new president—Theodore Roosevelt. Once during his two-year term, Flammang's saloon had to close for two months, with a policeman posted at the door, for violation of the Sunday law. Seventeen years later, Schrank admitted to the Milwaukee police that from that time on he had a grudge against Roosevelt, and that, as a consequence, he voted against Roosevelt for President in 1904, but he added, with apparent sincerity, that the closing of the saloon had nothing at all to do with his attempt at assassination, and it probably didn't.

John Schrank grew up to be a mild-looking man with a broad, pudgy face, wide-set bluish-gray eyes with heavy, drooping lids, close-cut light-brown hair, a prominent nose, and a small, weak mouth. He was five feet four and a half inches tall, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds. Neat, well-mannered, and even-tempered, he made a good impression on strangers, never got into trouble, and had no known vices except that he drank to excess half a dozen times a year. Normally, he consumed five pints of beer a day, and in 1912, the year of the assassination attempt, he irrelevantly started to smoke cigars. He had been born a Roman Catholic but had stopped going to church when he was about twenty-one.

Schrank was deeply attached to Dominick and Anna Flammang, who were his only relatives in this country, and until they died, he lived with them most of the time and ordinarily used



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their surname as his own. He never married, and among the innumerable jottings that were found in his suitcase after he shot Roosevelt was one saying, "I never had a friend in my life. My uncle was more than a friend, and God was my guardian." When Schrank was twenty-eight, he grew fond of a girl named Emily Ziegler, who lived with her family in one of the apartments above the saloon. On June 15, 1904, Schrank and Emily were to go on a church outing on the steamer General Slocum, but he couldn't get anyone to tend bar for him, so she went without him. Emily was one of a thousand and twenty-one persons who died that day when the General Slocum burned at Hell Gate, in the East River. It was Schrank who went to the morgue to identify her corpse.

About the middle of 1904, Dominick Flammang decided to retire, and he turned the saloon over to Schrank. When Schrank's name was painted on the door, the patrons were a little surprised; they had never known the new proprietor by any name other than Flammang. This was one of the few things the people in the neighborhood could remember about him after the crime, for he was not a man people got seriously interested in. Schrank ran the saloon for two years, and then, in 1906, he sold it, apparently because it didn't leave him enough time for writing, reading, and daydreaming. The Flammangs had bought a tenement at 433 East Eighty-first Street and moved into it, and Schrank moved back in with them. He occasionally helped his uncle out by acting as a handyman, and before long he became a familiar figure around several saloons in Yorkville, where he was known for nothing more extraordinary than being a man who did not spend his money foolishly.

Schrank's big interests were history and politics, and, over the years, he compiled a mass of notes, some of them incoherent, on those subjects. He greatly admired George Washington, Louis Kossuth, and Thaddeus Kosciuszko, and his favorite author was Theodor Mommsen, whose "History of Rome" he read in both German and English. He also pored over the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and he once had a try at Karl Marx, but gave up because, he said, "he is such a Socialist I cannot read his writings." He was interested in the books of Carl Schurz, and had a good opinion of the criminologist Cesare Lombroso, al-

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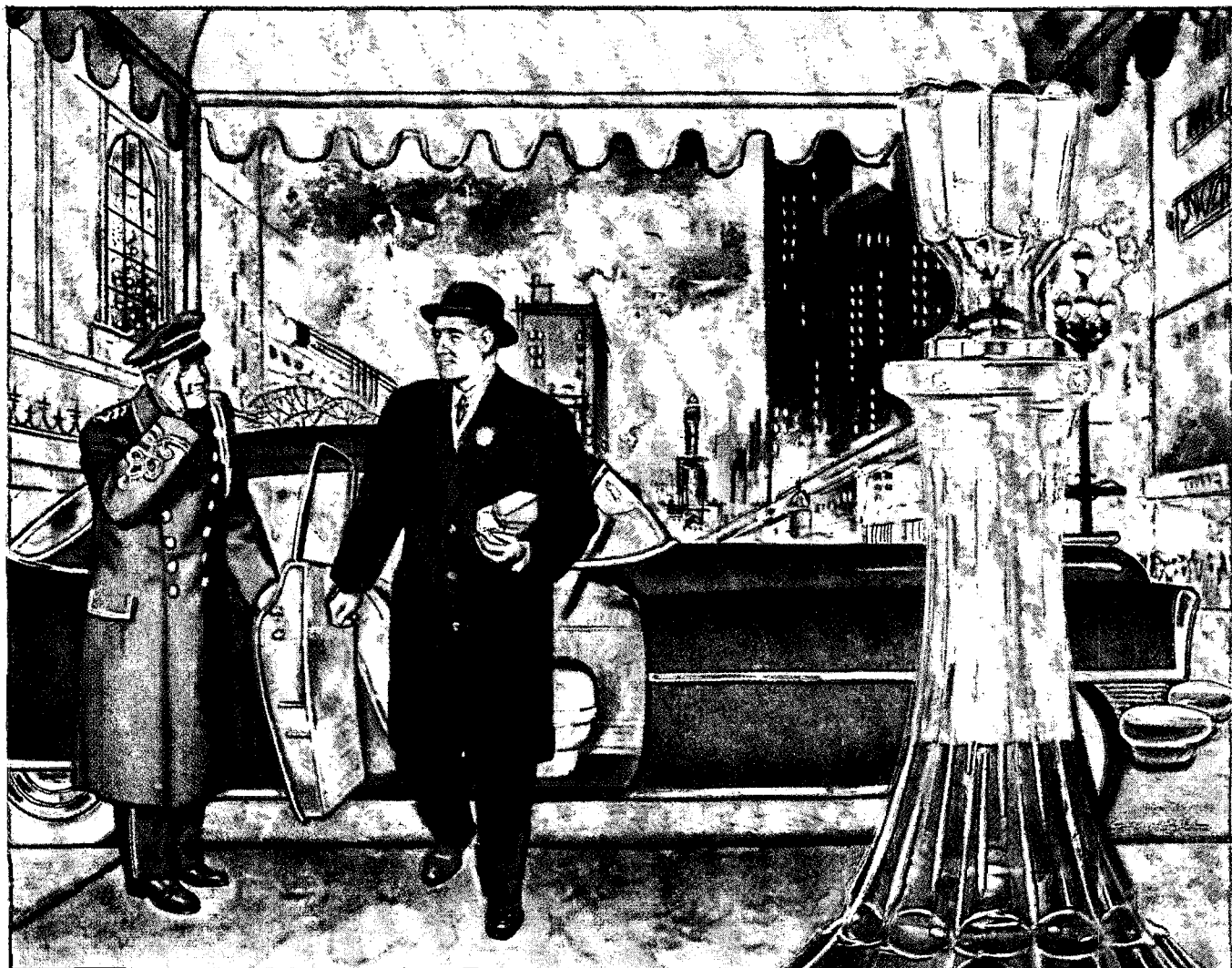
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though he was never able to finish any of his books. "Rousseau is fine," he once remarked. When he wasn't working or reading, Schrank used to stroll around New York, meditating on politics and history and composing poems, which he would later commit to paper. Dozens of these, all on inspirational themes, were found among his papers. A typical one went:

When the hand leads the head
Life will be hell
But let the head lead the hand
And all goes well.

Anna Flammang died in 1910, and Dominick Flammang died in 1911, leaving Schrank the tenement, which was assessed at sixteen thousand dollars but which real-estate men said was worth closer to twenty-five thousand. He soon moved out of the apartment there, because he didn't like his tenants, and rented a room in a small hotel called the Old Homestead, at 148 Cooper Street, in Brooklyn. To supplement his income as a landlord, which came to six hundred dollars a year, he took a job as a bartender once in a while, quitting whenever he had enough money to resume full-time reading, writing, and reflecting. In January, 1912, he moved into a two-dollar-a-week room in a hotel called the White House, on Canal Street, between the Bowery and Elizabeth Street. This was to be his last New York residence. The proprietor afterward remembered him as a quiet, unassuming man, who hadn't much to say about anything and nothing whatever to say about politics, though it later appeared that he was thinking of little else. He was a voracious reader of newspapers—particularly the *World* and the *Herald*, both of them as staunchly opposed as he was to Roosevelt's third-term candidacy. During the early stages of the campaign, the *Herald* never referred to Roosevelt by name but only as "the Bull Moose," "the third-term candidate," or "the third term" (aft-

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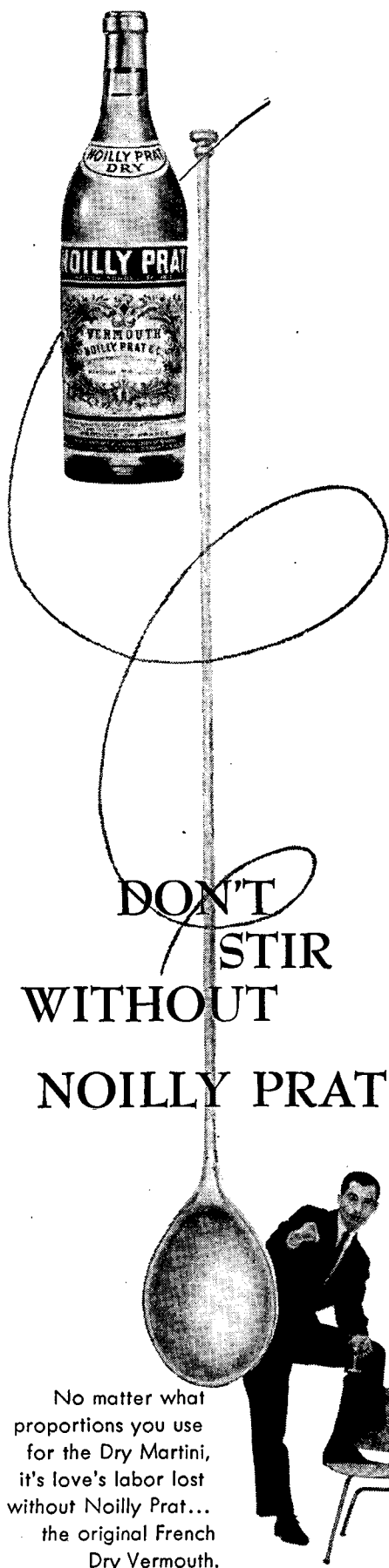
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er the shooting, it began calling him "Mr. Roosevelt" again), and this pleased Schrank enormously. However, he said the papers had had nothing to do with his crime, adding, "I have done what I done on my own convictions."

In August, 1912, after the three nominating conventions, Schrank wrote a lofty, though somewhat scrambled, essay, summing up his political philosophy and called "The Four Pillars of the Republic," which he kept to himself until the shooting, when he exhibited it proudly to the Milwaukee police. These pillars, or, as he also called them, "unwritten laws," were: one, limiting a President to two terms (a principle that almost forty years later, in 1951, became a provision of the Constitution under the terms of the Twenty-second Amendment); two, upholding the Monroe Doctrine; three, forswearing wars of conquest; and, four, restricting the Presidency to members of the Protestant faith, "if possible, a sect of the English Church." As for this last, which Schrank believed to have been the wish of the Founding Fathers, he wrote that although he had always loved the Catholic religion, he had come to fear the domination of Rome, and, besides, he was opposed to clerical celibacy. The most important of the pillars, by far, was the one setting the two-term limit, and of it Schrank wrote, in part:

The oldest and most sacred [of the unwritten laws], because established by George Washington, is the third-term tradition. It has never been violated and is an affective [*sic*] safeguard against unscrupulous ambition. But never before has been established a test case of its inviolability as a warning to coming adventurers.

In the present campaign for the first time in American history we are confronted by a man to whom practically nothing is sacred and pretends to stand above tradition. This man abused our Constitution. He wants it amended until it is abolished. If our Constitution is too old and in the way of progress after we have grown to be a rich nation with it, then the Ten Commandments so many thousand years old must be a useless piece of junk.

He has abused our highest courts. He has spoken in the profanest language of our legislators. He has abused our best and most venerable citizens, calling them liars and scoundrels. He has shamefully abused our President, thereby undermining the dignity of the office. How can we expect our foreign-born citizens to respect our institutions when an ex-President circumtravels the Union telling everybody that those honorable men at [the Republican National Convention in] Chicago were thieves and crooks?

The idea of murdering Roosevelt first occurred to Schrank, he said, in August, 1912, when Roosevelt bolted



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to the Progressive Party. Schrank recalled his dream, and he started to speculate about what part Roosevelt could have played in McKinley's assassination. After McKinley's ghost appeared to him again, on September 14th, he was convinced that Roosevelt had played the chief part. He began praying, he said, that someone else would do what had to be done, but soon he concluded that it was up to him, especially since he was a single man, without any relatives. "The day I had that vision," he later told the Milwaukee authorities, "I completed my will power that I was going to do that what I did."

All doubts swept aside, Schrank wrote a message that was found in one of his pockets when he was arrested, twenty-nine days later. Written hastily and with little regard for spelling or punctuation, it read:

SEPT. 15, 1912

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

Sept. 15, 1901—1:30 A.M. in a dream I saw president McKinley sit up in his coffin pointing at a man in a monk's attire, in whom I recognized Theo. Roosevelt,

The dead president said This is my murderer, avenge my death.

Sept. 14, 1912, 1:30 A.M.: while Writing a poem, someone tapped me on the shoulder and said Let not a murderer take the presidential chair, Avenge my death. I could plainly see Mr. McKinley's features.

Before the Allmighty god I swear that the above is nothing but the truth.

So long as Japan could rise to be one of the greatest powers of the world despite her surviving a tradition more than 2,000 years old, as General Nogi so nobly demonstrated it is the duty of the U. S. A. to uphold the third term tradition. Let every third term be regarded as a traitor to the American cause let it be the right and duty of every citizen to forcibly remove a third term. To prevent is better than to defend. Never let a third term party emblem appear on an official ballot.

I am willing to die for my country. God has called me to be his instrument, so help me God.

Ein feste berg is unser Gott. [A mighty fortress is our God.]

INNOCENT GUILTY

Schrank first thought of shooting Roosevelt in New York, but he was afraid that if he did, people would say that Wall Street had hired him for the job, and his true motive would not be understood. After considering the problem for a few days, he decided to head for the South, where Roosevelt was scheduled to campaign toward the end of the month. Schrank was short of cash at the time, and on September 18th he asked a man named Herman Lauinger, the brother of the proprietor of the Old Homestead Hotel, to lend him three hundred and fifty dollars so that he could go to New Orleans for the

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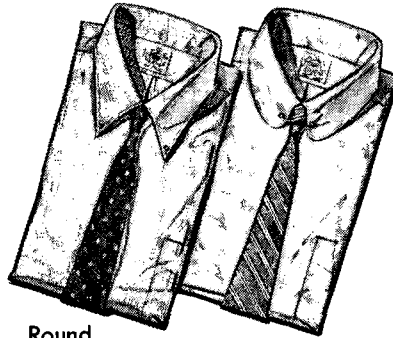
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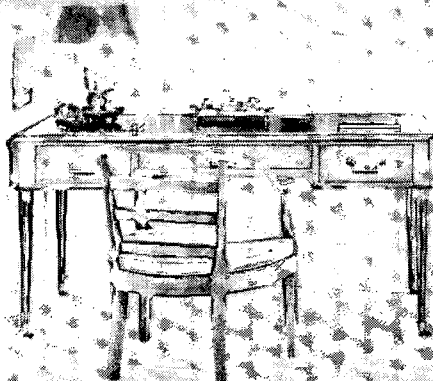


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settlement of the estate of a rich uncle who had made him his sole heir. Lauinger came through. Schrank bought his steamship ticket to Charleston, and then packed his notes and poems in a valise, along with his naturalization papers, the deed to the tenement, and a receipted water-and-light bill, on the back of which he had scribbled, "Theodore Roosevelt is in conspiracy with European monarchs to overthrow our Republic. Theodore Roosevelt's unscrupulous ambition has been the murder of President McKinley to satiate his thirst for power. Down with Theodore Roosevelt. We want no King. We want no murderer. The United States is no Carthage. We will not yield to Rome."

Next, Schrank went to a gunshop on lower Broadway and bought a .38-calibre Colt for fourteen dollars, and a box of Smith & Wesson cartridges for fifty-five cents. He already owned an old .38-calibre revolver, but it was stored with the family furniture in a warehouse at Eightieth Street and Third Avenue, where he couldn't get at it without attracting attention. The only times he had fired this, or any other weapon, had been at Fourth of July celebrations. When the proprietor of the gunshop asked to see his permit to carry a revolver, as required by the Sullivan Law, he confessed he had none. "Then I have to take that one screw out, in order to make the trigger ineffective," the proprietor said. Schrank thereupon produced his steamship ticket, said he was leaving the state immediately, and persuaded the proprietor to leave the gun in working order. Shortly after noon on September 21st, Schrank boarded the Comanche, dressed in a single-breasted gray tweed suit, a fedora, and high shoes. The sleeves of his coat came down to his knuckles and his trousers were an inch or so too short, but he wore a batwing collar and a black four-in-hand tie and, all in all, looked rather distinguished.

Theodore Roosevelt was in Kansas when John Schrank sailed down the Bay that afternoon. Two days later, Roosevelt was in Missouri and Schrank arrived in Charleston, where he registered at a boarding house called the Mosely, paying a week's rent—eight dollars—in advance, and signing his right name. During the rest of his journey, he travelled as Walter Ross. Schrank considered moving on to New Orleans, where Roosevelt was to speak on September 27th, but he gave up the idea and remained in Charleston until the 25th, when he took a train to Au-

gusta. He left his suitcase at the Mosely, saying he would be back for it (he never went back, but the Milwaukee police recovered it for him a month or so later), but he carried his revolver with him. He had cut a hole in the lower left-hand pocket of his vest, and he thrust the barrel down through it and under his trousers, with the handle conveniently in the pocket. This is how he was carrying the weapon in Milwaukee.

On September 28th, Roosevelt left New Orleans for Atlanta, and Schrank, who had spent three idle days in Augusta, took a train to Birmingham in the hope of intercepting Roosevelt there, but it turned out that Roosevelt had taken another route. "I thought sure he was going to stop at Birmingham," Schrank said later, peevishly. "Instead of that, he changed his way, and went way to Macon, Georgia. That is the way he deceived me a half a dozen times after it was advertised that I could meet him there and there." Schrank hurried to Atlanta, only to find that Roosevelt had already come and gone. At ten o'clock the following night, September 29th, Roosevelt's train pulled into Chattanooga, and Schrank was waiting on the street, opposite the railroad station. It was the first time Schrank had ever seen his prospective victim. Although he edged up to within ten feet of the car in which Roosevelt was driven from the station, he couldn't bring himself to draw his revolver.

"I didn't shoot him in Chattanooga because it was a new thing to me," he told the police later. "I didn't just exactly have courage enough to do it, and he started off so fast in his automobile and I thought maybe there is a better chance."

"Your nerve failed you?" a policeman asked.

"Just for a moment it failed me, yes, sir," he replied.

This had been Schrank's last chance to assassinate Roosevelt in the South. After Chattanooga, Roosevelt went back to Oyster Bay to spend a few days with his family before advancing on the Midwest, and Schrank, still reluctant to assassinate him in or near New York, drifted westward by easy stages, stopping in Rome and Nashville, in Tennessee, and then in Louisville, Evansville, and Indianapolis. On the morning of October 12th, both men arrived in Chicago. There was a reception for Roosevelt in the La Salle Hotel, and from across the street, Schrank watched him enter the hotel and come out, but again he refrained from shooting—not out of timidity, he said, but out of con-



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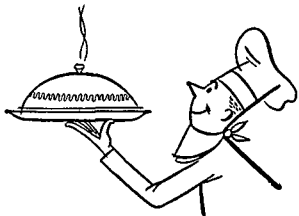


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sideration for the reception committee. "There was so many people receiving him," he explained, "and I suppose the city of Chicago would like to give him a decent, respectable reception. It would look awful bad if at the reception he would get shot down. I says to myself that wouldn't go—I might get a better chance." Roosevelt went to the Coliseum to make a speech that evening, and Schrank was in the street outside the main entrance when he arrived, but the crowd was dense and Schrank could not get near enough to shoot. He waited in front for several hours, but Roosevelt took a side exit, and Schrank gave up for the night and checked in at the Hotel Jackson. At nine-thirty the next morning—Sunday, October 13th—he took a train to Milwaukee, where Roosevelt was to speak the following night.

That Sunday afternoon, Schrank strolled about Milwaukee, seeing the sights. In the evening, he dropped in at a saloon near the Hotel Gilpatrick, had ten or twelve glasses of beer, tipped the musicians there to play "The Stars and Stripes Forever," "Die Wacht am Rhein," and "Where the River Shannon Flows," and sang bits of the Irish melody with them. A little after ten, he made his way to the Argyle, a small hotel on the west bank of the Milwaukee River, where, after registering as Walter Ross, he paid his bill of a dollar for the night, and was given Room No. 1.

At five o'clock the next afternoon, Roosevelt arrived in Milwaukee. He had hoped to remain aboard his private Pullman car, the Mayflower, until it was time to go to the Auditorium, but the local party leaders told him that the owner of the Gilpatrick, who was an ardent Progressive, had arranged a small dinner for him, and he said he would be "a good Indian" and attend. Word that Roosevelt was at the hotel spread fast, and by the time he left, thousands of people had gathered in front of the building, an old-fashioned, five-story gray stone structure. Schrank, one of the first to arrive, had taken his stand a few feet from the candidate's car, which was parked in front of the main entrance, and had waited there quietly. A little before eight, after darkness had fallen, Roosevelt walked out of the hotel. A cheer went up, and Schrank slowly drew his revolver.

Schrank's timing was perfect. He watched Roosevelt cross the sidewalk and step into the car, and then, as Roosevelt stood and waved to the crowd, he raised the revolver and pulled the trigger, not aiming, he said afterward, at any particular part of Roose-

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velt's body. Roosevelt staggered back slightly, propping himself with his hand against the rear seat. He felt a flash of heat in his chest, he told friends later, but no severe pain. Roosevelt's stenographer, a young man named Elbert E. Martin, who had played right tackle for the University of Detroit, caught sight of the revolver almost at the instant it was fired, and he bowled Schrank to the ground with a flying tackle. Schrank was quickly disarmed. Some people yelled for a lynching, but Roosevelt said, "Don't hurt him." As Schrank was being dragged away, Roosevelt put his fingers to his lips and coughed; finding no blood on his fingers, he felt certain the wound was not serious. He carried the bullet in his chest until his death, on January 6, 1919. Once, long after the shooting, he remarked, "I do not mind it any more than if it were in my waistcoat pocket."

Schrank was arrested on a charge of armed assault with intent to kill, an offense then punishable under Wisconsin law by no less than a year and no more than fifteen years in jail, and the Municipal Court appointed a commission of five alienists to examine him. They kept him under observation until November 22nd, and then presented their report—that Schrank was "suffering from insane delusions, grandiose in character and of the systematized variety," and that his vision of McKinley, coming as it had almost exactly on the anniversary of his dream, had had "a decisive effect in fixing in his mind the iniquity of the third term." The report went on to say:

He is self-confident, profoundly self-satisfied, is dignified, fearless, courteous and kindly. He shows a sense of humor and is cheerful and calm under circumstances that severely test those qualities. Beneath all of this is an air which is illustrated by his concluding sentence [of an address to the jury he had prepared] that the spirit of George Washington is before him and that of McKinley behind him.

He gives the impression that he feels himself to be an instrument in the hands of God and that he is one of the band of historic heroes paralleled by such characters as Joan d'Arc and other saviors of nations. He undoubtedly considers himself a man of heroic mold. At no time did he express or exhibit remorse for his act.

The alienists were called upon to testify individually, and each of them told the court that Schrank was suffering from paranoia. One of them said, "He is afflicted with chronic delusional insanity, characterized by progressive and systematized delusions which sometimes show form in a fear that he is being persecuted and at other times is grandiose. I think his disease is original paranoia,



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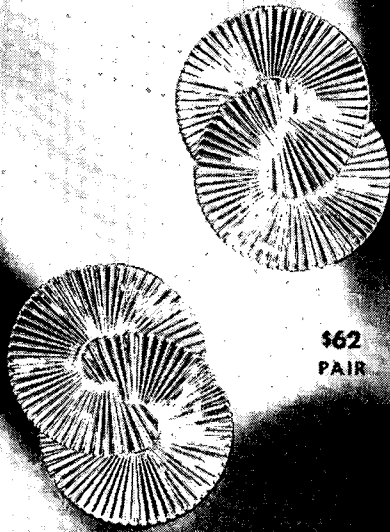
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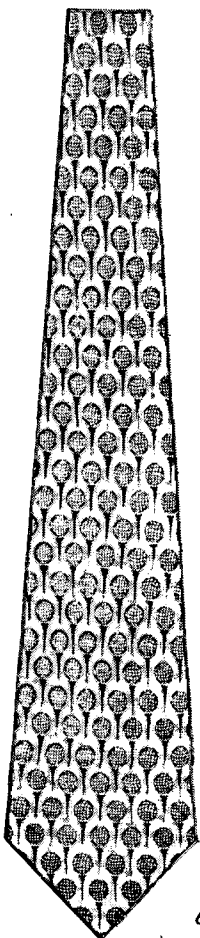
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that it is chronic and in my opinion incurable."

"Have you noticed any homicidal tendencies in this man?" this doctor was asked.

"Yes," he replied.

THE trial never proceeded any further, and Schrank never had a chance to address the jury. After the last alienist had left the stand, the court recessed, and later in the day the judge ordered that Schrank be committed to the Northern Hospital for the Insane, near Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He stayed there for a year and a half, and on February 18, 1914, he was transferred to the Central State Hospital, in Waupun, Wisconsin, where he remained for the rest of his life. In the thirty-one years Schrank spent in the two hospitals, he never had a visitor and never received a letter. He was a cooperative patient, and spent most of his time quietly reading about politics. When Theodore Roosevelt died, he said, "I am sorry to learn of his death. He was a great American. His loss will be a great one for the country." Schrank flared up only once, and that was in 1940, when Franklin D. Roosevelt announced that he would run for a third term. Schrank told his doctors that he had once saved the nation from a third term and that it was his mission to do so again, but he made no attempt to escape.

Schrank's health began to fail that same year, and on September 15, 1943, at the age of sixty-seven, he died of bronchial pneumonia and arteriosclerosis—forty-two years, to the day, after the dream in which President McKinley had sat up in his coffin.

—ROBERT J. DONOVAN

The rumour that Greenwich Village, the threadbare neighbourhood around Times Square, New York, the forcing-house of so much American talent in the twenties, has grown moribund and commercialized is groundless, though it remains true, as it was true in the twenties, that there is an "inner" and an "outer" Village, the Village of the workers and the Village of the poseurs.—*London Times Literary Supplement*.

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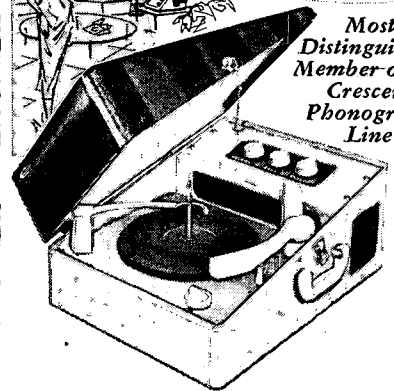
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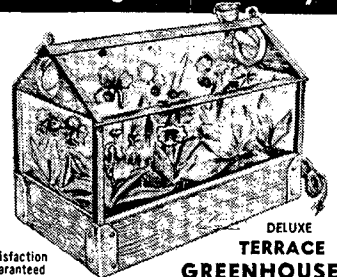


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TELEVISION

From Sea to Shining Sea



"LIGHT'S DIAMOND JUBILEE," the two-hour production produced by David O. Selznick

a week ago Sunday night, practically made a captive audience of every television viewer in the country. The program turned up from nine to eleven over Channels 2, 4, 5, and 7 in New York, and over some three hundred other stations across the nation. The cost to the sponsors, a whole raft of electrical companies, was, as I understand it, something like two billion dollars. Peanuts. There was some freedom of choice left to an independent viewer, but not much—a film of the Pennsylvania-Navy football game on Channel 9, "Follow That Man" on 11, and "Evangel Hour" on 13. I looked over the card, and picked "Light's Diamond Jubilee." Within a very few minutes, it was evident that Mr. Selznick, who was making his first venture into television, had jumped into the art with both hands and both feet, and that he was determined to give the American public the goldarnedest, gee-whizziest, tear-jerkiest program ever devised for the tiny screen. The inspiration for the extravaganza was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the invention of the electric light by Thomas A. Edison—a man who, from all I have heard, deserves somewhat better than he got the other night. The program started out solemnly with pictures of rolling waves and turbulent seas and the voice of a solemn commentator who said, in tones that would brook no denial, "In the beginning . . . there was light." Next came a series of pictures of various uses electricity has been put to—phones, electric cars, washing machines, refrigerators, movies, radios, and so on. There was a welcome element of humor in these pictures, and for a moment I thought that perhaps Mr. Selznick and his associates were going to take a lighthearted view of the blessings we have received at the hands of Mr. Edison. My hopes were premature. Once the mammoth undertaking really got under way, it was evident that Mr. Selznick had set out upon an awesome venture—an attempt to project his feelings about the wonder and glory of America.

Now, America is, quite properly, many things to many people, and Mr. Selznick, who is Hollywood to the marrow, is certainly entitled to his own

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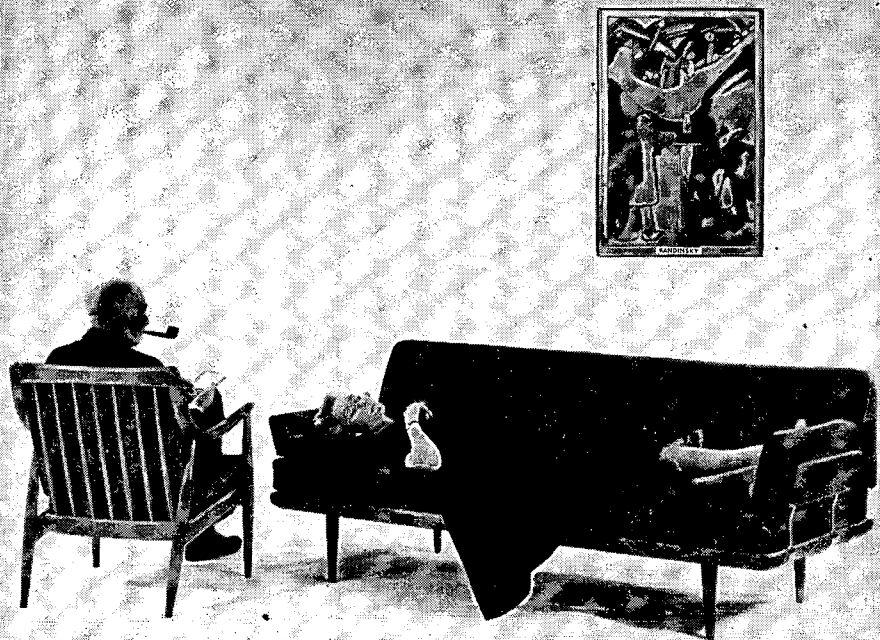
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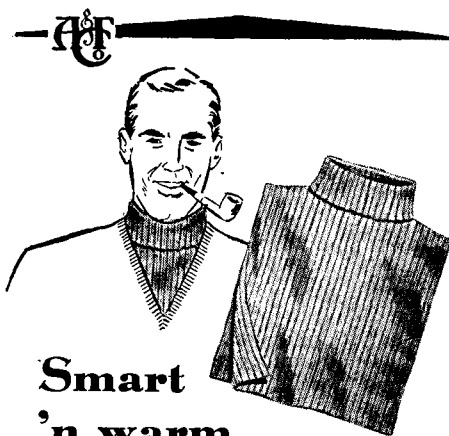
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ideas. The trouble with his ideas is that they are mostly composed of clichés larger than Superman. America is sentimental, to be sure, and generous and fine, but it is not composed of treacle. One of the early scenes in "Light's Diamond Jubilee" showed some Air Force officers ogling a pretty girl. The pretty girl, a blonde, not only was like a melody but was seated in a sporty Jaguar (a typical American car, not to be confused with the Chevy or the Caddy). The Air Force chaps made some sort of bet that one of them couldn't go over and start a conversation with the girl. The fellow did go over and start a conversation, but it was interrupted by the arrival of a small boy, who climbed into the Jaguar. The Air Force officer looked as though he had been hit in the face with a pie. The girl explained that the lad was her son, adding softly that the child's father had been in the Air Force, and had been killed in action. She then kissed the officer who had been speaking to her, and drove away.

Mr. Selznick had other gooey tricks in his bag of Americana. In one of the sketches, a number by Max Shulman called "Chance for Adventure," we were called upon to watch Hollywood's idea of how Americans behave when they are not in the Air Force. In this one, Helen Hayes and Thomas Mitchell were a "Midwestern middle-aged couple" who suddenly learn, by telegram, that they have come into five thousand dollars, bequeathed to them by a quaint old seafaring character known as Uncle Hardtack. The couple decide to blow the money on a cruise to the West Indies and Africa, and when they come to New York, a large metropolitan center on the Eastern seaboard, before sailing, they have supper in a fancy restaurant and get plastered. The purpose of this sketch, as I got it, was to prove that hicks have no business coming to New York and drinking, because they can't hold their whiskey. Or maybe its purpose was to give Miss Hayes an opportunity to put on one of her drinking scenes.

There was another job—this one, I believe, by John Steinbeck (the talent was rolled out, all right, for "Light's Diamond Jubilee")—which dealt with the passing of the frontier, and the sadness experienced by somebody's granddad (Walter Brennan), who had fought his way across the plains, encountered Indians, and told his tales to, among others, a callous and indifferent son-in-law. The old man's grandson (Brandon de Wilde) was fascinated by the stories, though, and when Grand-

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dad, with sadness in his heart, walked off to gaze forlornly at the Pacific, the boy followed him, caught up with him, and restored his faith by convincing him that there were still people who *cared*. As in the sketches about the Air Force officers and the middle-aged couple, a situation that could have been brought to life and given meaning was reduced to false sentiment, with the people nothing but caricatures and the situations contrived and mechanical.

Not all of "Light's Diamond Jubilee" was bad, by any means. Mr. Selznick and his associates stopped celebrating long enough to show us a fine old Robert Benchley short, in which the master displayed the proper method of caring for a baby. ("What goes bow-wow?" asks the distracted father. "You do," says the child.) We also saw David Niven and Lauren Bacall in an adaptation of Irwin Shaw's story "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses," and although Mr. Niven is not precisely the type of New Yorker I would have selected for the role, he did splendidly, and so did Miss Bacall. The high point of the hundred and twenty minutes—for me, at least—was a monologue by George Gobel, who gave an illustrated lecture on the subject of electronic brains. Mr. Gobel insisted that he knew little or nothing about the subject he was discussing, and his sketch struck me as being in the authentic tradition of American humor. It was a complete delight.

Between the acts, we heard many tributes to the power companies of the nation, and to their benevolence in granting us the fruits of Edison's invention. At the close of the program, the President of the United States spoke a few words, seated alongside a fireplace with a roaring fire, to the accompaniment of soft background music.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

The industry simply must have to "re-sell" the American woman and teen-ager on appearance, Mr. Nagler observed.

"Let's get the American woman of all ages out of the dungarees and back to an appearance of real femininity, and that goes for men, too," Mr. Nagler suggested.

—*Women's Wear Daily*.

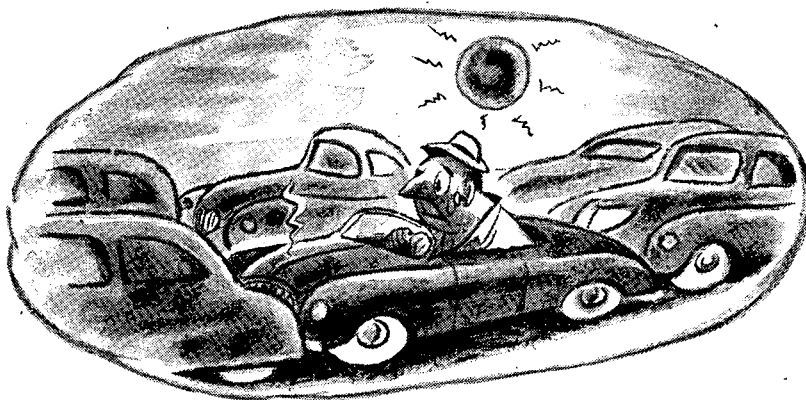
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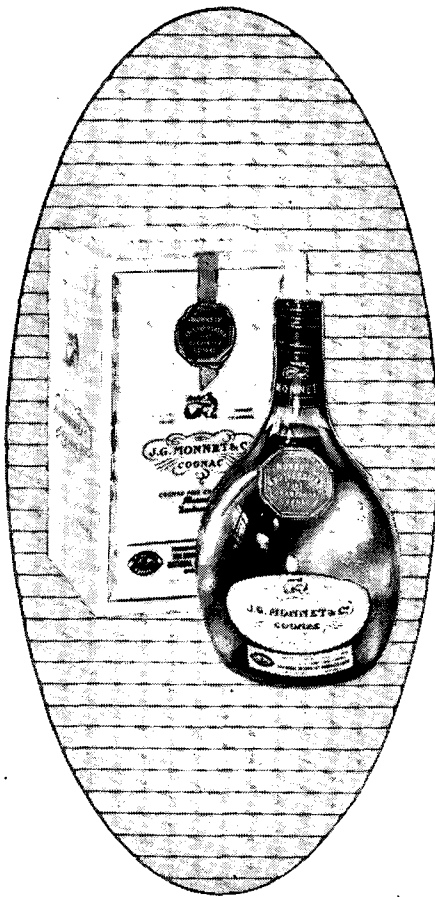
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LETTER FROM KATMANDU

NEPAL, north of India, in the Himalayas, was almost a closed country up to 1950. The handful of Westerners who were allowed to visit Katmandu, its capital, walked in by a steep and rocky path, spending days on the trip. Now it is all much easier, and you can fly in, as I did a short time ago. The plane rose from Patna, in the gray, dusty heat of the Ganges Plain, flew northward awhile, and then encountered a high, green barrier of hills. The pilot, it turned out, knew a way through them along a twisting gorge, and as we followed this, our wing tips seemed almost to brush the heights on either side. Sometimes there were little houses on these heights, with terraced fields running down the steep slopes below them, but the people who lived in them had no egress to the outside world that we could see; they were utterly alone.

In time, we passed through the gorge and burst forth over the Katmandu Valley, a quiet rolling plain of fields and villages, completely locked in by mountains; then we circled and lit on a strip of land between two gullies—the Katmandu airport. Nearby was a shed, housing the customs, and round about stood battered jeeps and other cars. If anything, the automobiles of Katmandu add to its lost-world quality. Most of them, even the jeeps, look very old, and there are dented touring cars with the generous lines of thirty years ago. Automobiles must be carried in to Katmandu on bamboo frames by coolies, with the result that cars still far from dominate the scene. What few there are pant, heave, and often break down. They give the impression of having come to a secret place, at great effort, in order to die.

After I had cleared customs, I wedged myself into a topless blue jeep taxi that was already full of Indians, and we started off, but within fifty yards we stopped, the clutch having failed. The driver played with the controls awhile, and then went away and left us, and I might still be there had not a fellow-passenger on the plane, a young Nepalese to whom I had been introduced at Patna, drawn up in a rattly sedan, driven by a chauffeur, and offered me a lift. He had a companion, a middle-

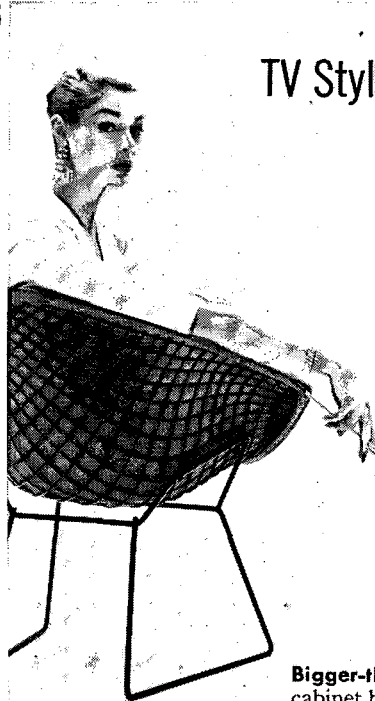
aged army officer, and they were both returning from a wedding in India. We headed for town, banging and swaying over a dirt road that was flanked by long brick walls and many brick houses, all a dusty-red color. The houses rose straight up, two to four stories high, and were topped by gabled tile roofs. Behind them stretched yellow fields of grain broken by dark-green poplars and pale-green willows. The scene suggested the French countryside of van Gogh or Cézanne, except that on all sides, just a few miles away, rose the dark mountains, mottled by cloud shadows into shades of mauve, purple, and blue. As we jounced along, the number of houses increased, and soon we dropped the army officer at a gate in a brick wall. Then, as we entered the town, we passed an elderly man standing beside the road and holding onto a brown motorcycle. My young host bade his chauffeur stop, got out, knelt on the ground, kissed the old man's feet, got in again, and bade the chauffeur drive on. He didn't say who the old man was, nor did I presume to ask. A few minutes later, he delivered me at the government guest quarters, where I have been staying since, in a brick house surrounded by a flower garden.



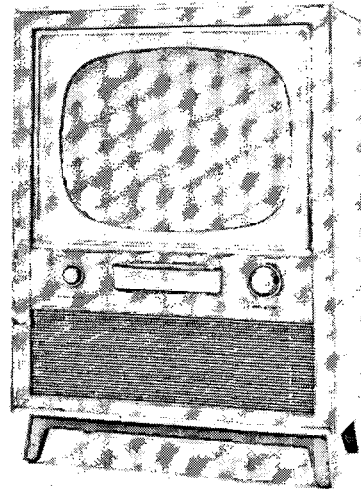
At times in the past, Nepal has consisted of just the Valley—an area fifteen or twenty miles across—and at other times, as at present, it has included a big section of the Himalayas lying between Tibet and India—a section five hundred miles long from east to west and centered on the Valley. The two Nepals differ in character. The Valley is flat and rich, with an old urban culture and sophisticated arts. The rest of the country is wild and sharply tilted, and mountaineers scrape out a rude livelihood from it as herdsmen and terrace farmers; it is these people, by and large, that have supplied the famed Gurkha troops of the British Army. Access to outlying Nepal from Katmandu is difficult, since travellers must cross a series of gorges that descend from the Tibetan plateau to the Indian plain; it takes a week or two of walking to reach some parts of the country from here, and often the best way is to go south to India, take a train east or west, and then

go north again up a Nepalese gorge. Hence, the link between the Valley and outer Nepal has always been both loose and politically weak, and the aristocracy has tended to sit in Katmandu and look on the outer regions as benighted. Awareness of this background adds to the sense of crisis one feels here now as the country, so long isolated and antiquated, suddenly finds itself up against modern times. For a century, which recently ended, Nepalese progress was kept almost at a standstill by its rulers, the Rana family. Then, more or less simultaneously, the Ranas' hold was loosened, India became free and a carrier of modernism, and Chinese Communist power flowed down through Tibet to the upper Nepalese border. The meeting of the new China and the new India has thrown the Himalayas into flux, and in Nepal the flux is especially turbulent because it has been dammed up so long and so thoroughly.

THE Rana family, which governed the Kingdom of Nepal from 1846 to 1951, ran one of those walled-in Central Asia despotisms that have endured to our time. They were not titular kings but hereditary prime ministers. The dynasty's founder, Jang Bahadur Rana, was a soldier and a man of action. Before he came to power, it is said, he earned money to pay his gambling debts by catching wild elephants singlehanded. In taking control, he massacred fifty-five other nobles in a palace revolution. The king was made a puppet, and the Ranas secured their future by setting up a unique line of succession to the premiership—from brother to brother, or to the oldest male relative on the father's side, instead of from father to son. Thus there was no danger that power would fall to a weak minor, a transition that has been the Achilles' heel of so many dynasties. The Ranas, a sporty lot on the whole, had many wives and concubines and multiplied vigorously, and as time went on, the family found it necessary to set up a system of classifying its heirs. Class A Ranas, the ones who really counted, were children of wives whose caste was equal to their husbands'. Class B Ranas were children of lower-caste wives. Class C Ranas were children of unmarried mothers, or their descendants. There are said to be thousands of Class C Ranas in Nepal now—people are vague on the subject—but Class A was kept on the scale of a small, exclusive club, even if this required the exiling of one batch of cousins by another. As a rule, the club's eldest member was the Prime Minister,



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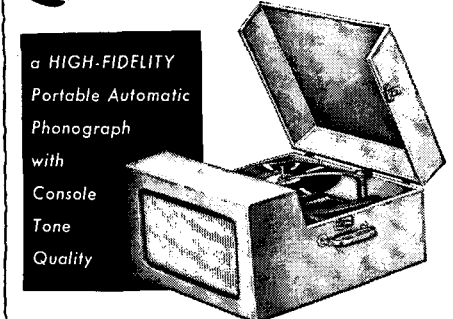
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the next eldest the Commander-in-Chief, the third the Senior Commanding General, and so on. Misfits could be eased out, or could withdraw to India if they disliked the family's ruthless ways. The whole thing was set down in the Roll of Succession, and the upshot was rule by a family patriarch well schooled in the system and of proved reliability, who was buttressed by lesser patriarchs of the same sort. It was a hereditary Politburo, really. All of Nepal was run like a family estate, its far corners being presided over loosely by the Ranas' relatives or friends, who might or might not be at their posts. At state occasions, in the dynasty's later years, a few platoons of these Rana men would appear wearing bemedalled scarlet tunics, which must have been a trial on hot days, and headdresses aglitter with diamonds, pearls, and emeralds. The Ranas became partly Westernized through contact with the British (some of them studied in England), and this led them to build oblong white neoclassical palaces—fifty or sixty of them—which lie around Katmandu like blocks in a nursery and are at odds with the native brickwork. Bronze statues of leading Ranas, often equestrian, were brought in, and these now prance at the town's main street intersections.

The Ranas' rule was strict. Katmandu had a curfew, and outlying Nepalese could not enter the Valley without a pass. Commoners could not build houses with windows facing a Rana palace. They could not hold an open umbrella—a symbol of royalty—when the Prime Minister passed by in the street, and they had to salaam on such occasions. They could not walk on the huge parade ground adjacent to the city. Young commoners who had new ideas about, say, education were summarily dealt with—jailed, exiled, or worse. The Rana palaces had high walls and private arsenals. One hears now of old plots to blow up all the important Ranas in one clap, at a wedding or some other festivity, but if these existed, they didn't come off. To get rid of just one Rana, of course, would have been wasted effort. The Ranas did not lack spirit. The tale is told that during the Second World War, when an American plane from some Indian base came skylarking over Katmandu, the Prime Minister, General Juddha Shumshere Jang Bahadur Rana, went outdoors with a rifle and tried furiously to shoot it down for trespassing over his private country.

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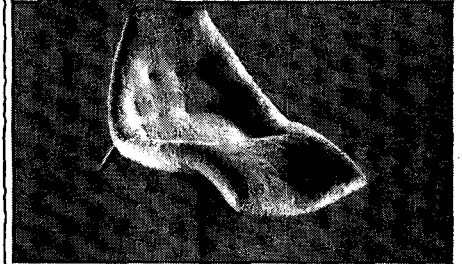
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always been accepted in much of Asia, but even while the Ranas were at the peak of their power, it was passing from style. That it lasted so long in Nepal—until decades after men like Sun Yat-sen and Gandhi had gone to work—is partly the result of British policy. In their colonial days in India, the British needed a buffer zone in the Himalayas, and it was obvious that a friendly, static Nepal would make a good one. Gentle dealings with the country would also guarantee a supply of Gurkha troops, which were proving themselves more and more useful. The British and the Ranas got together early. The Ranas sent troops to help put down the Indian Mutiny of 1857, and this set the tone of the association. The British always took pains to help the Ranas and give them face, and, above all, to respect their privacy and guard Nepal from the contamination of outside influences. Indians and Europeans, with few exceptions, were kept out of Nepal until after the Second World War. The European exceptions were confined almost wholly to British gentlemen on diplomatic or Gurkha business.

A change was due when the British left India, in 1947. India fell heir to the British interests here—she also needs an insulating wall in the Himalayas and she also uses Gurkha troops—but her way of looking after them was different. India believes in people's personal freedom, and she and the Ranas were like oil and water. There were a number of Nepalese student exiles in India, and these banded together in a small copy of the Indian Congress Party. With Indian help, and with the backing of some exiled Ranas, they set up armed camps on the southern Nepalese frontier. Meanwhile, the King of Nepal had been getting on worse and worse terms with the Rana management—so much so that he was almost a prisoner. He sought sanctuary in the Indian Embassy here, and on November 1, 1950, flew to India, where he provided the symbolic leadership for an invasion, which was launched the same day. The Ranas fought back, and in time India, non-violent by policy, arranged a compromise. Since then, the Ranas have for the most part withdrawn from public life. Many have taken their lakhs of rupees into exile. Others are staying here, for they still have a fair amount of power, even though their regime is spoken of in the past tense.

Their regime is still a subject of controversy, though. One side points to the Ranas' wealth and their country's record of illiteracy and poverty, which is

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among the darkest in Asia. The other side contends that the Ranas must have had some divine right or they wouldn't have got where they did, that the country was peaceful under them, and that it was by warlike virtues that they survived in a ruthless game. There can be no doubt that the Ranas had a tradition of arms. Katmandu has a pleasant museum, one whole floor of which is devoted to the weapons of Nepalese heroes, including many Ranas. The walls are covered with swords, shields, guns, and hundreds of kukris, the curved Nepalese chopping knives the Gurkhas carry. All are well cleaned and oiled, and the guides on that floor are enthusiastic. When I wandered in the other day, they made me look at the panoply of every single hero and learn what I could understand of each one's story. You don't know what museum feet are if you haven't gone to see the Ranas' kukris.

IN any case, the Ranas have left Katmandu a beautiful place, which seems to be the way they found it. There is the rich plain and the wall of green mountains, over the north side of which, in clear weather, peers a row of snowy heights—the tallest range in the world, fencing Nepal from Tibet. The range is rarely seen in spring and summer because of clouds, but in the fall it stands out constantly—white against the blue sky of midday, and pink at sunrise and sunset. The Valley's floor is sandy and peppered with mica, which sparkles like rhinestones when the moon is full. This is a world of bricks. They are made from a ubiquitous gray mud and fired right on the site of the building they are intended for, in gray kilns that are as big as small houses themselves. The bricks turn red with firing, and they look good and solid, but the mud they are made of is low-grade, and after a while they crumble and the shards are ground into the sandy roads, turning them red, too. The bricks not only color the scene but influence the architecture, producing houses with simple perpendicular lines. Katmandu, with a population of a hundred and ten thousand, has a good many tenements—warrens that extend on and on—and their lines seem less simple, because of the crowding together. But, simple or not, the buildings are dusty red and made of brick. Their windows always used to have wooden lattices, balustrades, and shutters, all elaborately and beautifully carved in high relief. The style is yielding now to an urge for the light afforded by

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unobstructed openings, but as you walk around, you still see many examples of the old woodwork—darkened, sometimes, right down to charcoal tones by weathering.

The carving is a specialty of the Newars, a people who have lived in the Valley since prehistoric times and had reached a high level of artistic ability centuries before Christ. The Newars excel, too, in metalwork and stone sculpture, and Katmandu's temples and shrines are everywhere blessed with their work. Religion in the Valley is a unique blend of Hinduism and Buddhism, and its monuments are also unique. The most striking kind is a sort of four-sided steeple that rises from a mound, with a huge pair of Oriental eyes on each side, silently watching the people. Above the eyes, the steeple runs up to a point and finishes in a bright creation of metal—brass, perhaps, or gilded copper. It seems second nature for the people here to decorate things. The men love to pick and arrange flowers, and do it expertly, with wondrous gardens to draw upon—whole hedges of gardenias, for example. The women wear lots of gold jewelry—one or two pieces in their nose, and earrings galore. The men wear jewelry, too, but with more restraint—a little gold ring, say, nipped to the top of an ear. They wear skullcaps and tight-fitting trousers that are like jodhpurs, and they walk noiselessly about the town. The streets have a medieval air, for they are crowded with human beings rather than machines, and morning, noon, and night a small procession of some kind is likely to be marching somewhere behind a small band. There is a matching atmosphere in the country, where the peasants use ancient tools, of a type long since discarded almost everywhere else in the world. Women stoop in the fields like Millet's gleaners, their backs bent from full-skirted hips, their hands and all their attention rooted to the soil. Gusts blow down from the mountains onto the countryside, stirring the grain in rip tides and making the pigeons fly wildly.

The Newars were here in the Valley first, and to them have been added other peoples, often refugees from wars in India. (The Ranas, for instance, spring from a band of fugitive warriors who settled in western Nepal some centuries ago, and later conquered the Valley.) The Hindu caste system has helped keep the differences alive in the Valley, and it also prevails in outer Nepal, both west and east, where it clashes with the tribal divisions natural

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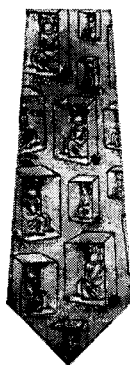
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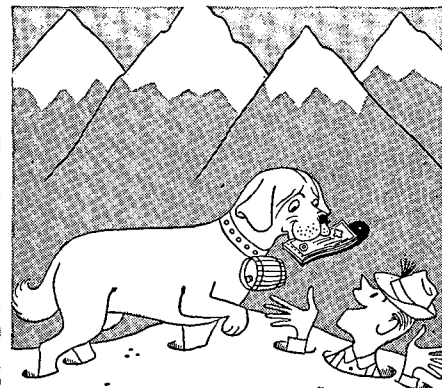
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to mountain people, producing a thorough mixup. British officers recruiting Gurkhas must be conversant with the ways of a dozen or more castes and tribes, each of which calls for special treatment. It may clarify the picture to look upon outer Nepal as a broad set of stairs. The bottom step, on the Indian plain, is a jungle-grown, malarial belt called the Terai; it is full of big game, such as tigers and rhinoceros. The top step comprises a number of Himalayan peaks, including Mount Everest; just below it is the frosty habitat of the yak, the Abominable Snowman, and the lesser panda, or Himalayan fox. The people who live near the top are like the Tibetans, and those near the bottom are like the Indians. In between, and differing from valley to valley, are hundreds of thousands of tribesmen who can be roughly classified as the Gurkha type—small, square, upright, Mongoloid in appearance, and endowed with a temperament that is found, it seems, in mountain people everywhere. All who know the Gurkhas call them generous, friendly, simple, open, independent, close to nature, and happy-go-lucky about things like drink. One doesn't hear of deviousness or hypocrisy among them; they are poor but honest. They make fine soldiers, and the British have used them for more than a century now, paying them well, by mountain standards, handling them with thoughtful discipline, and making the army a good career for them. In this way, military service has become a part of Nepalese life—a Nepal away from Nepal. In the early nineteenth century, Gurkhas were lured across the border to British depots in India and recruited secretly. Under the Ranas, however, recruiting was carried on with Nepalese consent, though the depots remained on Indian soil. Gurkha pay came to be a big thing in the mountain villages; usually part of it was paid to the soldiers' dependents by the British, who took a farsighted view of the recruiting scheme and wanted it to go down well at home. Gurkhas returning on leave brought in wealth in the form of cloth, jewelry, and cigarettes. Then, after they retired—sometimes while they were still in their thirties—they drew pensions. Thus soldiering added to the economy.

Over the years, Gurkha manpower came to figure on the world stage. The Gurkhas' primary role was to keep the Empire in order—to fight on India's Northwest Frontier, for example. But they served in both world wars. They fought bravely at Gallipoli and other



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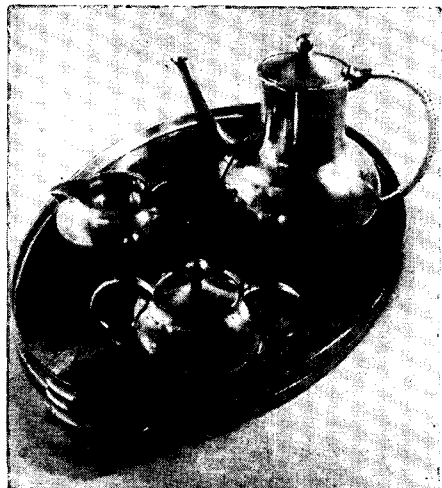
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places in the first one. In the second, they fought in North Africa and Italy, where they made a good name for themselves in the mountains, and in Asia, where they were a terror to the Japanese. There were many tales of Gurkhas' storming Japanese road-blocks armed only with kukris. Most of these were myths, apparently, but I believe there was one authenticated case, in which two Gurkha companies, using kukris against standard small arms, subdued a Japanese company.

Since the Second World War and the freeing of India, the supply of Gurkhas has been shared by the British and the Indian Armies. The British have eight Gurkha battalions, and these have seen considerable service against the Red guerrillas in Malaya. Gurkhas have proved better than European troops in the warfare there, which is more like game-stalking than battlefield maneuvering. The Gurkhas are more patient, more silent, and more at home in the jungle than the British boys who share the work, and it is doubtful whether the situation in Malaya could have been kept under control without them. They are plainly a hindrance to the Reds, but the Reds don't admit it publicly. Red propaganda on the subject has been confined to leaflets that urge the Gurkhas to surrender, arguing, crudely and evidently to little avail, that they are shooting other Asians for the white man's benefit.

Larger objections to the British use of Gurkhas come from India. India profits from her legacy of Gurkhas, and has twelve Gurkha battalions under arms. They are maintained for the same old end; they must figure, for instance, in plans for a possible war with Pakistan. Yet India's leaders take a moral stand against colonialism of the



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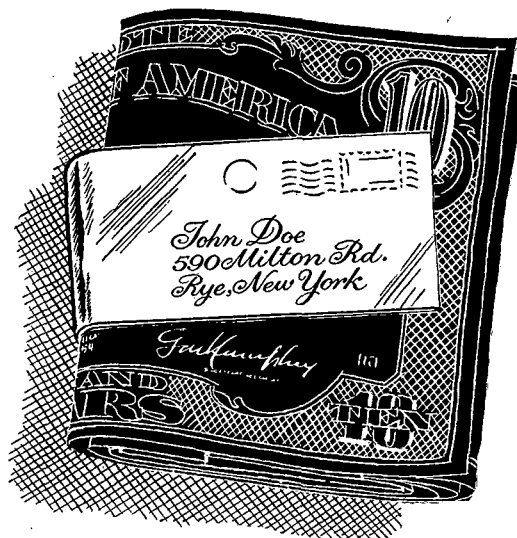
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traditional sort. The British Gurkha system stems from this sort of colonialism, and Indian politicians decry it. They have so badgered the British that the latter plan soon to stop recruiting on Indian soil and start doing it in Nepal. So far, India has not taken any steps—like banning the transit of Gurkhas across her territory—that might end the system. She refrains, it seems, for the sake of her Commonwealth relations and for the sake of the Nepalese economy. Such ambivalence, odd as it may sound, is normal in Asia now, where the old order is far from dead and where non-Red Asians are making their daily peace with it.

Meanwhile, the British Gurkha units carry on. The Gurkhas do their soldiering, draw their pay, play their games on the green fields of Malaya, drink their rum, and eat the rations decreed by their caste rules. In the end, they return to their little mountain patches—tiny figures walking a fortnight, perhaps, on the hilly trails to get home—with more wealth and prestige than they could ever have wrested from the soil there. They slip back into the life readily, by all accounts. One reason for this, undoubtedly, is the spell of the Himalayas. Another is the care the British take not to "spoil" them. The British, with their genius for handling others, have seen to it that the barracks life of the Gurkhas matches their home life as closely as possible. It is a masterpiece of psychology.

THE Gurkha question is only in the background here. In the foreground is the question of Nepal herself—her politics, internal and external. The Ranas so monopolized leadership that they have left a vacuum—a poor country, vastly illiterate, with merely a scattering of young men educated to the point where they can understand parliamentary procedure. These few do not provide a stable rule, and what stability Nepal enjoys now is furnished mainly by India. When India became free, she felt impelled to take Nepal over and reform her; some think she might have annexed the country if the United States had not joined Britain in maintaining diplomatic relations with Katmandu just then. As it was, India engineered the Ranas' fall and started a new deal in her own image. Now she dominates Nepal's army, economy, and politics. Her spirit in doing this is much like our American spirit when we move in to save a small country from Communism or from itself; India is self-consciously



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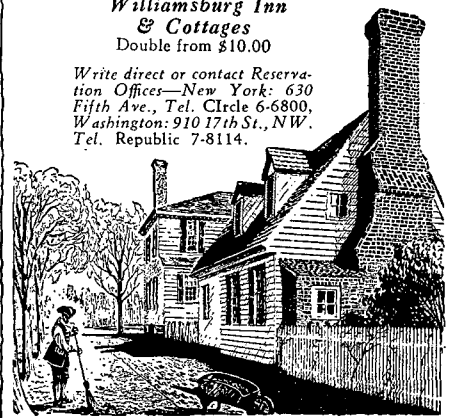
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altruistic, and bent on spreading progress, yet she is inevitably toplofty in her approach. The Indian ambassador here, probably the strongest man in Nepal, is a seasoned official who has done much work on economic development in his own country. He is a quiet, friendly, judicious man, suggesting President Eisenhower in looks and manner, and he sounds like an enlightened American when he is discussing Nepal's problems—she must have roads, he points out; she must have schools; she must have an election soon; she must have a more democratic setup. Gatherings in the Indian community here are reminiscent of American missions in other Asian countries. There may be a minerals expert who has flown in to make a survey; a couple of officers from the Indian military mission, which is building up the Nepalese Army; a specialist in government who is helping revise the civil service; and so on. If there are Nepalese on the scene, they are likely to be outshone by the Indians, as natives of other Asian countries are outshone by their American advisers; for one thing, their clothes don't look so new. While the Indians don't have blond hair and don't wear seersucker suits, their likeness to Americans is close, continuing right down to the resentment they arouse. No matter how much good India is doing here, she is rubbing many Nepalese, and not only Ranas, the wrong way. Her presence has inspired anti-Indian feeling and demonstrations, and even the stoning of Indian automobiles. To judge by America's own experience, this is a normal relationship now between a small country and its bigger brother.

The demonstrations do not necessarily mean that Nepal as a whole dislikes Indian aid or will refuse to accept it. Her geography lends itself to piecemeal development by India. Roads into most parts of outer Nepal, if they can be built at all, can be built more easily from India than from Katmandu. Nepal's outlet to the sea is through India, most of her hopes for trade depend on her Indian link, and, all in all, she seems destined for Indian leadership. The trick, apparently, will be for India to exert her leadership with forbearance, and without expecting too much in the way of immediate results. Indian reformers have the same faith as other reformers in panaceas like education and elections. So have their Nepalese protégés. It is a temptation to think that all the Nepalese will be better off soon, but they may not be, for their country, in addition to being poor, is overpopu-

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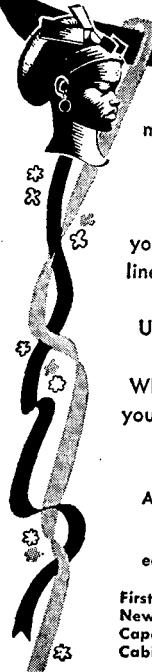
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lated; the women here bear children as readily as the men bear arms. The boon of education can, in fact, turn out to be a curse if it is sought in rapid, wholesale amounts, for there are few white-collar jobs around. Unlike retired Gurkha soldiers, the educated youths of Asia do not willingly go back to the farm. They insist on desk work, and if it is not forthcoming, they flirt with Communism. So the Indian new deal for Nepal, it is thought, cannot afford to be starry-eyed.

Communism exists in Nepal, but not many people here seem able to define it, for the term is used loosely. There is much unrest in the country, arising from the present weak rule, the old oppressions, and the new hopes. People band together and are inflamed by agitators, who wave, and give out, red flags of a significance that is only vaguely apprehended. Recently, there was a small agitation on Katmandu's outskirts, created, I was told, when a landowner tried to evict his farmer tenants so that he could sell the property to a government official who wanted to build a house on it. The tenants demanded compensation, to which they were not entitled under the old and still applicable laws but which they had been led to expect by the promises of the new era. Fired by flag-waving leaders, they demonstrated, and apparently they have blocked the sale for the moment. Scenes like this are reported elsewhere in the country. Yet it is thought that the seasoned Party members in the country are few—much fewer than their imitators. It is thought, too, that the Party people—so far, at any rate—come from the Indian rather than the Chinese side. Chinese Communism and Chinese might are watching Nepal silently—almost like the eyes on the monuments—but are doing little. For many years, up to the end of the nineteenth century, Nepal was vaguely within the Chinese sphere of influence. She "respected" the Chinese Emperor and sent tribute to Peiping, but all this came to an end in 1908, by which time the British had spread their prestige up into the Himalayas and Tibet and had driven Chinese prestige back. Through weakness, the Chinese put up with this change but they looked on it as a British grab. Not long ago, two Chinese who served Chiang Kai-shek as officials in Tibet during the forties wrote a book that, in passing, accused Britain of "peeling off" the Chinese dependencies in the Himalayas, including Nepal. This is the view of nearly all Chinese, and the Reds seem bent on settling such old

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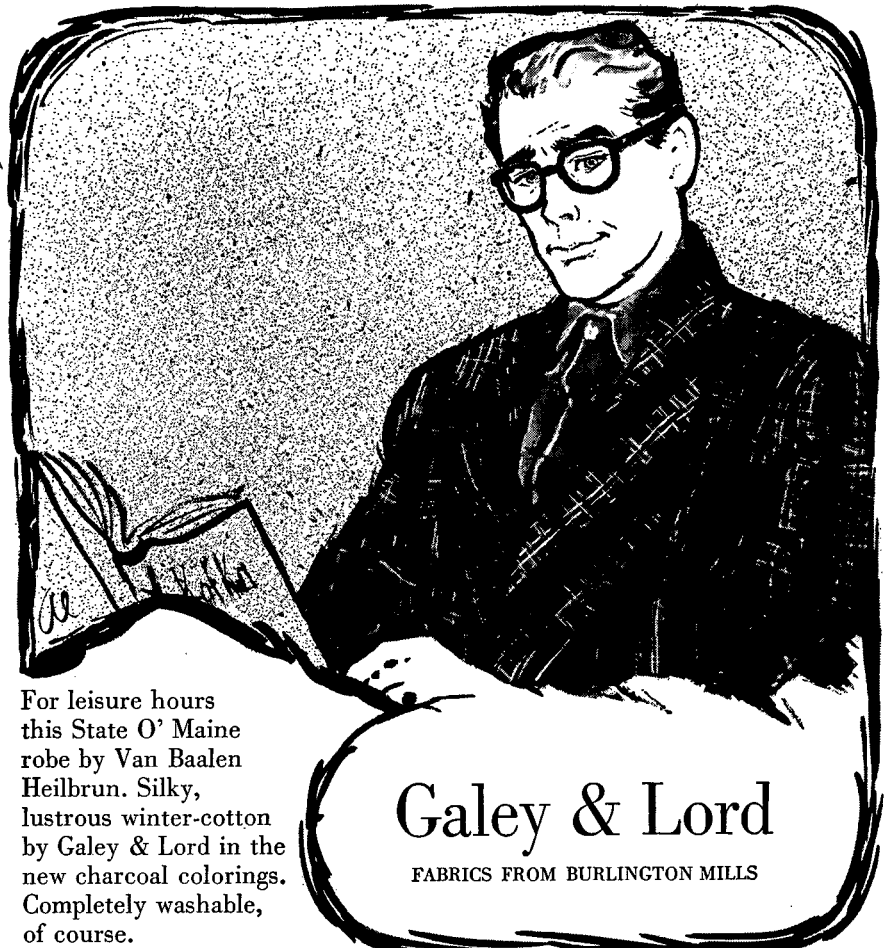


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scores. They have already reestablished themselves in Tibet, and it is taken for granted that they have ambitions in Nepal, though they are acting patient. Nepal would give the Chinese Reds a secure base overlooking the Indian plain. Her output of Gurkhas would be handy for use against India—or against any other Red objective, such as Berlin or Belgrade.

Assuming that the Chinese feel a hunger for Nepal, their means of satisfying it is yet to be revealed. Their scheme is cooking secretly in Tibet, behind the snowy peaks. One hears that they have set up camps there to train Nepalese guerrillas and propagandists, but if this is true, the trainees have seen little action. There is, however, one Nepalese exile behind the peaks—K. I. Singh, a dashing nationalist—of the sort the Reds know how to use. Singh was a medical orderly with the Gurkhas for a while, then set up as a doctor in India for a while, and when the war against the Ranas was being mounted, he joined up and was given a column to lead. The invasion struck at several points on the frontier. Almost at once, India began mediating, but Singh objected, saying that the Ranas were on the run and should be finished off. He tried to fight on with a small personal following, Robin Hood style, and was twice captured. Each time, he was jailed, and each time he broke out after a short stay. The second time, Singh was being held in the Singha Durbar, the biggest Rana palace here, which is said to have a thousand rooms and was the Prime Minister's residence in the old days. Now it houses most of the government offices, but there is space to spare, and Singh was locked up in some of it. He got out one night, freed numerous followers who were being held elsewhere in the city, and, while it was still dark, set about taking the place over. People first knew something was up when they heard chains clanking in the streets; peering out through their carved lattices, they saw men with fetters on their legs capturing most of the city's key spots, such as the police stations and the radio transmitter. But the King's palace was saved by its guards, and some Cabinet Ministers took sanctuary there. During the next day or two, the aura of a classic Oriental coup prevailed in Katmandu—a not unfriendly aura, for Singh had been a colleague of many officials here; besides, no one knew how the game would turn out. Singh asked the King to make him Prime Minister, but the King took other counsel and did not. Emissaries came



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and went. Then Singh's time began running out, for it was clear that either Nepalese or Indian troops would come and squash him if he didn't get in line. Finally, it was agreed that he would leave town quietly, which he did, the event being marred only by a couple of inadvertent shootings. With twenty or thirty followers, some of whom died of cold in the passes, he marched up into Tibet, evading the Nepalese border patrol.

Singh is still there, as far as one can learn in Katmandu, though there are rumors of visits to Peiping. His name is assumed to be on the roll of "liberation" warriors from many nations who are being made ready in the Red fastness. If India weren't close and well organized, the Reds might try to establish a "liberated area" in Nepal—a small Communist realm such as they set up in China and Indo-China—with the object of spreading out over the whole country in time. But India is close. She has a good army, which is even now helping patrol the Nepal-Tibet passes, and sometimes, it is reported, exchanging gunshots there. Indian reinforcements can reach the passes in volume much more easily than Chinese reinforcements can, for the Indians start from railheads at the valley mouths, while the Chinese must cross the Tibetan wastes. India's position looks all right if the politics don't go bad. One danger in this regard is the stubbornness of the old order. The Ranas and their friends have many vestigial rights here, which they defend. For instance, Nepal still has no income tax, and her so-called *birta* landholdings—big grants, tax-free and rent-free, that were passed out to Rana favorites in the old days—are intact, despite the pressure in Asia for land reform. They may add fuel to the appeal of Communism unless they are broken up soon.

THERE is a Shangri-La aspect about Nepal that appeals to the American feeling for romance. It is a country of hill people, and we seem to have a tendency to admire hill people—or, more accurately, any people who live the wild, untrammelled lives of hill people. In Asia, the countries that represent great civilizations—China, India, Persia—are edged on their inland sides by tribes of mountaineers or nomads. There is usually a struggle between the two where they meet, the tribesmen raiding the more civilized folk when they can, and the latter getting back when they can by outsmarting the tribesmen in business deals and smothering

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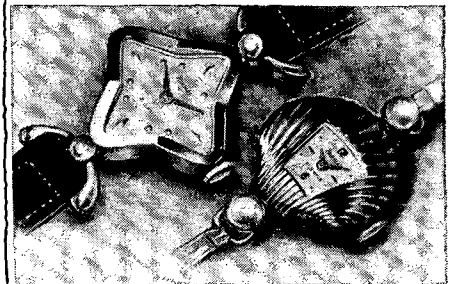
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them culturally—taming them, that is. Americans always appear to instinctively take the side of the wilder peoples. Various explanations have been advanced for this—our sympathy for the underdog, the influence on us of Rousseau's noble-savage idea, a feeling of guilt about the way we treated our own Indians. Whatever it is, the instinct is apparent in Americans who come to Nepal. Their sentiments quickly lean toward the Nepalese, and they tend to uphold them in their disputes with India—to become anti-Indian. One or two Americans here did this outspokenly, until they were quieted by higher authority, and their attitude has puzzled and upset many Indians, just as many Chinese Nationalists were puzzled and upset during the thirties and forties, when Americans espoused the cause of the Mongols and the Tibetans, possibly for the same mysterious reasons.

The Western community in and near Katmandu numbers thirty or forty. The British have an ambassador and three secretaries. We have a technical mission, of ten members, plus dependents. There are two or three Swiss technicians, furnished by the United Nations; the Swiss have a flair for Nepal and her problems because of the mountains. There is a White Russian, formerly of Calcutta, who has come here to open a hotel, a distillery, and other amenities, with Rana backing. And so forth. For all its beauty and charm, Katmandu is a dull place for Westerners who like normal comforts and amusements. There is nowhere to go in the evening except to bed. The time does not pass so slowly for the American men, who have their work, but for their wives it is another



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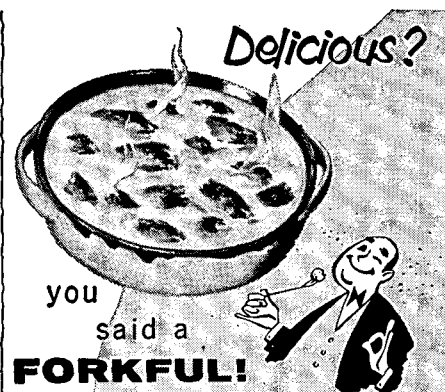
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story. Some of the wives relieve the tedium by baking their own bread, since the high level of Nepalese art does not extend to Occidental cooking. This situation is an odd one in Asia, where the relationship between Western ladies and hot stoves is ordinarily not a close one.

The most striking Westerner, perhaps, is Father Moran, a Jesuit priest from Chicago, who came here a few years ago to start a school, after having taught in Patna for about ten years. Nepal's religious conservatism is extreme. The Jesuits in Patna have a strict rule against proselytizing among minors, but even so there was much resistance to Father Moran's coming, and there were dire prophecies of the ills he would draw down on the country. Nevertheless, he is here, aided by half a dozen other fathers, Indian and Western, and is giving sound education to a few score boys and endearing himself to more Nepalese every year by good works and by letting his light shine forth. He is just verging on middle age, and expects to end his days in Nepal.

The United States has no separate ambassador to Nepal; our ambassador to India, George V. Allen, fills the post as a side job, and comes here rarely. We maintain no embassy in Katmandu, and are represented by only a token force—the technical mission and an American library directed by a United States Information Agency man. These Americans are housed in two made-over Rana palaces outside town, where, when not travelling around the country, they live a quiet, orderly life—playing softball on Saturday afternoons and yearning, no doubt, for the corner drugstore. The head of our technical mission is Paul Rose, who used to be a farm-extension man in Virginia and other Southern states. He and his colleagues, all of them specialists in things like public health and town planning, as well as farm management, are trying to improve the local standards in such matters, and there is undoubtedly room for improvement. The mission was sent in while Chester Bowles was Ambassador to India and Nepal as part of the Point Four program to promote the economic development of backward countries. Since arriving here, the mission has caused some criticism. It cannot help appearing to compete with Indian efforts in the same direction. Ambassador Allen says that our aim is not to compete but to coöperate with India, and with anyone else who may be seeking the same ends in Katmandu. A look at the situation seems to bear him out, and possibly most



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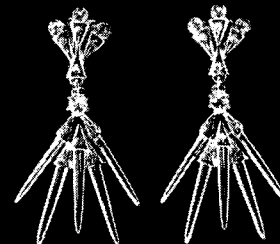
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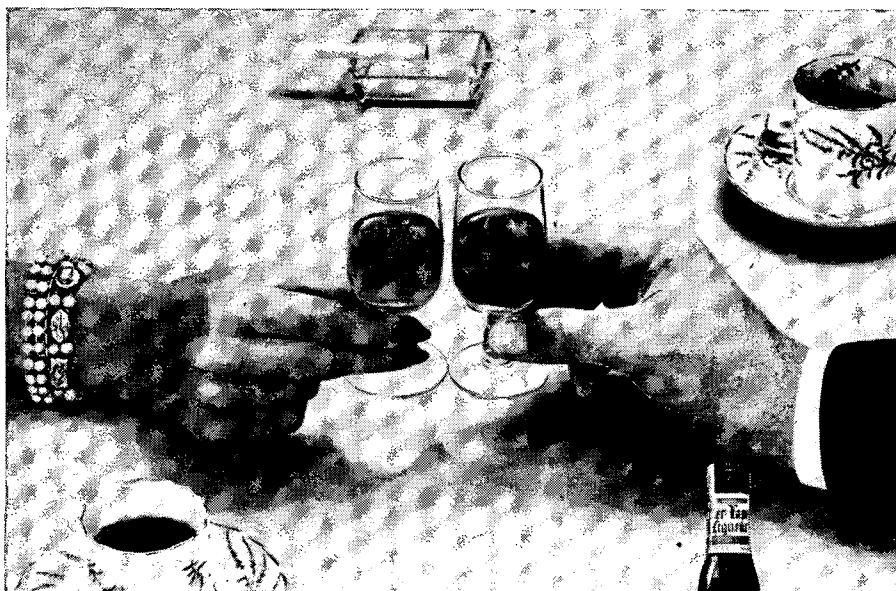
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Indians close to it would agree. But others see it as a rivalry. It is seen that way all the more just now because of an open, big-scale rivalry for leadership throughout non-Communist Asia that has grown up between India and ourselves. The rivalry is actually triangular, with the Reds on the third side but more or less aloof. It may have long existed, in a veiled way, as far as India and we are concerned, but it has lately become more sharply defined, what with the position taken by Americans like Senator Knowland, who distrusts India, on the one side, and by Indians like Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, who distrusts us, on the other. Each side acts in its own way. We tend to show force, as when we sent arms to Pakistan. India counters by taking a moralistic tone, as in her condemnation of the hydrogen bomb. It is like a play in which we are the village tough guy and India is the village scold, and while there are without doubt many complicated unseen factors, the Asian audience views it in these clear and simple terms. One thing for which India is scolding us now in private conversations is cloak-and-dagger work. We have indeed done some of this—though not, as far as is known, in Nepal or India—and once the idea that that is what we are up to gets around, there is no limit to its spread, just because the subject is so mysterious. Americans at home need not be told how easily nightmares about conspiracy multiply.

The Indian charges directed at us are being repeated in Nepal. It is held, often in print, that we are spending money secretly here, backing anti-Indian movements and plotting a coup by some "strong man," perhaps a Rana—certainly not a "neutralist"—who would take a firm anti-Communist position. No proof has been advanced for these charges—though India is reputed to have a fine Secret Service, inherited from the British—but the picture of us playing that role is given color by the tough-guy reputation that has been pinned on us, fairly or unfairly, and by our mystifying affinity for Nepalese hillmen. Some anti-Indian Nepalese apparently believe the charges, too, and are consequently encouraged to hold out against the Indian program for Nepal. It all makes for an atmosphere in which our technical mission and library in Katmandu seem almost as inconsequential as Little Bopeep.

Except on the Tibetan, or Red, side, Nepal is surrounded by India and the Indian protectorate of Sikkim. Americans can enter only by way of India,



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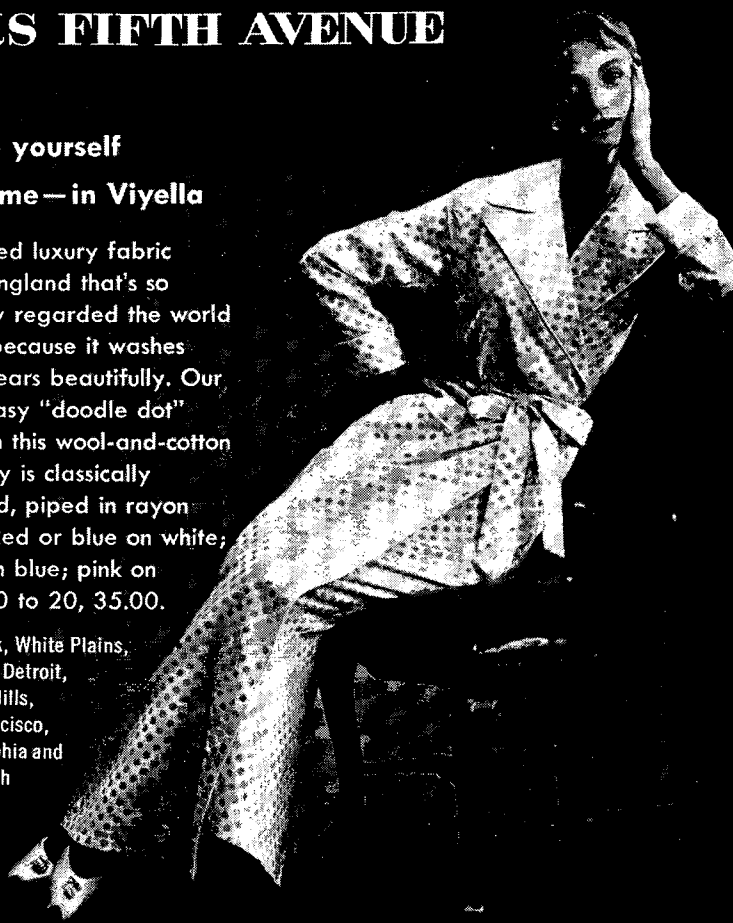
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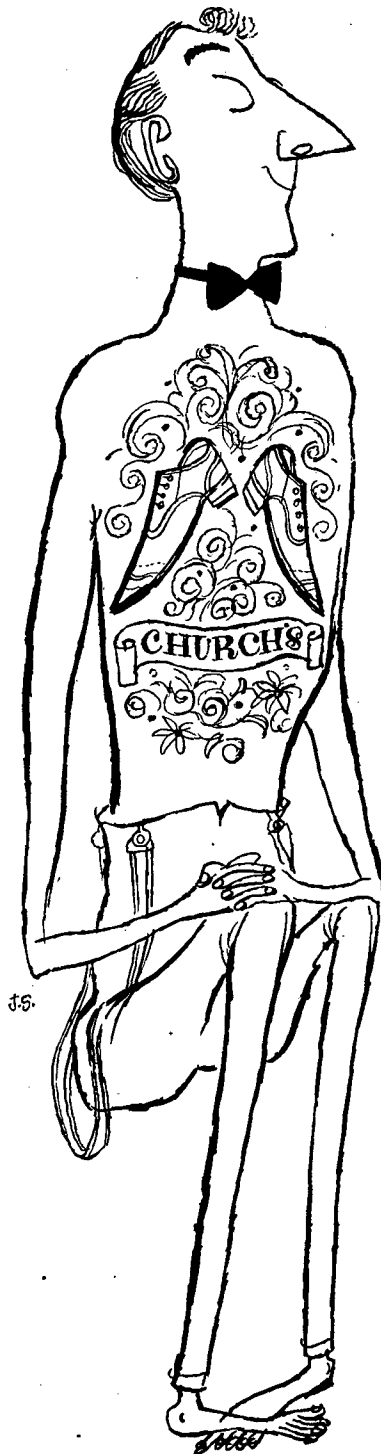
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and it is questionable whether we could get Nepalese visas without Indian approval. Our relationship with Nepal, therefore, is bound to our relationship with India. "Still pond, no more moving" used to be the rule in this part of the world, but the stillness is over now; there is nothing but motion, and no one knows when or where it will end.

ONE can find reassurance in the probability that the motion will not affect the landscape. It may well be that there is too much talk about politics in connection with Nepal nowadays, and not enough about the mountains—the mountains that stand eternal, in their greenness, blueness, and whiteness, with their mists and their gushing torrents. In the long run, mountains have more effect on human life than politics, and no government has been so majestic or so long-lasting as the Himalayas. It is they that made the Gurkhas brave and upright, while the Ranas and the others came and went, not melting a single glacier as they passed across the scene. No one can say what lies ahead for the Nepalese in the immediate future, as they find themselves tossed about in the push and pull of political forces. So let us just count them as the people of the Himalayas, now and forever, and may they prosper. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

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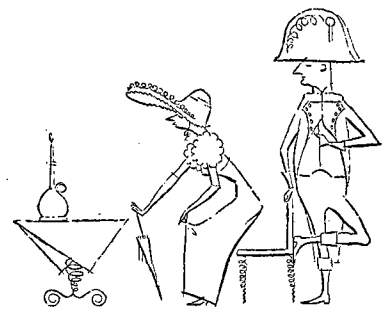
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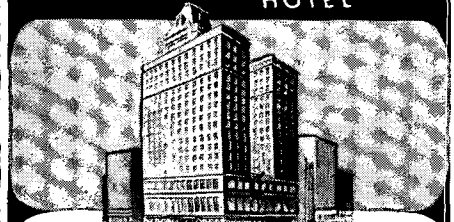
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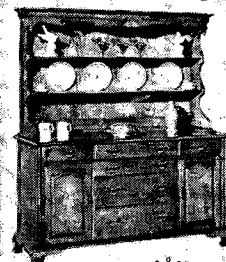


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THE ART GALLERIES

Museums, Stationary and in Transit



THIS seems to be museum week. Both the Whitney Museum and the Museum of Modern Art are celebrating—the former its move up-town and the latter its twenty-fifth anniversary—while at the Knoedler Galleries, as the latest in its series of “*au secours*” operations for the aid of French provincial museums (the others were for the Museums of Montauban, Albi, and Reims), there’s a showing of drawings dating from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century for the benefit of the Museum of Besançon, drawn from that institution’s own extensive collection.

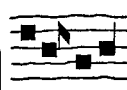
I found the Knoedler affair quite interesting, in a pleasantly “dated” way. Besançon is a handsome old town east of Dijon, on the Doubs, in what amounts to the foothills of the French Alps. It’s an ancient town, with more than its share of Roman ruins. But except for the short yet explosive period when Courbet lived and painted there, a century ago, it has always been in the backwash of the arts, and the Museum’s collection, large as it is, owes its existence mainly to the generosity of two one-time residents, the eighteenth-century artist and architect Pierre Adrien Pâris, and the early-nineteenth-century decorator and amateur painter Jean Gigoux, both ardent if somewhat conventional collectors.

What we see, then, in the Knoedler selection is a cross-section of the taste of their period, with all its odd but sometimes engaging variations from our own. Boucher and Fragonard bulk large, of course, as does Fragonard’s friend and youthful painting companion, Hubert Robert, while among the Italians the emphasis is again on the romantics, such as Tiepolo, Carracci, and Caravaggio. There are, too, some excellent pieces by Claude Lorrain (see his “*Paysage avec Temple*”) and Poussin (the exceptionally briskly drawn “*Jugement de Paris*”). But mixed in with these well-known names are some now almost forgotten, if indeed they are not

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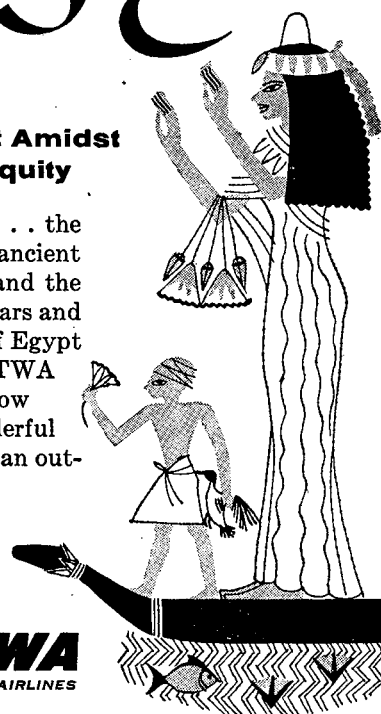
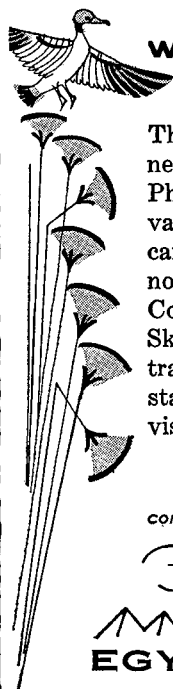
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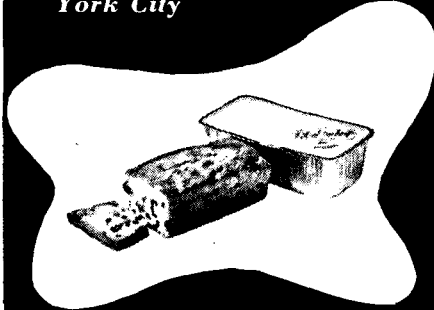
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completely so. Who, for example, hears today of such men as Carlo Cignani, Luca Cambiaso, Pierre Patel, and (despite the fact that a street in Paris is still named after him) Eustache Le Sueur? Both Patel and Cambiaso are represented by extremely attractive examples (respectively, "Paysage avec Château Fort" and "Déposition"), as is, for that matter, one of the Museum's original collectors, Pierre Pâris, with the slight but charming "Jeunes Femmes Tirant l'Eau d'un Puits." None of them are worth going all the way to Besançon to see, but they will surely repay the sort of armchair (or, at worst, bus-fare) excursion the present showing requires.

IT'S a sobering thing to me to recall that I was present at the very beginnings of the Modern Museum, in its tiny quarters in the Heckscher Building, and to be brought suddenly face to face with the fact that it happened a full quarter century ago. It's like running into a friend's son, thought of vaguely as still a youngster, and discovering that he's a junior at college. About all one can say is a feeble "Well, well" and "How you have grown!" For the Museum has grown, both in size and, particularly in the past ten or fifteen years, in breadth and consistency of intent. Nearly every phase of its many-faceted program—the Film Library, the series of big retrospectives, the travelling shows, and above all the attempt, itself a combination of intricately coordinated efforts, to make the place a truly popular center of art appreciation—has fulfilled its purpose splendidly. It is not too much to say that the understanding of modern art and its status throughout the nation have been furthered immeasurably by the Museum's existence.

The growth of the Museum's collection, as its new show reveals, has been equally imposing. For the first time, I believe, in its history, the whole Museum has been given over to an exhibition of its own possessions; it's a real "open house," in that respect, from top to bottom, and the effect of the riches revealed, as one wanders through, is overawing. Only the sculpture section is weak. (The Modern Museum has never been strong in that department; there might be a project there for the next quarter century.) I certainly shan't try, though, to do much particularizing about an exhibition that runs to three hundred items, many of them long known as masterpieces.

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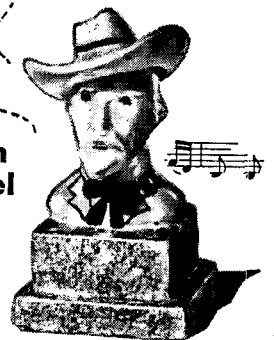


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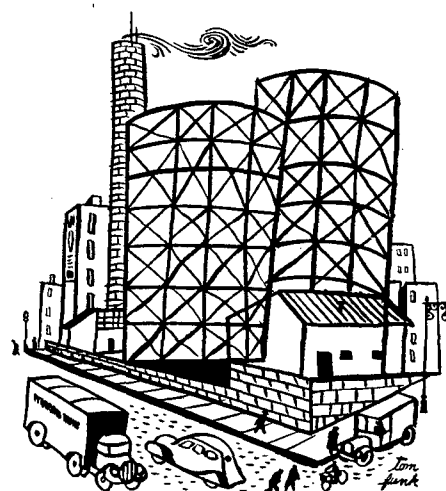


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known paintings and the sheer scope of the collection that are most impressive. To give a sort of survey by triangulation of the breadth of the Museum's coverage, the range is, on the one hand, from Russia to the Argentine, and, on the other, from England to the United States, and in the areas enclosed nearly all the modern schools, from the post-Impressionists to the Surrealists, are copiously represented. As I look back now on my necessarily hasty walk-through, I remember best the huge Picasso section, in which "Ma Jolie," "Three Musicians," and "Night Fishing at Antibes" are the headliners; the Braque and Cézanne groups, each fairly large; and the roomful of German Expressionists, including such now rarely remembered artists as Lovis Corinth, Jankel Adler, and Heinrich Campendonk. But that's only a glancing impression, and an inconclusive one, for the show, to be fully digested, should be visited again and again.

IF the Modern Museum's affair is a culmination, the Whitney's mainly signalizes a break with tradition and the beginning of a period of transition; and if the one's atmosphere is triumphant, the other's has a touch both of nostalgia and of plain frustration. New York is an enormous city, tightly packed at its center and unpredictable in its occasional unwindings, and to move a museum (on the ground that it is a move toward "centralization") from Eighth Street up to Fifty-fourth when its neighbor, Wanamaker, is taking off for the suburbs and the galleries are moving, one by one, from Fifty-seventh Street to the Seventies is, I guess, only another example of the spasmodic way cities spread these days. There's no use arguing about a *fait accompli*, however, and the show, a gala display from the permanent collection, is a handsome one. It's far too



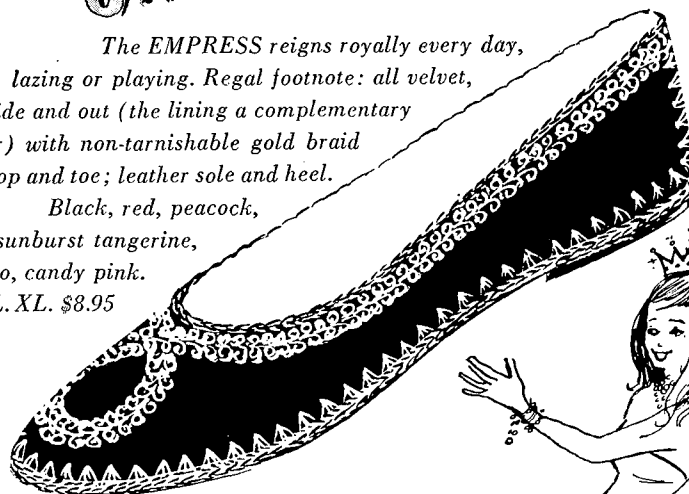
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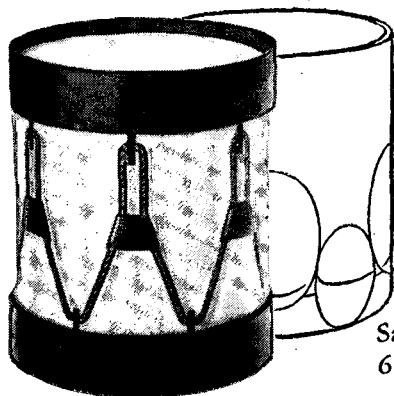
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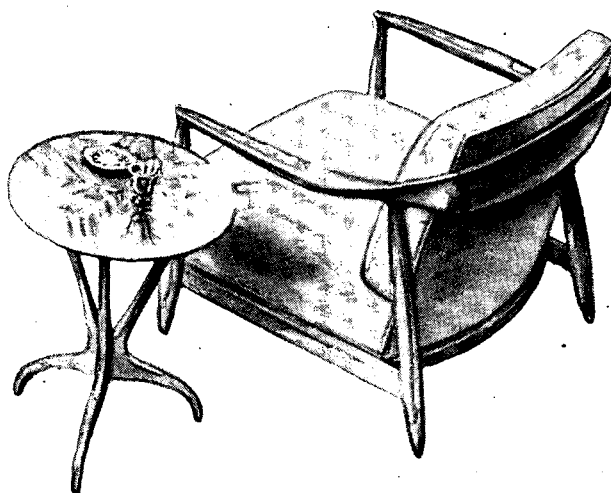
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big for adequate listing, and I'll content myself mostly with noting what might be called "landmark" pictures in twentieth-century American art—George Luks' "Mrs. Gamley," for instance, and John Sloan's "Backyards, Greenwich Village," Joseph Stella's "The Brooklyn Bridge," Edward Hopper's "Early Sunday Morning," and George Bellows' "Dempsey and Firpo"—in addition to such newer pieces as Anton Refregier's "The Staircase," Anne Ryan's "Gold Collage," and the Loren MacIver "Venice."

The new building manages to be at once attractive, efficient, and curiously hospitable—from the "soft" composition flooring to the glass, fluorescent-lighted ceilings, and including the new movable partitions (these, incidentally, have jacks, so they can be set on rollers and wheeled around). My only quibble concerns the lighting, and I'm afraid I may seem curmudgeonly and old-fashioned about that. The new installation is all in line with the modern attempt to achieve complete diffusion, bathing everything in a uniform, shadowless glow, and in this case it seems to have overshot the mark. In effect, it outdaylights daylight; colors shine as in Technicolor, and (except in the sculpture section, where it works out admirably) I found myself longing, as I wandered about, for something warmer, more varied, less chillingly impersonal. It's an odd feeling, after all, when you find you don't even cast a shadow yourself.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

WUNDERKIND

ONE of the greatest men I ever knew was the celebrated middleweight Philadelphia Jack O'Brien—"Philadelphia Jack O'Brien from Americaw" was the way he liked best to hear it, and he would say it that way aloud to cheer himself up when his spirits flagged. "That was how they introduced me at the National Sporting Club in London," he would explain, "and the sonorousness of the effect compensates the redundancy." The "Philadelphia" was to distinguish him from the numerous other O'Briens and pseudo-O'Briens active in the American ring in his era. (The current edition of Nat Fleischer's record book, "The Ring," lists only three O'Briens; the Irish are in a professional decline.) The agility of Mr. O'Brien's mind exceeded even that of his footwork, which was the most spectacular of his generation. Once, in his robust, athletic middle years, which coincided with the depression, he was shy the rent for a gymnasium he conducted atop a Broadway building. He therefore invited the landlord, a dropsical old German gentleman, to a free boxing lesson, in the course of which he pretended that the old fellow had knocked him out. The landlord, fearing a damage suit, avoided O'Brien for months, and never bothered him about the rent.

This, however, is what my (and, during O'Brien's life, his) friend

Colonel John R. Stingo would call a labyrinthian digression. What enshrined O'Brien in the memory of millions who never enjoyed the privilege of his personal acquaintance was that in March, 1909, he was knocked into a cerebral hiatus, unique for him, in the last five seconds of a ten-round bout with a less deservedly eminent contemporary called Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin, after he, O'Brien, had won six or seven rounds of the fight. Because the bell interrupted the referee's count, there was no knockout, and under the present rules of the New York State Athletic Commission this would have entitled him to the decision, even though prostrate. The state law then forbade decisions of any kind, and fellows in barrooms have been arguing intermittently ever since over who won the fight. Both O'Brien and Ketchel, according to all qualified observers, were great middleweights, but I sometimes wonder whether their encounter wouldn't be remembered as just a pretty good fight, instead of an epic, if it hadn't ended the way it did.

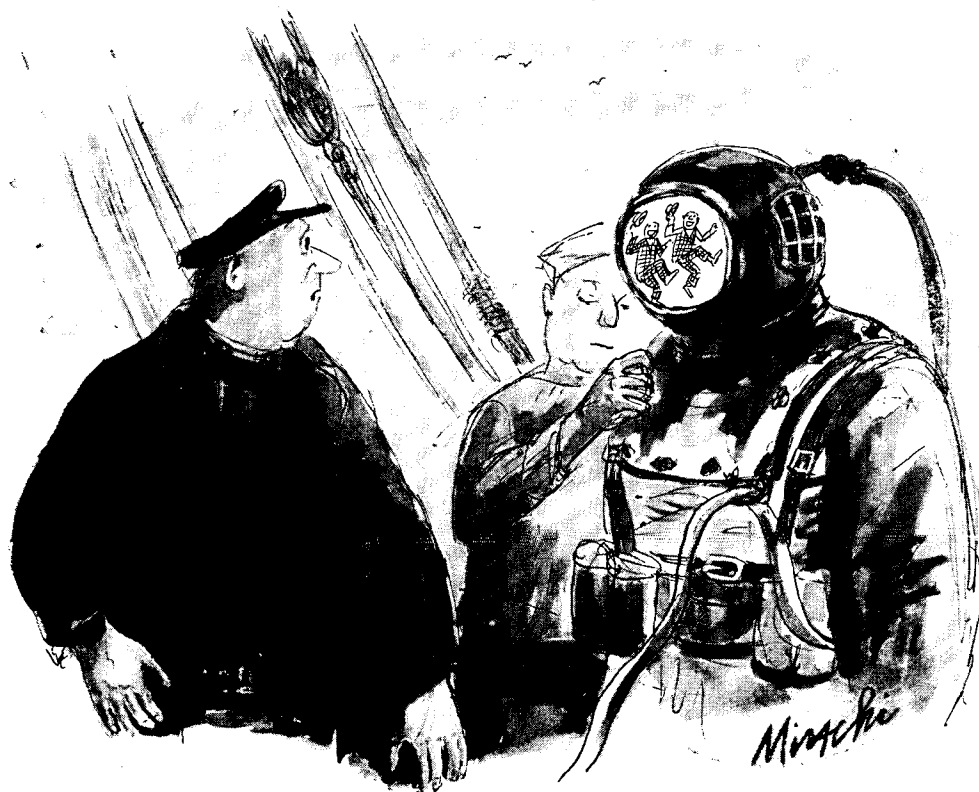
What made me think of the O'Brien-Ketchel fight was the fact that in the last second of the final round of a run-of-the-mill fight at Madison Square Garden a week ago, I saw a young colored light heavyweight named Floyd

Patterson knock his opponent through the ropes with a punch that would surely have been a knockout if the final bell hadn't sounded just as the victim fell. It's the only time I've seen this happen in what must be several hundred fights I've watched. (I started going to them in about 1920, and while I've never attended more than about a dozen cards in a year, they begin to mount up.) Since this was an eight-round bout, the mathematical odds against the thing's coming off in the last second were 1,439 to 1. Another odd feature of the bout was that it was limited to eight rounds to protect Patterson, who is not yet twenty and therefore, in the eyes of the Athletic Commission, too tender a vessel for a longer course. If there had been a ninth round; the other fellow wouldn't have been able to come up for it.

Fight snobs will consider my analogy with O'Brien and Ketchel sacrilegious, because, as I have said, this Garden bout wasn't much of a fight. Patterson is a couple of years away, as the connoisseurs have it, and Joe Gannon, the fellow he hit, shouldn't be in feature bouts at all. Moreover, it developed later that Gannon wasn't leading on points in the opinions of the judges, the referee, the newspapermen, or the people watching the show on television. He was walking a tightrope from the first round on. But for two friends of Gan-

non's who sat behind me he had run up a bigger lead than old Philadelphia Jack enjoyed when Ketchel caught him. I went to the fight because I wanted to see how far Patterson had progressed since turning professional in 1952, and I suppose that the same curiosity brought out most of the rest of the small crowd. Among the exceptions were half a hundred Occidentals wearing Chinese lampshade hats, whom I took to be delegates to some convention of Shriners or Red Men of the World. I learned later they were Philadelphia rooters for a lightweight named Jimmy Soo, whose father runs a Chinese restaurant down there. Soo was fighting in the semifinal.

MY interest in Patterson goes back to the summer of 1952, when he was a member of the United States box-



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ing team at the Olympic Games in Helsinki, which I attended. There was no boxing ring at Olympic Village, on the outskirts of Helsinki, and the American boxers used to go into town by bus every morning to train in the gymnasium of a workingmen's club in Häkaniemi, the proletarian quarter of town. The club, in a great granite building known as the People's House, stood on a small square, in the center of which was a statue of a completely naked boxer. The daily bus trip gave the American boxers a closer contact with Helsinki and its residents than most of the other athletes got; every morning, a knot of admiring, towheaded small boys and not-so-small girls would wait for the American bus to draw up at the curb outside the People's House, and they would all be there again an hour later to see the boxers leave. The trip made excellent counterpropaganda to the Communist legend of the Land of Lynching, for eleven of the fourteen members of the boxing squad were Negroes. They looked very sharp in their American sports clothes, and the girls quite evidently thought they were beautiful.

There was one working coach with the squad, a jolly, sagacious fellow named Pete Mello, who is head coach of the Catholic Youth Organization boxing team in New York; he had as colleagues a couple of free riders in blue blazers and white buckskin shoes, who stayed far from sweat and Vaseline. On the first morning I met the team, Mello tipped me off to Patterson, who was seventeen and entered in the hundred-and-sixty-five-pound class. Mello picked him as the surest winner for the United States, although the rest of the team included boys who had been amateur stars for years and had won enough watches to stock three hock shops on Sixth Avenue.

Patterson was having no trouble making the weight; he was a tall, straight stick of a boy, slender except for big shoulders. He had a long, straight nose and wore long sideburns; there was something humorously dandified about his appearance. Outside the ring, his favorite position was horizontal. If he saw a bench, he would lie on it rather than sit on it. Inside the ring, he fought with a wild exuberance. He would begin from a crouch, with shoulders and forearms protecting his head, and then would start to wing punches, being as likely to lead with a right as with a left. His style was crude, but his reflexes were so fast he got away with it. His leverage was perfect—his



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blows hurt, and after throwing one he was almost always in position to hit again. Furthermore, he liked to fight, and was as strong as a snake, grabbing his sparring partners and whirling them off balance—an unconventional and technically illegal maneuver that draws only a warning from referees here but is likely to lead to disqualification by the more precise European judges. Mello's one worry about Patterson was that this would happen, and he kept cautioning the boy on the subject. All Patterson's hard fights in Helsinki were in the training ring, against heavier teammates. We had a huge heavy-weight there named Ed Sanders, who was a football player from Idaho State College, and an alternate named Norvel Lee, who weighed a bit over a hundred and eighty and had won dozens of amateur titles. Lee, who was twenty-eight, was a law-school man heading for the F.B.I., and he knew about as much about boxing as an amateur can know. There was a hundred-and-seventy-eight-pound class in the Olympics, and Lee decided to aim for that. Patterson and Lee liked to fight each other, and Lee, even with his extra twenty pounds and his big edge in experience, couldn't quite hold Patterson even.

There was nothing much to Patterson's Olympic bouts themselves. In the hundred-and-sixty-five-pound final, Patterson met a Rumanian. The fellow was frightened, as well he might have been, and Patterson clowned a bit. He whirled the Rumanian clean around once, and I could imagine Mello blanching. The crowd booed, although he hadn't done anything to harm the fellow—it was a mere *pas de danse*. The judges didn't disqualify him, however, and since the boo had warned him to get down to work, he hit the Rumanian once and knocked him out. After that, there was "the Olympic ceremony." Three portable platforms were moved into the ring. Patterson stood on the highest, with the resuscitated Rumanian at his right, on a lower level, and a Finn, the winner of third honors, at his left. A girl in Finnish national costume had handed Patterson a big bouquet, and he held it in his left hand. A band played the Olympic fanfare and then "The Star-Spangled Banner," and, tucking his right forearm into his belly, Patterson made a deep, dancing-school bow.

Later, Lee won the hundred-and-seventy-eight-pound final, and got a special cup for being the most skillful boxer in the Olympics. He has a classic,

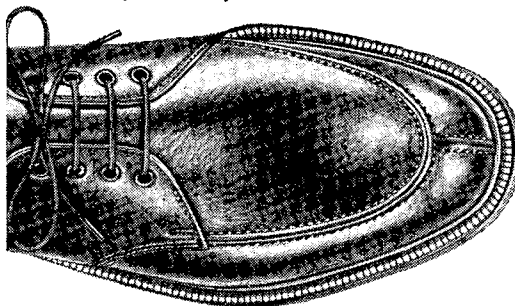


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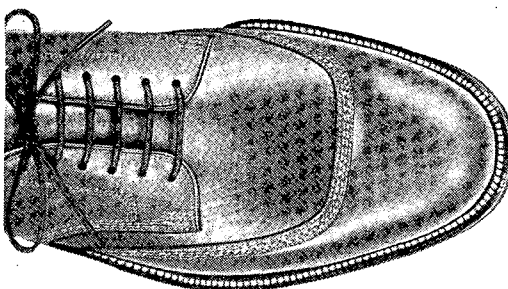
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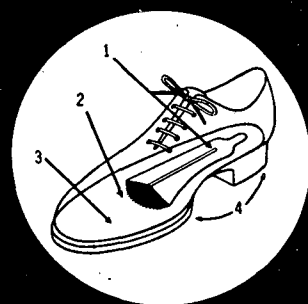


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stand-up style that goes over big with Europeans. Sanders won the heavy-weight title; he was so big that his final opponent, a Swede, simply ran away. The judges disqualified the Swede, who said afterward that it had suddenly occurred to him he might be killed. The American boxers won five first places out of a possible ten. The mass of unofficial points the Americans picked up in the boxing competition went so far to offset the unofficial points the Russians scored in gymnastics that in the unofficial point score covering all events the United States won a psychologically important unofficial victory. And that was the last time I had seen Patterson in the flesh before I went to the Garden the night he fought Gannon.

In the meanwhile, I knew, Patterson had been doing well, without being rushed unduly. In any art, the prodigy presents a problem. Given too easy a program, he goes slack, but asked too hard a question early, he becomes discouraged. Finding a middle course is particularly difficult in the prize ring; in comparison, the management of juvenile orchestra conductors, mathematicians, and billiardists is simple. The fighter must be confirmed in the belief that he can lick anybody in the world and at the same time be restrained from testing this belief on a subject too advanced for his attainments. The trick lies in keeping the fellow entertained while enriching his curriculum. In my young manhood, there were two *Wunderkinder* in the light-heavyweight class whose handlers failed to bring it off; one, Young Stribling, was made overcautious by doting parents, and the other, Jimmy Slattery, was made overconfident by adulation. Slattery, like Icarus, made a great splash, though. He was a boy Mozart, a honeydew melon.

In the two years following his return from Finland, Patterson had had seventeen professional fights. Of these, the first thirteen had been with opponents of progressively diminishing unimportance, each picked to contribute something to his education. From the beginning, Patterson was a fair television attraction, because of his Olympic fame, and his TV fees served as a kind of scholarship for him. Almost all his fights were on Monday nights—television nights—at a club called the Eastern Parkway Arena, in Brooklyn. His graduation exercises took place last June, when he went eight televised Eastern Parkway rounds with Joey Maxim, a former light-heavyweight champion of the world, who is still

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tough and a great cutie, or opportunist. Maxim was never a great hitter, though, so he didn't figure to knock Patterson out. I watched the fight from a stool in the Palace Bar & Grill, on West Forty-fifth Street, and what impressed me was that Maxim couldn't make Patterson look foolish except at infrequent intervals, and then only for a second or two. He would have handled the Helsinki Patterson the way a rodeo clown handles a bull. In the Olympics, Patterson had wasted much time in aimless body-weaving, and had often launched himself through the air like a man trying to get through a closing subway door before the train pulls out. Against Maxim, he held himself together better and hit more often, with shorter, quicker blows. Also, he had got pretty cute himself. His greater vigor more than made up for Maxim's slight margin in acuity, I thought, and when the ex-champion got the decision, I agreed with the other patrons of the Palace that Patterson had been robbed. The newspaper writers the next morning were of the same opinion, but the chief significance of the bout was that Patterson had proved he could no longer be considered an undergraduate. After the commencement exercises, he knocked out a fellow named Tommy Harrison, who should have given him a good fight, and then polished off a couple of light summer snacks while waiting for the rodeo to get out of Madison Square Garden.

Gannon, the fellow chosen for Patterson's debut on the Garden's Friday-night television program, which pays four thousand dollars an appearance, figured no better than most of the twenty-nine-hundred-dollar opponents

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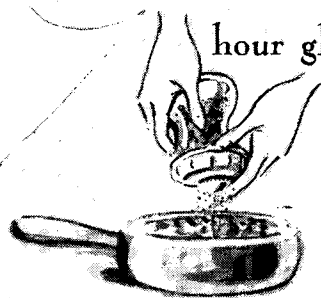


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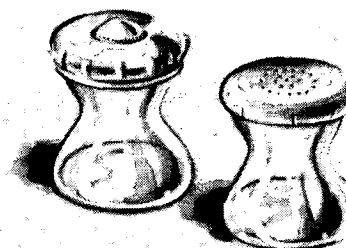


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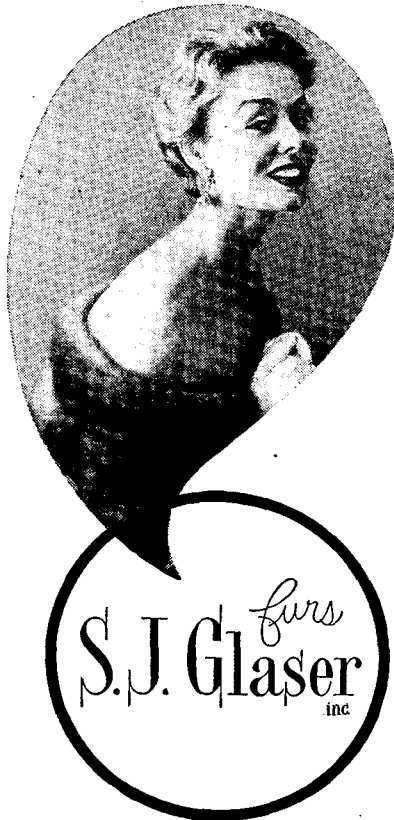
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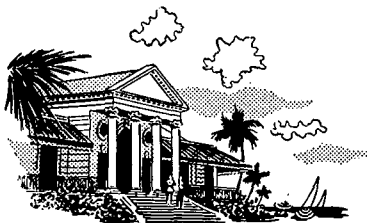


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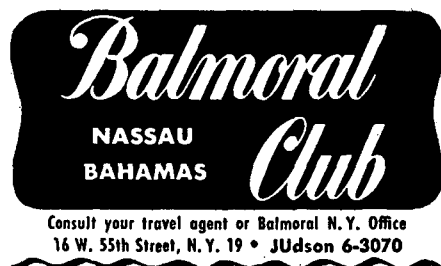
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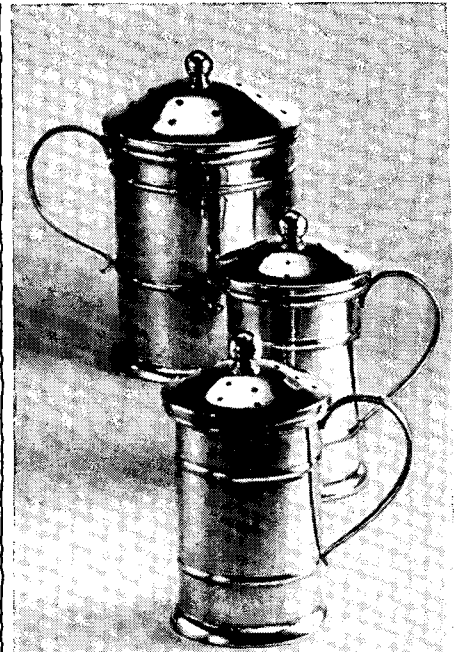
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Patterson had been meeting on Monday nights, although he was, of course, considerably superior to a Rumanian amateur. The simplest reason for the match that I could think of was that the International Boxing Club feared Patterson might suffer from stage-fright in his first Eighth Avenue appearance. Gannon was a fighter calculated to get him over any initial nervousness. Another reason, I supposed, was that Gannon is managed by Al Weill, who also manages Rocky Marciano. Weill is a man of weight and profundity; when he makes a match for one of his fighters, it often turns out that he has had in view some chink in the armor of the adversary party. If I hadn't seen Gannon fight a couple of times this summer, I might have thought that Weill thought that he had a chance. Unfortunately, however, Weill had got him preliminary engagements on both the Charles-Marciano shows, and I had been forced to watch him twice. He is an old-looking young man with a serious, puggy face and a heavy beard, which shows through his white skin like Senator Joe McCarthy's. According to the program notes, Gannon is twenty-seven, which indicates that he must have been something of a prodigy himself in his time. He was national amateur welterweight champion in 1944, when, if the program was right, he was seventeen. Subsequently, however, he renounced his art to become a policeman in Washington, and during his resumed career under Mr. Weill's guidance he has retained a coppish gloom. Sitting in his corner, he frequently looks as though he were counting the number of places he lost on the sergeant's list through his truancy. He is a pretty good conventional boxer, but even the slow-moving hooker he fought both times I saw him managed to hit him fairly often, so I couldn't imagine his staying ahead of Patterson. After Maxim, Gannon would be a refresher course in the rudiments.

THE purpose of going to a fight isn't always to see a close contest. A great many close fights are hardly worth looking at, while the development of an interesting performer is always an attraction; Native Dancer and Man o' War were drawing cards when they were 1-100 to win. Since I anticipated no strong emotions from the main bout, I went to the Garden early, hoping to see a good preliminary. The small-club atmosphere that has prevailed since television was evident. Perhaps fifteen hundred fans huddled



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around the ring; the galleries and the mezzanine were empty. By lowering the price of admission to that of a movie theatre, the I.B.C. might attract a few more customers, but it is possible that the television sponsor would object. A fight seen on television has the appeal of being something for nothing, and this appeal is increased by the notion that it is something expensive for nothing. It might even help sell beer or razor blades if the I.B.C. made the price for ringside seats fifty dollars instead of eight dollars. Only the elfin Orientals from Philadelphia were animated as a couple of better-than-average colored welterweights fought a hard, skillful eight-rounder. "Stop that bloody fight!" one yelled roguishly as the boys slugged away. This insensitivity to what is going on before their eyes is one of the weirdest characteristics of fight crowds. One oaf having suggested that the welterweights were not fighting hard, his companions tried to outdo him in cynicism. They stamped, clapped, and whistled while the welterweights worked out their tense little problem. One fighter, a light-tan boy, worked in from his opponent's flanks, throwing wide hooks and uppercuts, moving around his man. The other, bitter-chocolate and grim, worked the inside lines, moving forward, punching shorter and straighter. He took the first round, and then the flashier boy won the next four, anticipating his opponent's blows and hitting him with some notable left hooks to his solidly attached head. In the sixth, the dark boy came on, his mathematically superior strategy of the inner lines paying off and his steady hitting taking some of the steam out of the tan fellow. In the last round, the enveloper rallied with what I judged to be his last strength, but he was too late, and the straight-mover got the decision. There was nothing theatrical in either performance—just a good professional fight.

Next, Jimmy Soo, whom the Philadelphians had come to root for, went on with a lad named Jimmy Wilde, billed as "a rough, tough lightweight from the Bronx." I learned from my program that Soo, an "undefeated lightweight of Chinese-Irish descent, is colorful, flashy, and talented." He proved to be all that—at least, far too talented for Wilde—but the rough, tough lightweight kept on coming in for more. The bout was scheduled for eight rounds but was stopped after the sixth, because it was by then ten o'clock and the main bout had to go on for television. Wilde and I were both

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relieved. Soo got the decision, of course; he should soon be a television star in his own right.

FINALLY, the main fight went on. Joe Gannon came into the ring—white-skinned, spindly, and determined, knobby of knee and elbow, bristly jowled, and wearing the expression of a ventriloquist's dummy who knows a secret and won't tell. He looks less durable than he is; I have seen him take a few very solid punches and come back gaily. One of the seconds in his corner was Al Colombo, from Brockton, Massachusetts, who is Marciano's best friend and home-town sidekick. Gannon has worked as a Marciano sparring partner. Weill himself wasn't there, though, and neither was Charles Goldman, who is the Weill boxers' chief trainer. Patterson came in next, looking about as he had in Helsinki—dark, dandified, and grave. His handlers wore jerseys with "Floyd Patterson" embroidered on their backs—he had made it; he was an institution. Patterson had not filled out noticeably, and this must be a disappointment to his backers; when you have a seventeen-year-old fighter who is six feet tall, it is only human to hope that he will grow into a real heavy-weight. His weight was announced as a hundred and seventy and a half, but he had boxed at the old hundred and sixty-five only a month or two earlier, and he would have had slight trouble making it again. Gannon weighed a hundred and seventy-four and a half, but his arms were pipestems compared to Patterson's. He walked out bravely at the bell, as if resolved to make an arrest.

At first, I didn't realize what a close fight it was. All I saw was Patterson moving in and Gannon sticking out his left, as if to halt traffic, and then stepping away rapidly—but all too often not rapidly enough. Patterson wasn't exactly killing him, but he was landing three punches for one, throwing them in quick, sharp sequences and driving Gannon in front of him. It was a voice from directly behind my right ear that apprised me of what was actually happening. "Come on, Joe!" the voice howled. "You got him wobbling!"

"I wonder if he can reckernize our voice?" a voice behind my left ear said, and then, before I could roll my head, came, "In da breadbasket, Joe! He don't like dem deah!"

Gannon's mouth was at that moment open, as he stared, glassy-eyed, over Patterson's back while the Negro pounded his belly. "You got him hold-

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ing now, Joe!" the right-ear voice bellowed.

When the round ended, the left-ear voice said, "He's doing good."

From then on, I attended two fights—the one I saw and the one I heard. With my eyes I apprehended poor Gannon—astonishingly brave and astonishingly persistent—sticking and hopping, holding in close for dear life, and taking a beating without ever changing that Boston-terrier expression. Patterson, more patient than in his amateur days, stalked him and outboxed him, nailing him with flurries of blows but never getting him with the one big punch. Sometimes I thought that a spark of his amateur recklessness would help, since Gannon was no hitter. Once Gannon staggered away and Patterson did jump after him. "You got him hopping now, Joe!" my right-ear voice yelled. And as the grim assault continued, the two enthusiasts convinced each other that their friend was far ahead on points.

"He looks good," left-ear voice said after the fifth round. Gannon had lost four, according to all the officials, and five by my count.

"But he gotta knock him out," said right-ear voice. "If he don't knock him out, they'll give it to Patterson. Joe gotta use his right." Joe was already using it, to protect his poor, battered noggin, but left-ear voice and right-ear voice were relentless.

"Hey, Joe, throw your right, huh?" yelled right-ear voice.

"Connect wit' one, Joe, will ya?" concurred left ear.

And they began to chorus, "Throw your right, Joe! Throw your right!"

The sixth round was more of the same. When Patterson, reverting for a moment to his old habit, whirled around



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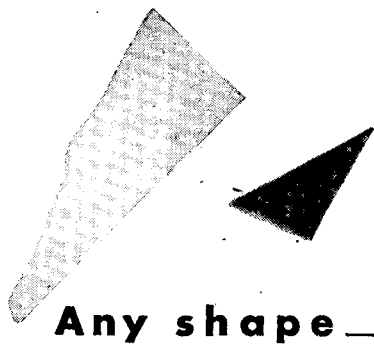
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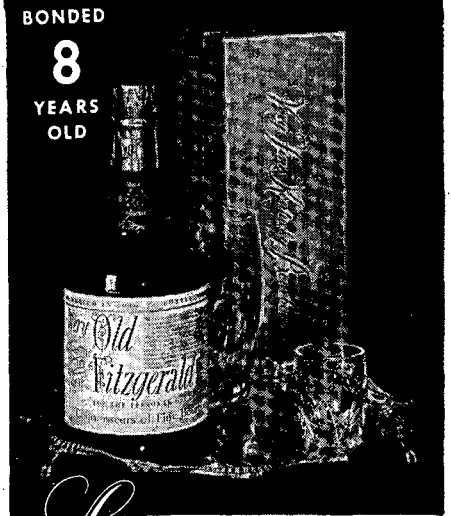
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in a clinch and, in throwing Gannon out of it, turned his back on him for a split second, right-ear voice yelled disconsolately, "Joe! You din't take advantage!" But Joe, disregarding their incitements to murder, continued to box correctly—feinting, though Patterson didn't follow; jabbing, though it didn't throw Patterson off balance; taking each smack on the chops unblinking; and holding his right high to pick off punches, which usually arrived from another direction. It was such a one-sided fight that Patterson's problem, patently, was to end it with a flourish. Gannon's mere survival would be a reflection on the *Wunderkind's* Eastern Parkway education.

Then, in the seventh, Joe reckernized the voices, or else had got bad advice in his corner. He tru'n rights. Unhappily, one of them connected. Maybe several of them did, but they were of a force incommensurate with their purpose. Patterson reacted with acerbity. He is a vain fellow—a great asset in a fighting man. (Abe Attell, the illustrious featherweight champion turned boulevardier, once said to a man I know, "I never seen a good fighter who wasn't a conceited son of a bitch.") His temperament is not evil, but he craves admiration. As long as Gannon acted like a man trying to avoid destruction, Patterson had difficulty igniting what Colonel Stingo calls the driving inflatus. Live conspicuously and let live inconspicuously is Patterson's motto. He accepts the fact that others raise their hands against him, but when a fellow like Gannon raises his *right* hand, a fellow like Patterson feels himself belittled. He went straight after Gannon, and Gannon, intoxicated by success or else knocked silly already, disdained to get back on his motorcycle. At the end of the round, right-ear voice was ecstatic. "I tol' him trow da right!" he thundered. "He's *got* um!" howled left-ear.

The eighth was a case of assaulting an officer. Patterson was punching for keeps, raising the tempo to the point at which he used to fight in the gymnasium in the People's House. It is safe to assume that his handlers have been teaching him to pace himself, but with only three minutes left he didn't have to think about that. Poor Gannon moved like a gull on a wave. Now he was in that distressful state when every evasive move brings new disaster, until it seems to the boxer and his public that he is ducking into fists, circling into fists, slipping into fists. His nose was a red circle on his face. But one row behind me he was still



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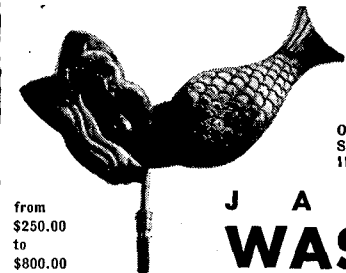
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winning. "Trow da right, Joe!" the voices were yelling in chorus. "You're in front!" I looked, at shorter and shorter intervals, at the clock dial on which a hand indicates the progress of the round. For the ex-cop's sake, I was glad it was nearly over. Then, as I turned from the clock for one last look at the ring, Patterson hit Gannon with a left hook, and, following him as he staggered across the ring, hit him with five more punches, of which the last, a blow with all the finesse of a pickaxe, smashed into Gannon's face as he stood straight up with his back to the ropes, where the preceding volley had carried him. Gannon came right on through the ropes, landing flat on his back on the ring apron, out, and the bell rang.

Right-ear voice said, "Well, how-daya like that?"

Left-ear voice said, "It's all over, huh?"

And a minute later, when I turned around, the seats behind me were empty.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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I was miserable at the thought of Mother living in a lonely room somewhere, yet it seemed to be the only solution. Then one evening David called me out to the garage.

"Honey," he said with a grin, "take a look at your mother's new home." For a second I thought he was joking.

"You know," he explained, "we could make a cozy apartment in this space if we put a bay window in place of the garage door, and added a few built-ins."

I agreed that the space had possibilities, until I looked at the dirty, greasy floor. David followed my gaze.

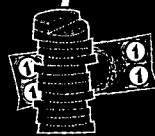
"Don't worry about the floor," he said. "We can clean that up and then put down Armstrong's Asphalt Tile, right over the concrete, just like we did when we made the basement into a playroom."

That made the whole plan sound more attractive. If a floor of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile would do as much for the garage as it did for our basement, I'd be satisfied. And it certainly would be inexpensive.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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THERE was something about the appearance of the former N.B.C. Symphony, now rechristened the Symphony of the Air, in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening of last week that reminded me of a beautiful woman who has lost her lover and insists on proclaiming very publicly that no one can ever take his place, meanwhile keeping an eye peeled for a possible successor. The podium where Arturo Toscanini should have stood was empty, a pamphlet that came with the program bulged with sentimental and longing tributes to that great artist, and the audience, applauding with frenzy, seemed to be enjoying the nostalgic drama of the occasion fully as much as the music. Beneath this atmosphere of mourning, however, it was not hard to detect that the main purpose of the concert was to advertise an immediate and pressing difficulty—that the retirement of Toscanini and the artistic apathy of the National Broadcasting Company had cut one of America's finest orchestras adrift, and that unless the Symphony of the Air could find a new set of backers and a new conductor, it faced the prospect of disbandment. That such a fate would be tragic was eloquently proved, if it needed proving again, by the playing of the orchestra, which, even in the absence of a conductor, was of a very high quality indeed. The Symphony of the Air is a special and unique organization. Experienced and perceptive listeners might prefer the specific qualities of some other symphonic ensembles—the transparent tone of the Boston Symphony's strings or the artistry of certain woodwind soloists in the Philadelphia Orchestra, for example—but for sheer brilliance, virtuosity, and dash it is unequalled anywhere in this country and, I imagine, anywhere in the world. It would take an enormous amount of time, money, and painstaking negotiation to assemble another organization like it, and I, for one, would regard its loss as an inexcusable waste of musical resources.

Performing a concert of symphonic music without a conductor is, of course, a stunt that nearly any well-trained orchestra is capable of bringing off. Its hazards lie in the extra burden it im-



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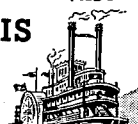
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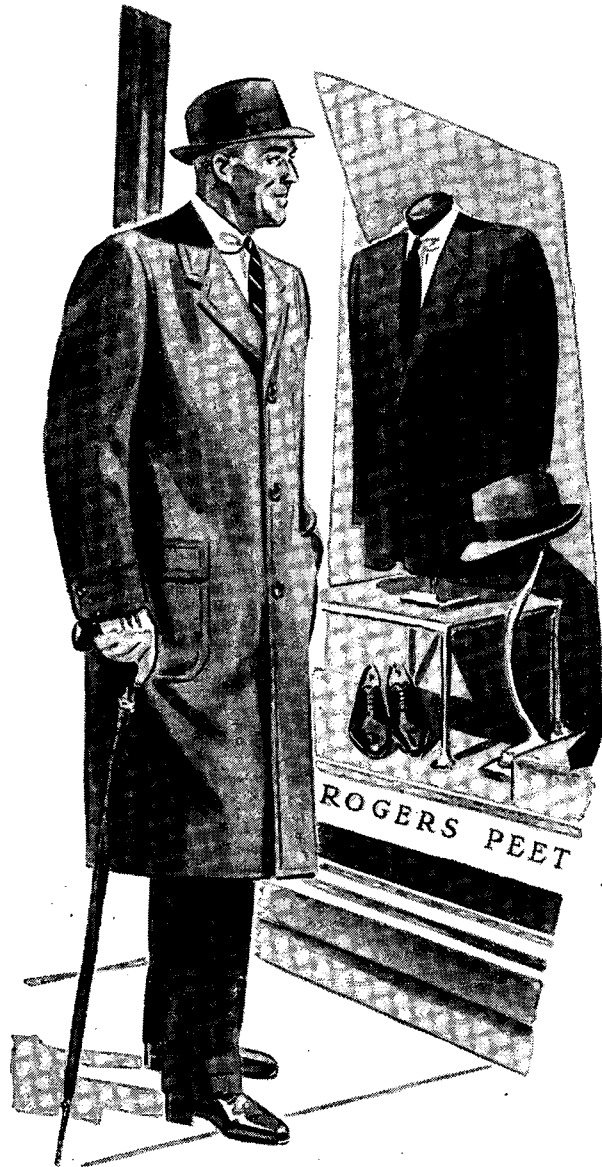


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poses on the players, who must devote a great deal of the concentration they ordinarily apply to artistic matters to the mere business of keeping together without a baton to guide them. The Symphony of the Air wisely chose a program of familiar and rhythmically precise music—a Berlioz overture, Dvořák's "New World" Symphony, Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," and Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" Overture—which somewhat minimized these hazards. Nevertheless, the accuracy and inspiration with which the orchestra tackled the music were striking—so striking that I could not help reflecting that many of our great symphonic organizations have often failed to do as well even with a conductor to help them out. Toward the end of the evening, I looked for signs of the strain and fatigue that I suspected might result from all this extra effort. I thought I detected some in the final selection, the "Meistersinger" Overture, which did not seem quite as aggressive and sharply delineated as the earlier items on the program, but I may have been the victim of my own theory. In any case, the stunt was pulled off magnificently, and I left the hall seriously perturbed about the future of this fine ensemble.

ON Tuesday evening, I made my way uptown to an auditorium called the Master Institute Theatre, at Riverside Drive and 103rd Street, to hear the New York première of an opera by Bernard Rogers entitled "The Veil," produced under the auspices of the New School for Social Research. Its libretto, by Robert Lawrence, concerns the unhappy fate of a girl who has been unjustly committed to an insane asylum, and who might have escaped but for the disconcerting circumstance that her warden, who turns out to be a real loony himself, falls in love with her and wants to keep her always near him. In the end, she is strangled by the warden amid joyous bleats and giggles of her fellow-inmates. The story was not, I thought, without its merits as a particularly macabre bit of melodrama, and a spirited cast, headed by Frances Wyatt, as the girl, and Richard Harding Humphrey, as the warden, worked hard to bring it to life. Their main difficulty seemed to be that Mr. Rogers' music was so relentlessly inexpressive that it contributed nothing in the way of atmosphere, let alone anything that was worth singing.

THE other orchestral programs of the week contained a few items of interest. The New York Philharmonic-



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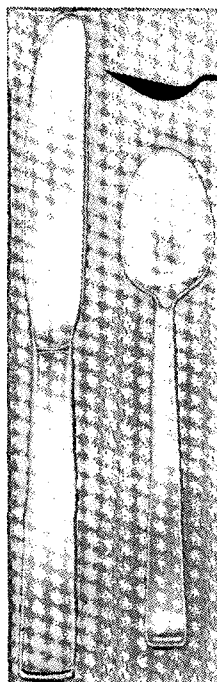
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Symphony, in its Thursday evening concert at Carnegie Hall, under Dimitri Mitropoulos, performed Ralph Vaughan Williams' earnest and admirably constructed Fourth Symphony, a work that I daresay possesses a certain craggy dignity but that I have always found singularly lacking in charm. The Philharmonic also presented a new cello concerto by the Italian composer Vittorio Rieti, with the familiar and capable Raya Garbousova as soloist. I thought the lengthy and not very effective cadenzas allotted to Miss Garbousova in this work were somewhat tedious, but the rest of it seemed sprightly enough, recalling here and there the style of Prokofieff. The program opened with what must surely be Robert Schumann's worst overture, the one he wrote late in life in honor of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," and it closed with what must surely be the worst piece of music ever penned by the late Richard Strauss, the "Dance of the Seven Veils," from "Salome."

On the whole, I found much more enjoyment in the concert by the Little Orchestra Society, under Thomas Scherman, at Town Hall on Monday evening. What contributed most to this enjoyment was the singing of the extraordinarily gifted contralto Elena Nikolaidi, who really left her audience breathless with her mature and deeply evocative performance in an excerpt from Weber's "Euryanthe." Absolutely secure in matters of technique and musical style, Miss Nikolaidi was able to transcend the mechanical difficulties of the music completely, and to project its emotional essence with telling dramatic effect. She also sang Gustav Mahler's rather touching "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" with rare warmth and understanding. Altogether, she made my week of concertgoing well worth while. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

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THE songs from "The Boy Friend," which are performed on a new Victor record with wonderful precision and lunatic brightness by the cast and orchestra of the current Broadway production, have a subtle charm. Although the show is a travesty of the musical comedy of the nineteen-twenties, it has some of the conviction of the original model; while satire is obvious enough in the words, the music, and the performances themselves, there is also something genuine and disarming about

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the songs. This is due partly, I expect, to their formidable simplicity and the directness of their presentation. As we all know, great changes have taken place in musical comedy during the past twenty-five years or so, but Sandy Wilson, the young Englishman who concocted "The Boy Friend" *in toto*, has chosen to ignore them all. There is a beautiful innocence in his approach; at the same time, his easy familiarity with the styles of the leading songwriters of the twenties (he cunningly exploits characteristic devices of at least half a dozen of them) betrays a certain knowing and affectionate regard for their work. His songs are silly, but they are also put together with skill, and while they are imitative, they are inspired imitations, and have an independent quality of their own. The title song, for example, is daft, but no more so than "The Girl Friend," a Rodgers and Hart number that captivated audiences in 1926. "I Could Be Happy with You (If You Could Be Happy with Me)," the recurrent love theme of "The Boy Friend," is no thicker a soup than "You Never Knew About Me (And I Never Knew About You)," a Jerome Kern-P. G. Wodehouse item I happened to run across on another new record, which I'll get to later on. And "The Riviera," the big production number on the second side of the record, is, if anything, a bit more stimulating than Con Conrad's persistent "The Continental," a 1934 item it somewhat resembles. (This one also makes slick references to Cole Porter and Irving Berlin.) While avoiding exact duplication, Wilson has managed everywhere to blend the techniques of his predecessors into pieces that have the authentic sound of the period he is writing about. On this record, his intentions are carried out superbly by singers who don't slur a syllable and by some splendidly archaic orchestral



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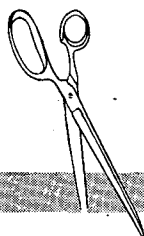
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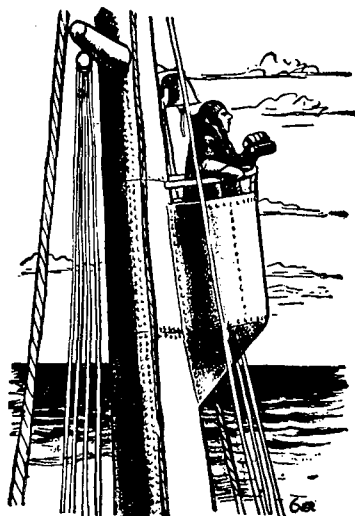
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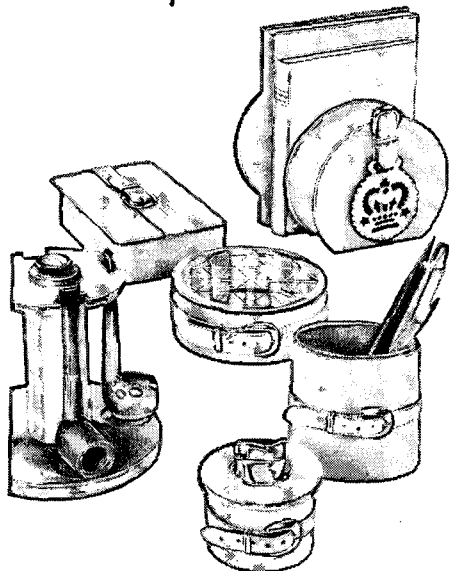


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arrangements, perfectly played by a pit band under the direction of Anton Coppola. Among the other songs to be found here, two struck me as unusually persuasive. One is "Fancy Forgetting," an extremely funny waltz that has all the sag of those things Irving Berlin used to get off his chest during his Rose Period. The other, an almost equally fascinating creation, is "Poor Little Pierrette," which manages to recall both Jerome Kern's "Poor Pierrot" and Noel Coward's "Parisian Pierrot" without disturbing the graves of either of these works.

SPEAKING of Noel Coward reminds me that he is pretty liberally represented on new releases. Victor has dug up and put on a long-playing record a number of old recordings, made between 1929 and 1938, in which he sings his own songs, and another outfit, Heritage, offers interpretations of Coward songs by a young tenor named Harry Noble. Now, there is no gainsaying the fact that Coward has written many attractive songs, both comic and sentimental, but as I listened to these two records, on which good and bad examples of his art are mixed indiscriminately, I began to get an uneasy feeling that the versatile fellow we have long regarded as, if nothing else, a man of the world actually shares a good deal of the shopgirl's outlook on life. Perhaps, underneath all the varnish, that's his appeal. In "I'll Follow My Secret Heart," "I'll See You Again," "Zigeuner," "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," "Mrs. Worthington," and one or two other numbers on the Victor record, he is at his best—a bit teary or waspish, as the case may be, but fairly well in hand. It is difficult, however, to forgive him such excesses as "Half-Caste Woman," in the Victor group, and "World Weary," "Poor Little Rich Girl," and a couple of other extravagant statements on the Heritage program. Sad to say, too, Mr. Noble isn't a much more convincing singer than Mr. Coward. Both tend to go delicately to pieces in the sentimental numbers and to sing the comedy pieces rather stiffly, like dignified old gentlemen telling naughty stories. As far as I'm concerned, the Heritage record is a washout but the Victor revival has its points. In it, the artful Gertrude Lawrence appears as Coward's foil in snatches from "Private Lives" and "Red Peppers," as well as a mercifully brief portion of the dreary "Shadow Play," and the enchanting Yvonne Printemps runs through the "Conver-

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sation Piece" scene with Coward that leads up to her marvellously authoritative singing of "I'll Follow My Secret Heart."

GOOD accompaniments by a jazz quintet give a filip to a concert of thirteen old popular songs, mainly show tunes, sung by Larry Carr and Bethe Douglas (Esoteric). Each of the numbers is given in its entirety, right down to the last verse, and five or six of them were worth the effort; the others are decidedly minor things. George Gershwin is represented by the vibrant "That Certain Feeling," one of his early pieces, and the trivial "I Was Doing All Right," one of his last; Jerome Kern by the tender "Don't Ever Leave Me" and the tedious "You Never Knew About Me," which I mentioned earlier; Cole Porter by "Let's Misbehave," a creation of no special interest; Irving Berlin by the mildly engaging "Isn't This a Lovely Day?," and a few other writers by works of varying merit. I liked the instrumental backgrounds more than the singing, for Carr, who does most of the vocal work, plays it loose and is inclined to alter the melodies to suit his whims—an odd procedure when you consider the pains he has taken to unearth forgotten songs and all those verses.

ON a new Storyville record, the cover of which contains the most confounding and uninhibited program notes I have ever seen, Lee Wiley, a veteran canary, can be heard easing her way through some Rodgers and Hart numbers, backed up by an accomplished jazz quartet. Miss Wiley, like Mr. Carr, plays it loose, but only in her phrasing. She sticks to the melodies as written, except for a transposition in "Glad to Be Unhappy" that was necessary because of her limited vocal range. While she has only a small, husky voice, she is an artist, in her own way, and manages to use it expressively at all times. In addition to "Glad to Be Unhappy," the collection contains "My Heart Stood Still," "You Took Advantage of Me," "Give It Back to the Indians," "Mountain Greenery," "My Funny Valentine," "It Never Entered My Mind," and "My Romance."

—D. W.

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LATER, looking back at that early-October Sunday, George Pike was tempted to think that the bees, as much as anything or anybody—the possessed, inquisitive bees and their lust for whiskey—were responsible for the sad little disaster that followed it. At the time, he had no real thought of trouble. Standing at the kitchen window of his cabin and surveying his wife and his guests on the scuffed grass of the terrace outside, he merely felt that he ought to be transplanting his pansy seedlings to permanent beds, and that perhaps later on, if he got a chance, he might put some bulbs in the ground. He was not a gardener, but at times he aspired to be one.

The afternoon was as languid as a day in August, but George was aware that it had no right to be. The wind, when it came, probed. The small waves on the lake appeared stern and cold, in spite of the sun, and the rowboat moored at the pier nudged and jumped with a hollow sound. The farm boy who did chores for the Pikes had raked their leaves and burned them, and a trace of smoke still idled in the air, while from the warm edges of the lake, which was low, rose a light odor of decay. The seedlings would be transplanted just in time, George thought. Any night now, the frost could bite hard, and then it would be too late. Possibly as many as fifteen hundred of them were waiting in his garden, and he and his wife had asked a few weekend neighbors to come that day and share them. So far, only five had turned up, and he wished that the rest would come, if they were coming, so that they could all get their plants and go. The pansies posed an unfamiliar duty that he had somehow thrust upon himself, and he was anxious to have it done.

Outside, a gray-haired young woman rose from her chair and retreated to the far end of the pier. Her name was Marian Stevens, and she was vainly hoping to escape the attention of stray members of a swarm of darting bees. They had been aroused, by the farm boy's raking, from behind a large drift of leaves at the edge of the woods, and now they were everywhere. They were in everybody's drinks. They had stung

no one, but they made Marian Stevens and Luther Smith, a tall, concave man who was the Pikes' house guest and abhorred the country, extremely nervous.

George picked up the two Old-Fashioneds he had been preparing and went out the door and down the path to the terrace, wondering how many plants he could give away. There was no possibility of using a thousand, or even five hundred, himself. It was conceivable that not all his seeds had sprouted, of course; he had not gone so far as to try to count. Halfway to the terrace, he met Harriet, his wife, bound for the kitchen to get potato chips, and saw that her small, wistful face wore an abstracted look. He surmised that she was still immersed in the Double-Croctic she had been working on when the first guests came. One elusive word could leave her bemused for hours. "Do you know how many boxes we have that we could use for flats?" he asked her. She blinked at him once or twice, smiled and nodded, and walked on.

He wished he had consulted her before sending for the seeds. She was wary of country projects—of commitments to nature. Her view of the out-of-doors was far more tolerant than Luther's, but still each Friday night her heart stayed behind her in New York. George went the rest of the way to the terrace. A bee that had been following him settled on the rim of one glass, and a second began circling the other. George waved the glass in his right hand at the glass in his left and spilled about half the contents of each.

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When he saw the advertisement in the *Times*, he had simply fired off a dollar; he'd had no idea how many seeds there would be. But he needn't have planted them all, he thought. He needn't have sown them like wheat. With apologies, he gave the diminished drinks to Mr. and Mrs. Lord, a couple nobody knew very well, who had been the last to come, and said, in as hospitable a tone as he could achieve, that if they'd drink up, he'd see that they got two proper ones.

Luther had finished his last drink



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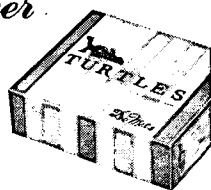
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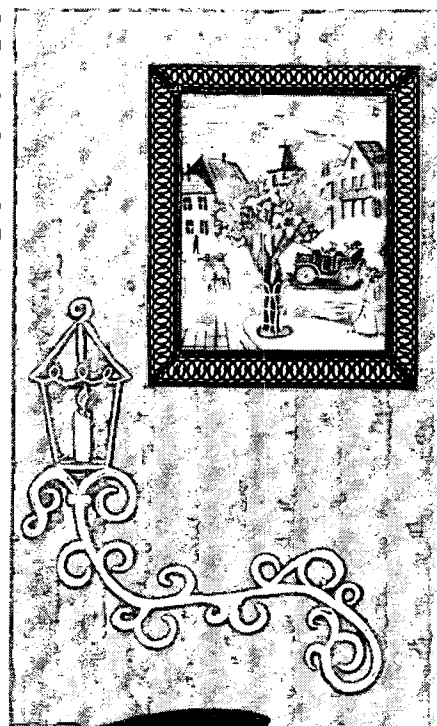
quickly, as a hedge against natural hazards, and Virginia Harrison's was ruined. She was pretty and plump, and though she didn't mind the bees when they were flying, she could not drink a drink that one had drowned in. "Why don't I just fill them all up again? Why don't we have a last round?" George asked, gently stressing the final words.

There was a polite, protesting, acquiescent murmur and a pause. "Of course, you have to visualize our breakfast table," Virginia Harrison said as George began gathering glasses. She was a dogged storyteller who believed in always returning to resuscitate a failure. "And you have to remember that Susan's only four."

She's perfectly capable of telling the whole thing over again, George thought, hurrying up the path, passing his wife coming down with potato chips, and smiling ruefully at her. The Harrisons had a new toaster, and their daughter (who, Virginia said, was all female) had taken to admiring her image in it at breakfast to the neglect of her food. The position of the toaster had tactfully been changed, giving Virginia's son an opportunity to make faces at himself and at his father. Seating had been changed. It was a long, and—Virginia said—a screaming story. In the kitchen, George dawdled at his work.

But on the terrace no one tried very hard to visualize Virginia's breakfast table. The silence that had preceded her remark continued after it, though Bruce Stevens, a kind and sombre man, had courteously assumed a look of concentration. Luther Smith stepped gingerly across a few rocks to the pier and crouched as low on it as he could. Marian Stevens regarded him curiously. To him came tantalizingly indistinct sounds of a football game emanating from a radio in a fisherman's boat. Three times in the past hour, the fisherman had drifted up the shore toward the cabin and the wind had brought these sounds. Then the fisherman had rowed away once more to the far end of the lake. Suddenly, it had struck Luther that if he could get his ear close to the water, he would be able to hear, but now he found that this was not so. He stood up and went back to the terrace, where he sat keeping an eye on the surrounding underbrush.

Presently, George came down the path, carrying a tray of drinks and determined at last on action. He said he would get out boxes and newspapers, shovel and trowel, and that if they



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would all bring their drinks in a minute or so, he would lift their plants for them. The group stirred and straightened obediently, gathering its forces. "It'll be wonderful to have lots of pansies in the spring!" Marian Stevens cried from the pier. She closed her eyes and shook her head once, and for a moment they watched her imagine how wonderful it would be. "Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!" she said.

FIVE minutes passed in mild tension; then George appeared, laden, at the head of the path. "George!" Marian called. She had come up from the pier and had slowly circled the terrace. She was a woman who felt that no matter how good things might be, they would be better if rearranged. Behind her composed features her mind raced and snuffed like a beagle among her interests, and she could see challenges everywhere. "George!" she called again. "Just where do you plan to put your pansy plants?"

The truth was he didn't know. He had postponed deciding. It had seemed to him that some kind of bed on either side of the terrace would take care of quite a number, and perhaps a row along the top of the small slope that fell away to the lake would use up a few more. He put down the paraphernalia he had in his arms, went to the terrace again, and pointed out these spots. "Beyond that, I haven't an idea," he said.

"All we have is too many pansies," said his wife.

"Too many?" Marian asked. "How can anyone have too many? It's only a matter of thinking through the possibilities."

George supposed she might well be right. The beds flanking the terrace had been, to say the least, amorphous in his fancy, and he had unquestionably not thought through the pansies' possibilities.

"Here," Marian was saying, outlining new beds with wide, loving sweeps of her hands. "And here, and here."

"Well, no, not there, perhaps," George said. "I was expecting to put a clump of narcissus there."

"Oh, no, dear!" Marian said, hurrying across the terrace and turning back to him with an air of settled triumph. "See? Narcissus on *this* side, near the water."

"I, for one, am incapable of vanity at breakfast," said Virginia Harrison. "But Susan . . ."

A bee zoomed down at Luther



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Smith's glass and struck the back of his hand instead. He stifled a yell, and his drink glittered in the sun as it spilled.

"Go get yourself another, Luther," George said. "Everything's there in the kitchen."

"When I was in the Army," Bruce Stevens said, "I knew a fellow who could prove by aerodynamics that bumblebees can't fly. Of course, I know these aren't bumblebees."

"I want a whole bank of pansies on this slope that goes down to the lake," Marian said. "I *must* have pansies *all* over it."

Looking at the slope, seeing the ragged grass and the dark, sprawling mess of seaweed that the farm boy had cleared from around the pier and left there to drain, George suddenly thought that he, too, must have the bank of pansies. They would be beautiful—smiling, greeting guests who would be rowing up the lake for cocktails. Indeed, gazing about the place, feeling a rapid and wholly unprecedented rush of pleasure and pride, he could already see pansies on every hand—in trim crescents, in circles, and here and there in unassuming little clumps, to be come across unawares. He could see curving lines of them leading the eye along the very path up which Luther Smith was now taking his way to the kitchen.

So George and Marian went on for some time planning excitedly what to do with the pansies, and then with the place in general. Harriet joined them, smiling—displaying, George knew, every ounce of interest she could muster—and this, too, pleased him. He was glad now that he had got so many seeds.

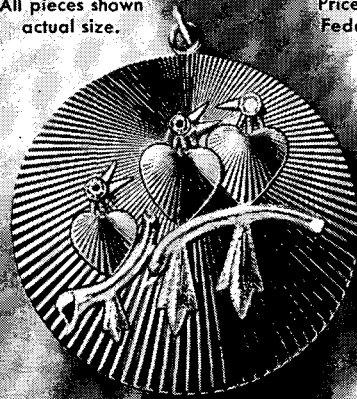
One by one, the other guests, except Luther, were caught up in the fever of planning. Bruce Stevens and Mr. Lord envisioned, and as good as built, a flagstone terrace where they sat, and Virginia told Harriet to be sure to insist on George's saving his seaweed. "I understand it makes the most marvellous mulch," she said. "Or do I mean compost? Anyway, it stands to reason, doesn't it? It must be brimming with minerals." And George, making in a small notebook a chart of the yard-to-be, kicking earth loose and knowingly crumbling a clod of it in his fingers, was filled with energy and purpose, and even—gradually—a sense of sturdy accomplishment. "Oh, we'd better all have one more," he said, and gathered the glasses and went slowly up the path, already feeling his eager-

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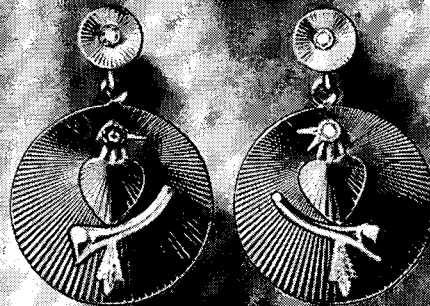
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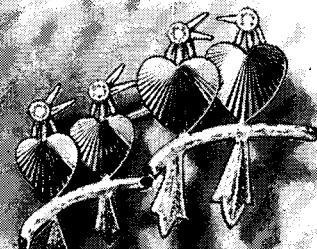
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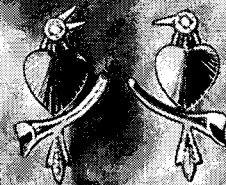
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ness melting pleasantly into a warm repletion.

ENTERING the kitchen, George stood for a moment staring with mild shock at the evening redness of the light that glowed in it. He turned to the window and saw that the sun was level with his eyes. Instantly suspending thought, but taken anyway by a remorse that grew with astounding speed, he made the drinks and went out, carrying on his tray the last round of all.

On the terrace, he found that the excitement of a short while before had ebbed like his own. Luther was wandering, but the others sat contentedly, like people at the end of a full meal. Conversation was casual, drifting. Virginia was telling the Lords a story they were bound to love. Bruce Stevens was tranquilly recollecting the rigors of basic training, and Marian was advocating the peace of mind to be got from playing the recorder. No one was speaking of pansies. The bees had vanished. The breeze had fallen, and the air was deep gold and cool. No one was speaking of flagstones or mulches; they were finished with all that.

It was several minutes before George could bring himself to mention the pansy seedlings, and he knew that when he did, it would be useless. Everyone there had his inexorable Sunday-night appointment with the city, and the time for them all to scatter, anxious to be home, was near. Still, there were forms to be observed, excuses to be made, the project to be explicitly relinquished. "It seems to be getting on," George said, at last, "and what do you think we should do about those pansies?"

There was an interval of startled silence, and then, slowly, a look of surprise and concern appeared on the faces of his guests. It had not crossed their minds, any more than it had crossed his, until too late, that they would plant no seedlings in their yards that afternoon. Apologies came hurriedly, in embarrassed half sentences. "Just slipped away," said Marian Stevens. "Must get back." "Drain the water pipes," Bruce said. "A shame," said Virginia Harison.

Now that they knew there was nothing more to stay for, they grew uneasy. In a minute or two, they were all on their feet, shifting and milling, hurrying their drinks. The Lords left, thanking George for thinking of them. The Stevenses went to their car and waited for Virginia, who had stopped to talk to Harriet. The sun was gone except for a few shafts above the black treetops, a

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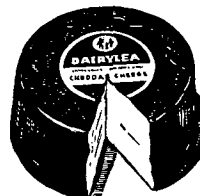
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threat of frost was palpable in the air, and George felt abandoned, alone with an obscure obligation to nature and himself.

The directions that had come with the seeds had been forthright about planting but—he realized now—evasive about frost. He thought of all the seedlings there in the garden and he didn't know what to do. They could wait, he supposed, if they were covered. Perhaps they could even wait safely until spring, though the directions had said nothing about that. He could cover them, and the next time he and Harriet came out—perhaps the following week, though fall was a busy time—he could transplant or at least thin them. He bade Virginia goodbye, and decided he'd better get on with it.

Leaves were the covering he'd had in mind, but then he remembered that all his leaves had been burned. It would be an endless job to gather more in the dim woods, which were full of brambles. He began to feel some panic. Harriet was clearing away glasses, and he asked her if she would mind too much going back to town quite late. "I could still transplant some seedlings before it's entirely dark," he said. "And I could do a lot more this evening, with the flash lantern. If we just stayed over until morning—"

He heard a human but wordless little sound behind him, and turned and saw Luther Smith, who had cheerfully packed his bag and had now come to help speed his hosts' departure and his own. He said nothing, but George saw his face, pleading and desperate in the gloaming. George saw Harriet smiling

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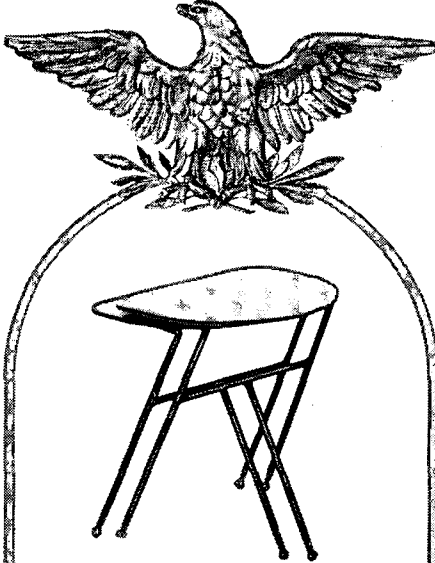
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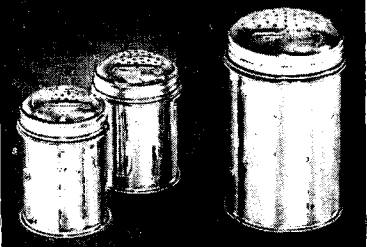




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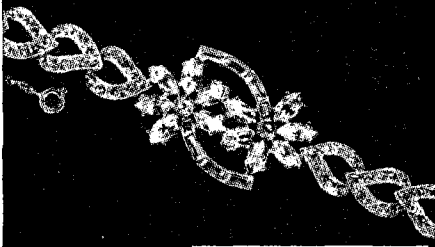
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and blinking, trying not to look sad, and he knew it would be too unkind to keep them there much longer. So, desperate now himself, he cast about for some other solution, and one came to him, as such things sometimes do, like a revelation in the nick of time. "We can get started in less than an hour, Luther, if you'll give me a hand with that seaweed down on the bank," he said.

Harriet helped, too, after the glasses were washed. The three of them covered the seedlings carefully, leaves and all, with a blanket of dried seaweed. They made New York, taking it easy on the road, by nine o'clock, and the pansies strangled to death within a week.

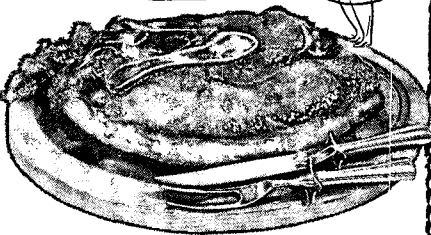
THE Pikes did not return the following Friday, or the next, or the next. Then, on the third Sunday, George drove to the lake alone, propelled by a sense of duty, and lifted the seaweed blanket and found the ruined seedlings. The day was drab and the wind whined. The lake, which had been ample and gracious all summer, seemed pinched and tiny. On the other side of it, cabins hidden since May emerged dishevelled from among the trees and stared at him glassily. And, staring back at them, and then at the limp corpses at his feet, George thought of that warm Sunday and the bees.

It was they, he decided impulsively and angrily, that had cast a spell over the afternoon—droning in the lazy air, diving into drinks, spoiling and spilling them when they were only half gone, making so many new ones necessary. But even as he thought it, a matter-of-course voice from deeper in him told him it was not so. His friends had killed the pansies, the voice assured him, and after reflection George agreed, thinking of them at first wryly and then sardonically. Nobody had really been deflected by the cocktails that day. The trouble was simply that they were all zealous planners, incorrigible list makers and schedule arrangers, and that was all they were. He remembered Marian cantering about the terrace, conjuring flower beds effortlessly from among dusty weeds. He remembered Bruce summoning imaginary flat stones from the woods and hills, and Mr. Lord, slouched in his chair, drink in hand, enthusiastically fitting them together.

Now the pansies were gone and need not ever be transplanted. George picked up the rest of the seaweed to make sure, and as he tossed the last thick strands of it aside, having found no sur-

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vivors, he began to experience a feeling so unexpected, and in a way so unworthy, that at first he would not even recognize it. It was relief.

He went into the cabin and, not willing to go back home so soon, made himself some coffee and sat down with the *Times*, which he had picked up on the road. For a while he read, and then he leafed, and then he came to the gardening section. He noted that it was the time of year for planting bulbs, but this did not interest him at once. His eye cruised among the names of tulips. "Blue Triumphator, Scarlet Sensation, Cordell Hull," he read. "William Pitt, Olympiade, Mrs. John T. Scheepers." They were formidable names, and invoked stately images.

Smiling indulgently, not to be trapped, he took out his pencil and, just for fun, began to tick off his favorites. When he was done, he read twice that he had only to mail a marked advertisement and his personal check and all of them would come to him. He shrugged, and tore the advertisement out of the paper, folded it, and put it in his pocket. He went out. He walked around for a while, avoiding the garden but lingering on the terrace and the slope. The wind rose and fell querulously, the day lowered. Leaves fell about him in little clicking showers, the empty cabins glared, but he took no notice of these things, for in his mind early spring was already around the corner, and new plans were stirring, sprouting, coming into bloom. —ROBERT HENDERSON

DEAR JANE PALMER,

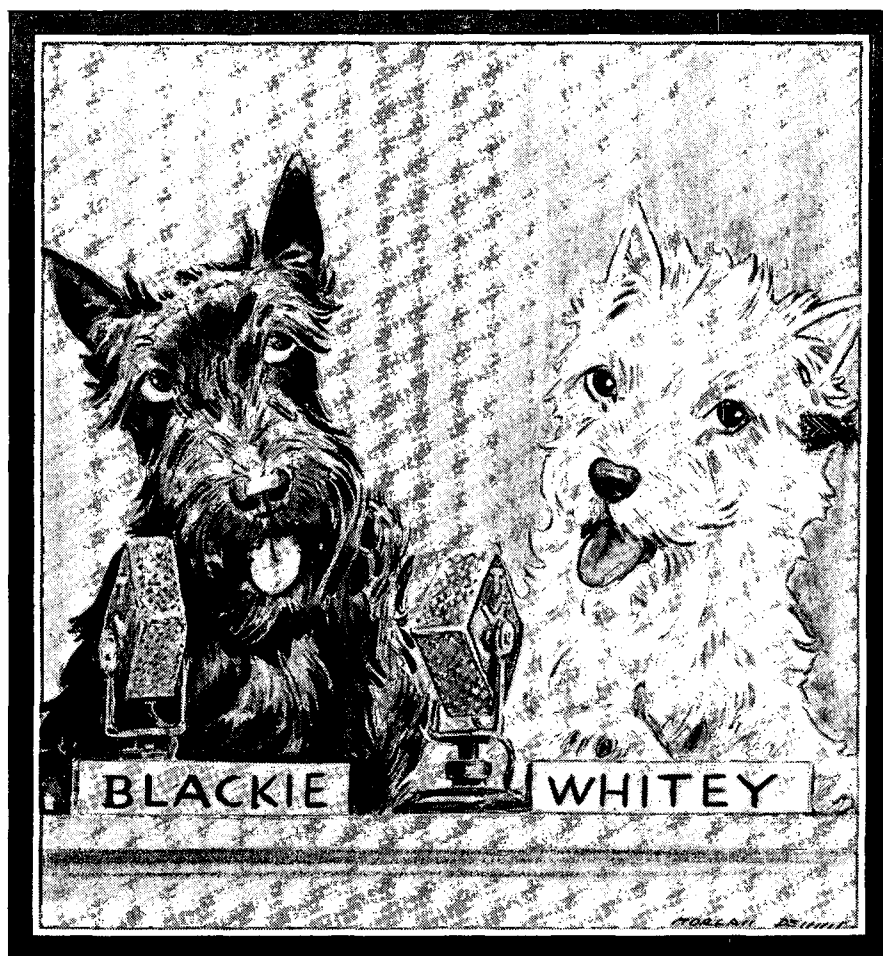
I am very tall and, being a girl, have been self-conscious about it. But thanks to the advice of my mother, who is also tall, I have become actually proud of—my height and my figure.

Two months ago I fell in love with a boy almost three inches shorter than I. He says he loves me, but he continually "digs" me about being a "giant."

At a party recently there was a shortage of chairs and my boy friend asked to sit on my lap. I consented, and when he asked I assured him that he was very light and I could hold him all night if need be. Then somebody commented that my legs were probably stronger than his. He became angry and bet that I couldn't lift his entire weight on my toes while he sat on my knees half as many times as he could do the same thing with me on HIS lap.

I knew I shouldn't make him appear ridiculous, but something within me made me do it. I was able to lift him over 170 times (probably due to my ballet exercises) and he couldn't even come near that score. Needless to say, a crowd gathered, and I began to feel pretty small about the whole thing. We left the party immediately.

We have seen each other every night



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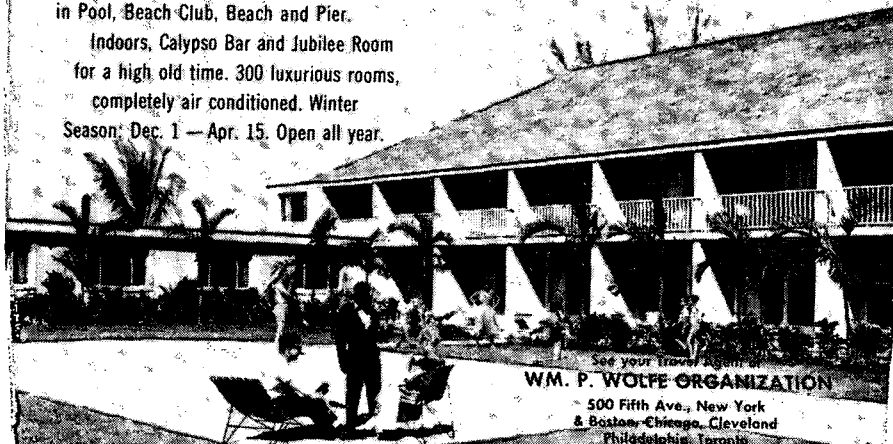


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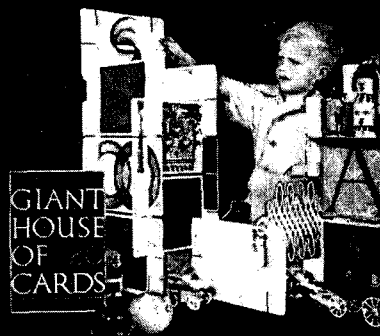
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since that party, and he has asked me to marry him. He always sits on my lap whenever there is an opportunity, and although I love to hold him, I'm beginning to wonder whether he has an ulterior motive of some kind or just enjoys having me hold him. Is he trying to make me feel inferior by constantly reminding me of my size and strength? (My mother thinks he is sincere.)

MISS W., GLENDALE

One can only speculate about motives, if he has any at all. I doubt that he does—consciously, at least. And if the idea of inferiority plays any part in his behavior, it is more likely that *he* feels inferior. He might be subconsciously trying to compensate for that by "clowning it up." Or worse, his fondness for your lap, his choice of the passive role, may indicate an infantile streak. That might not disqualify him as a date, but it could as a husband.

It wasn't just a matter of your making him look ridiculous at that party. The whole situation was ridiculous. And it's not getting any less so. Who knows to what extremes it might be carried if you married! He might get a yen to be carried piggy back. Or supported.

Never mind what your mother says. Mothers tend to evaluate a daughter's suitors on the basis of the kind of sons they would make, not the kind of husbands and fathers. A man doesn't have to tower above his wife or beat her at weight lifting to be a good husband. He does have to be a man she can respect and count on and one who has the manliness of character and temperament that makes a woman most aware of and happy about her womanliness.

If this fellow's greatest yen is the yen to be mothered and you find the instinct he stirs most in you is the maternal, my advice is adopt him if you like, but don't marry him.—*Los Angeles Mirror*.

If you *do* marry him, the wedding ought to be on piggy back.

LOGOS

In the omniloquent harangue of wind on a high coast nothing else is audible. Osprey and herring gull on the great Apostrophe hang mute in one place, almost

not beating their wings. Seas explode soundlessly among dumb caverns, and sheep herded by fog up the steep headlands move with no noise either of hoof or tongue.

Over these, over huge sherds—bones of a continent, jumbled beneath the cliff—the wind thunders, as if now were the Beginning, it the Word, and the Deep just now rent.

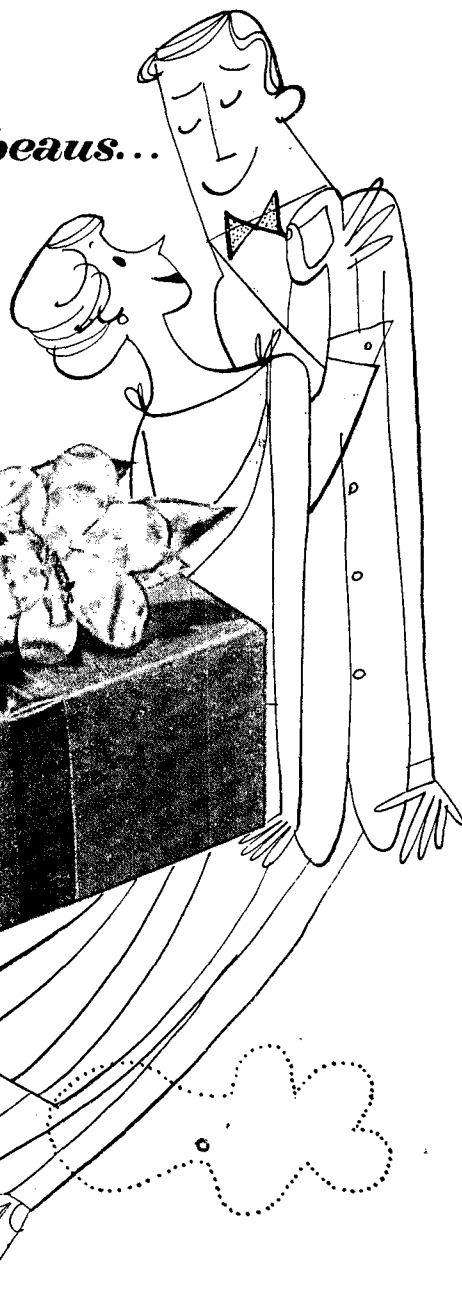
—PETER KANE DUFALD

There are bows...



and beaus...

and bows...



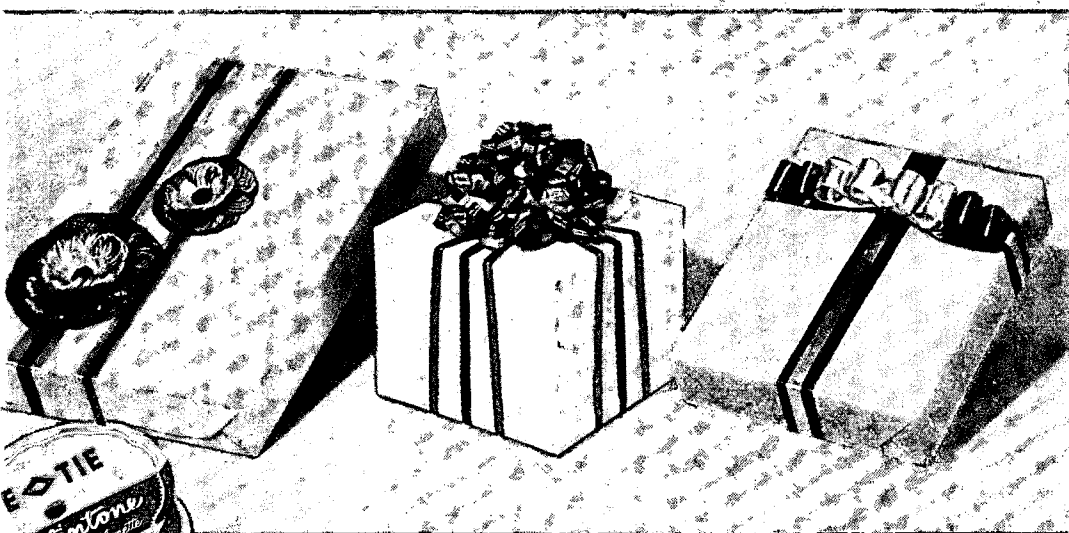
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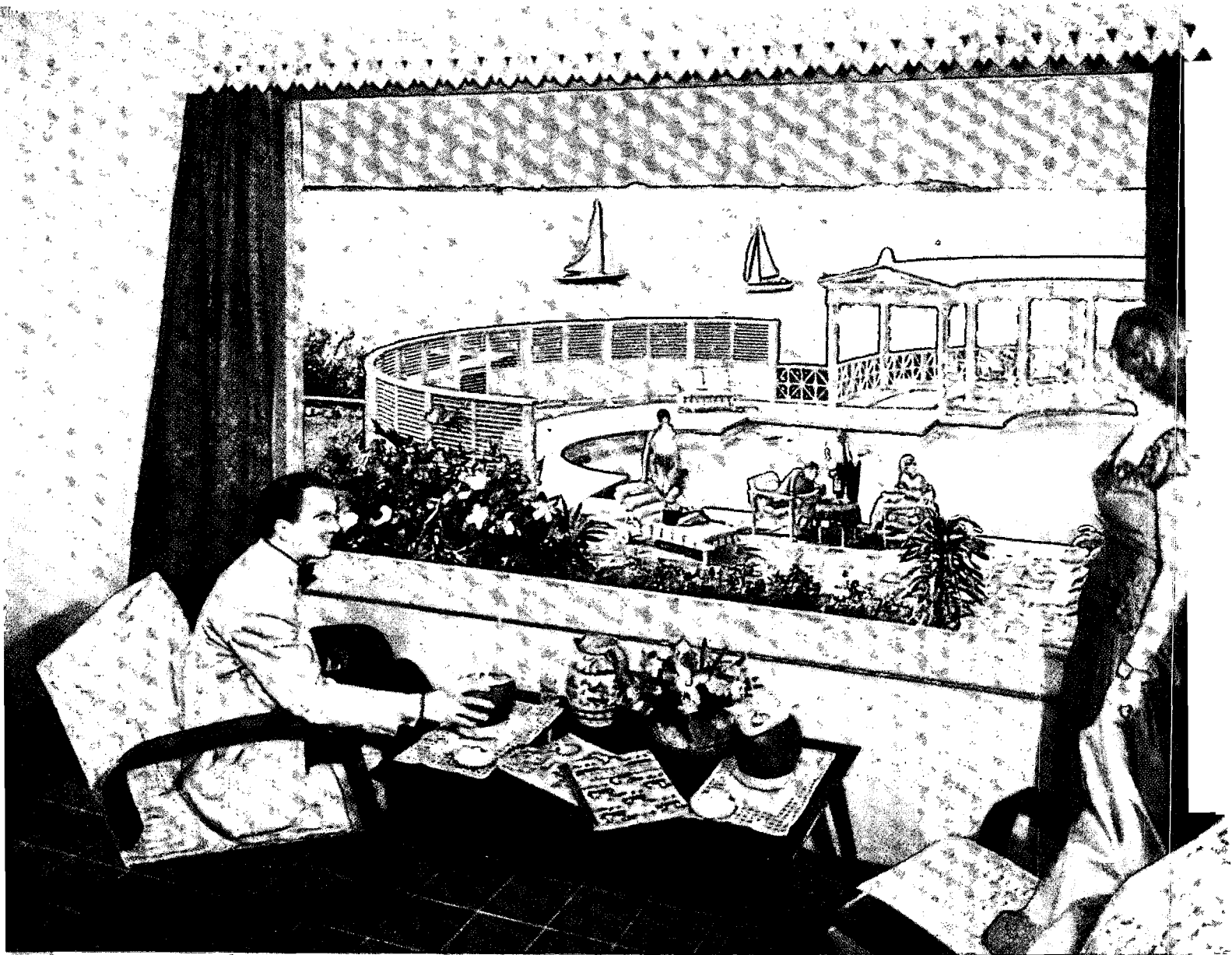
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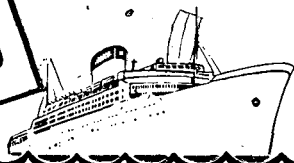
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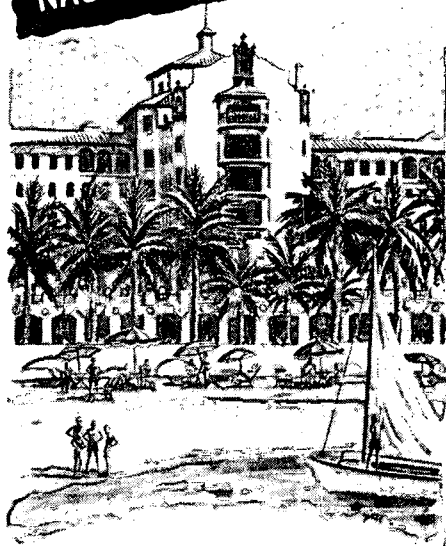
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THE RACE TRACK

Rich Summer Tan

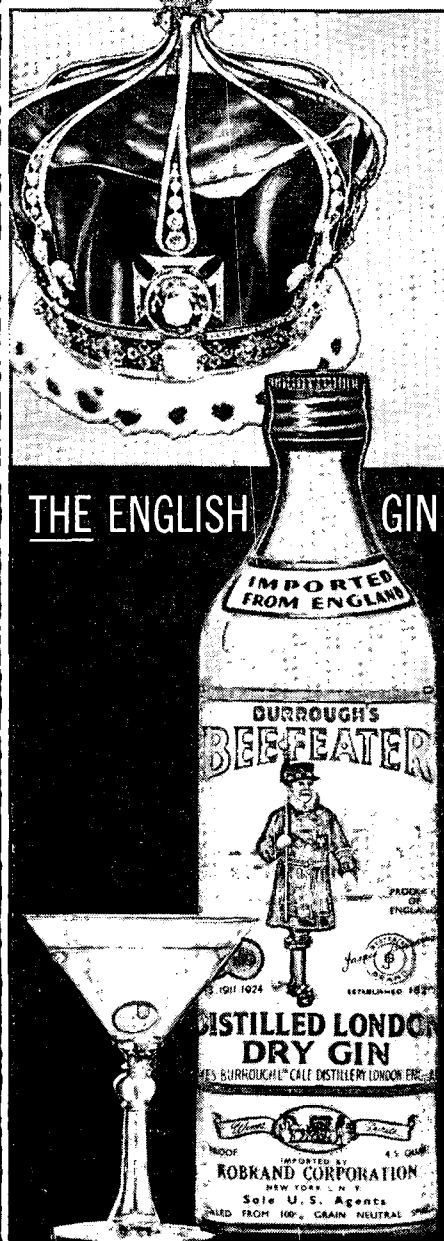


HAREBRAINED as it is to predict anything in racing, one pretty definite prophecy can be made concerning Summer Tan, the winner of the Garden State Stakes in Jersey last weekend. He's going to be—if he isn't already—the most talked-about candidate for next spring's Kentucky Derby. As no doubt you've heard, he won by nine lengths or so, and horseplayers dote on a colt who can win an important stake race by a margin as big as that. And, what is considered a lot more to the point by those aficionados whose fetish is a split-second watch, he ran the mile and a sixteenth over a sloppy track in 1:45—a second and a fifth faster than Turn-to's time in the fixture last year, over a fast track. By and large, it was a very convincing performance.

In the saddling paddock, someone remarked to Sherrill Ward, who trains Summer Tan for Mrs. Russell A. Firestone, that the colt had never run on a sloppy course. "No, he hasn't," said Ward, "but he's going to." After threading nimbly through the pack on the way to the first turn, he was never worse than second. Halfway from home, he passed Golden Land, who had led up to that point, and from there on in it was just a breeze. Guerin, who rode Summer Tan, said later that the colt was moving so easily he never once thought of drawing his whip. A 50-1 shot from Chicago named Simmy took second money by three-quarters of a length from Flying Fury, who left the gate last and had a rough time of it most of the way. The also-rans were strung out for a furlong.

In case you haven't seen Summer Tan close up, I'll tell you that he is a medium-sized, well-made fellow, with the fine, long lines of a stayer, and a smooth, powerful action. Although he's listed as a bay, his color is exactly the shade that I am told is known at the stocking counters as summer tan. As for his breeding, his pedigree is stout enough to satisfy even the captious, for he is by Heliopolis out of Miss Zibby, a daughter of Omaha. He has won five of his eleven starts and earned \$230,420 (he earned \$151,095 of it last weekend), which makes him the

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leading two-year-old money winner of 1954. He won't run again until the Hialeah meeting next January, at which he'll probably meet Nashua. By the way, it will be interesting to see how the Jockey Club handicapper rates Summer Tan and Nashua in his Experimental Free Handicap for 1955. Any guesses?

Last year, the Garden State Stakes, which you may be a little tired of hearing called the richest race in the world, had twenty starters and was run without an untoward incident. This year, with only fifteen starters, there were a number of untoward incidents. In fact, there was so much crowding at the first turn that Pyrenees lost his rider, who fortunately wasn't hurt, and the stewards withheld their confirmation of the race until they could study the slow-motion movies of the running. It's too bad the weather was chilly and damp, but anyway the show was lively. Among the novelties was an exhibition drill by the Fairmount Mounted Patrol, of Philadelphia, costumed as Bulgarian lancers, or something, and the arrival in a helicopter, which came down in the infield, of Miss New Jersey of 1954. She wore a smart blue frock. Colonel Martingale was surprised she wasn't wearing a bathing suit, perhaps of mink.

THE dossier of ill-conceived nomenclature for thoroughbreds is fairly bulging with horrible examples, but there always seems to be room for one more. The winner of a race at Garden State Park the other afternoon was a filly by Deliberator out of Fortuity, named Delibertyuity. I'm still shuddering.

WILLIAM DU PONT, JR., hasn't very many horses in his Foxcatcher Farm stable, but he does all right with those he has. For one, I give you his filly Parlo, who romped off with the Firenze Handicap and a purse of \$24,700 at Jamaica last Saturday, and, for another, his colt Chevation, who popped up to Boston earlier in the week and took first money of \$40,300 in the Yankee Handicap at Suffolk Downs. Parlo's earnings this season total \$135,290, and Chevation's \$92,750. How about a team like that—hey, boy?

—AUDAX MINOR

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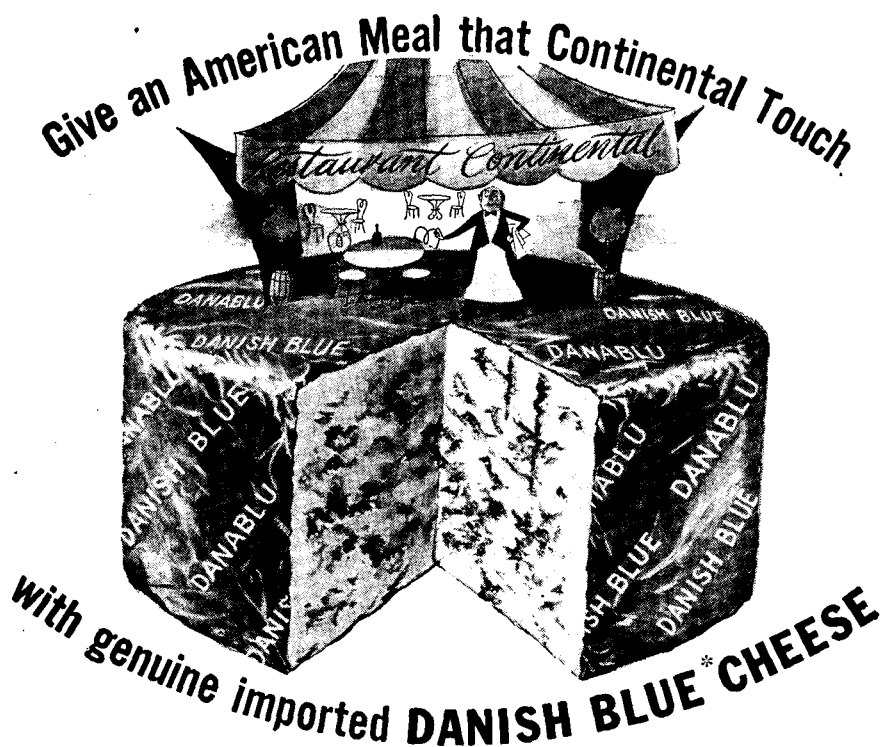
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hammerstein's Folkways



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II, whose notion of American mores apparently derives from some old vaudeville routines on the B. F. Keith circuit, is responsible for the book and lyrics of "Carmen Jones," the modern revamping of Bizet's "Carmen." It is Mr. Hammerstein's cloudy notion that Negroes—and the cast of this movie is entirely Negro—can speak fairly good English up to the moment they break into song, but then instantly abandon syntax, substitute "d"s for "th"s, and indulge themselves in an old-fashioned minstrel show. As an anthropological treatise, his "Carmen Jones" is highly suspect, but as a piece of entertainment, it is pretty diverting. A good part of this diversion is contributed by the Carmen on display—Dorothy Dandridge, whose configurations are remarkable and whose songs, rendered off screen by Marilyn Horne, have a highly sultry effectiveness. I suppose it is natural that Otto Preminger, who produced and directed the picture, should have wanted to achieve an entirely convincing match between the singers and the voices—and he has achieved it, since I had no idea that Miss Dandridge was not singing *in voce sua* until I was given the news by a press agent—but it's too bad that his pursuit of verisimilitude so often led him to poke his camera right down his principals' throats. As for the lyrics that are presumed to emerge from these larynges, there may be some debate over whether Bizet's tunes are quite adaptable to the jive idiom in which they are clothed; I can only report that the results struck me as somewhat spotty.

Uneven as the picture is, it does have its moments of bounce and wonder. I don't think we have to go into the plot line—the standard prescription of love, discomfiture, and death—except to say that in Mr. Hammerstein's script, which made its first appearance in the Broadway production of 1943, Bizet's heroine is no longer an employee of a tobacco outfit but the *femme fatale* of



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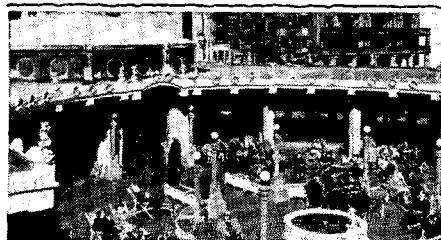
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a parachute-packing corporation in Florida, Don José (Harry Belafonté) is a corporal named Joe who is pushing for an assignment as a pilot in the Air Force, and Escamillo (Joe Adams) is a prizefighter called Husky Miller. (In the interest of complete attribution of credit, I should add that the voice of Don José, Joe, and Mr. Belafonté is that of LeVern Hutcherson, and the voice of Escamillo, Husky Miller, and Mr. Adams is that of Marvin Hayes.) While Mr. Belafonté is a bit stiff in his role, his attitude is more than offset by the presence of Pearl Bailey in the part of a knockabout friend of Carmen's. Miss Bailey demonstrates a real comic wizardry as she lets fly lines that anybody else might mumble with some embarrassment, and I'm happy to say that when she sings, it's her own voice that you hear. Bizet's music seems to have held up over the last seventy-nine years, and it still comes to a pretty boil at the key situations in "Carmen Jones." Even so, as I was leaving the theatre I noticed that I was humming some Gershwin airs from "Porgy and Bess." Maybe there's something to be said for leaving a score and book unruined.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

REMARKS WE DOUBT AN OUT-OF-TOWNER NEED WORRY ABOUT

[From "New York Panorama," a guide-book]

Inoculated with these influences, the out-of-towner may be able to translate the following: "Pipe the pushover, he thinks he's a click with his doll because she told him she'd lohengrin and bear it, but all she wants is a stand-in to pinch-hit for the last heart, who lost all his what-it-takes in an under-the-bridge-at-midnite payoff."... The same person who puts your breakfast on the table and remarks, "I hope everything is to your taste, sir," may, after receiving a lavish tip, say to the headwaiter, "Keep a gander on the visiting fireman with the ice on his cuffs, he's out to make a flash" or perhaps simply, "The guy in the corner just held up a bank."

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Willis, a native Texan who now lives in New York, set out from Peru four months ago with a cat and a parrot as his only companions.

The cat, he said, was in good condition—but she had eaten the parrot two days ago.—*Denver Post*, October 16th.

His (Willis's) only companions aboard the 34-foot balsa log craft, "Seven Little Sisters," were a cat and a parrot. The cat failed to survive the journey.—*Denver Rocky Mountain News*, same day.

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BOOKS

Up North



HERE are four new gate-swept glimpses of life above the Arctic Circle—"The Way of the Four Winds," by Yrjö Kokko (Putnam); "A Woman in the Polar Night," by Christiane Ritter (Dutton); "The Ghost Voyage," by Gontran de Poncins (Doubleday); and "Rescue Below Zero," by Ian Mackersy (Norton). Like all ascents to the highest latitudes, they make the most comfortable reading imaginable. For while life in that twilight immensity of rock and wind and glacial cold may be harsh, it has its compensations. Both its problems and its pleasures are elementally simple. They are limited to the attainment of a sheltering fire, a mountainous meal, and the snug oblivion of the sleeping bag.

Taken together, these books, all the work of North Europeans, pretty well bound the top of the world. Mr. Kokko, the most northern of our guides, is a Karelian Finn, and in "The Way of the Four Winds," which comes to us in a translation by Naomi Walford, we are conveyed to the bleakest heights of Finnish Lapland. "Two hundred and fifty miles from the coast," he tells us in an introductory note, "the trees begin to be shorter and sparser in growth so that their shadows, cast by the light of the low winter sun, draw long, blue, unbroken lines across the snow. Finns no longer feel quite at home here, for they seem to need the support and company of trees. In another thirty miles the woods come to an end altogether, and now begins the land of dwarf birch, of Lapps, reindeer, and swans. Mountain Lapland." But, as his opening words suggest, Mr. Kokko, despite his Finnish birth, is not the usual Finn.

Nor, more importantly, as those that follow soon make plain, is he the usual nomadic reporter, satisfied to merely trace the physiognomy of faraway places. He has lived for years among the wandering upland Lapps—huddling in their roofless tents, sharing their venison stews and hot blood puddings, trailing their huge, untamable reindeer herds through eternities of meagre lichen pasture—and what he has arranged for us here is no conventional wilderness adventure. It is a total immersion in a contemporary Neolithic culture.

This is, of course, a most ambitious design. It is also an extremely risky one, and Mr. Kokko has chosen to work it out in the riskiest possible fashion. "The Way of the Four Winds" is neither journal nor journalism, nor yet a formal anthropological study. Instead, he has transmuted his experience into a work, if not of fiction, at least of the imagination. It is, to be sure, firmly fixed in objective fact:

They rowed ashore and dragged the boat up on to the beach. The embers of their fire fell into the damp grass, died, and sent up a thick white smoke. They went through the alder thicket to the tent, wrapped the salmon in a deer hide, and stowed them up in the shed out of reach of the dogs. Then

they entered the tent, where Jussa and Piera were already asleep, lit a fire and made coffee, ate, and lay down. Outside in the darkness the woods whispered the last songs of autumn, for soon would come the cold and the snow.

But it is also illuminated with subjective truth:

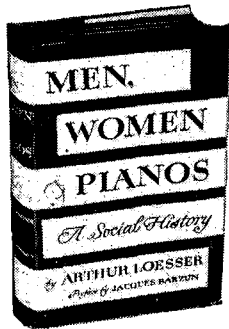
When Ahku tucked the blankets round his shoulders she appealed to his tenderest, most sensitive side. No one but his mother had ever done this for him, and that was scores of years ago, when he was a little boy. It was this tenderness he missed, for in fact he had not changed since that time. Time itself had changed, and he had had to adapt himself to it.

The result is an episodic portrait, artless but shimmering, that celebrates a wonderfully engaging and by no means unenviable people. For good measure, Mr. Kokko, a photographer as well as a writer, includes a portfolio of pictures that have the distinction of being both excellent and actually illustrative of our journey.

"FAR and wide not a tree or shrub; everything gray and bare and stony. . . . The hut stands in the middle of a small promontory, whose banks drop steeply down to the sea. It is a



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******* And CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN sent this note to the publishers:

"I am so enthusiastic I can't hold still. I have read many books about music, but never one so highly entertaining as this. How anybody can be so persistently and freshly funny about musical history is astonishing. I laughed aloud and so did my husband to whom books on music are as a rule sheer horrors.

The book is large and feels heavy to the hand. But I rejoice that you took nothing out of it. I couldn't spare a word. I predict a great popular success, something I am sure Arthur Loesser did not himself look for when he wrote it. It's brilliant, wise, witty and extraordinarily 'well informed.' I congratulate Simon and Schuster on its publication."

******* What ARTHUR LOESSER has done in so entrancing a manner is to trace the history of the piano from the harpsichord to the latest bleached wood spinet. Always present in his cliché-proof mind are these questions:

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******* The preface is by JACQUES BARZUN. You will, we promise, be completely charmed. And so—may we add, since Christmas time is near—will your friends. Price \$6.50 at your bookseller's.

—SIMON AND SCHUSTER

small, bleak, square box, completely covered in black tarpaulin. A few boards, nailed higgledy-piggledy over the tarpaulin, provide the only light touch in all this blackness. A solitary stovepipe rears up from the roof into the misty air. Chests and tubs, sleighs, oars, old skis, lie against the walls, and around lie the bones of mysterious animals." It is to this squalid dwelling, perched on the northern coast of West Spitsbergen and glimpsed at the height of summer, that Mrs. Ritter, the Austrian wife of an Austrian turned arctic hunter, leads us in "A Woman in the Polar Night," translated by Jane Degras. There, with her husband and his Norwegian partner, she spent a year shortly before the last war. At first, we are easily persuaded, she detested every minute of it—the sooty, seal-blubber fire, the mildewed blankets, the bloody pelts dripping from the rafters. But with the first blizzard and the descent of the long winter night she opens her eyes, and ours, on a different world, and in the end we find ourselves sharing not only her fierce, atavistic delight in the howl of the wind, the crash of the ice pack, and a sizzling platter of polar-bear steak, but also her reluctance to return once more to the more complicated satisfactions of home.

WE meet M. de Poncins, as we leave Mrs. Ritter, at the end of an exhilarating stay in the arctic. He has just emerged from fifteen months among the Eskimos of King William Island, near the North Magnetic Pole (an experience he recalled so triumphantly several years ago in "Kab-loona"), to the Canadian shantytown civilization of Coppermine, on Coronation Gulf, where arrangements have been made for him to join two withdrawing Canadian trappers on a voyage around Point Barrow, through Bering Strait, and down the Pacific Coast to Vancouver. His unwillingness to head for home is at least as intense as hers, and for much the same reason. "A man as complex as myself, an anxious, tormented man, had become simplified, had found the peace of heart he so deeply needed," he tells us. "Little by little, I had found myself, had cleansed myself of all the anxieties and fevers and gastric disturbances of civilized life. And now I was going to lose everything." Indeed, while "The Ghost Voyage" exposes us in harrowing detail to every storm and every fatigue and every fore-castle wrangle that marked his harrowing homeward passage, it is so permeated by a sense of loss that we close the book



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A TREASURY OF YIDDISH STORIES, edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg (Viking). This extensive and comprehensive volume, presenting a vivid picture of an unusual and little-known literature, is divided into three parts, which explain and balance each other. The editors' introduction, a long, painstaking, and clear analysis of Yiddish writing, is followed by several groups of short pieces by Yiddish writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Most of the stories, which vary greatly in mood and spirit, deal with life in the small Jewish towns and villages of Eastern Europe. At the back of the book, a limited selection of folk tales and proverbs shows us the root and impulse of the modern stories.

GENERAL

MY SEVERAL WORLDS, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day). A rambling, discursive, and thoroughly delightful autobiography, which may well be one of the best books Mrs. Buck has written. The chief reason, perhaps, is that, despite the author's not very fine-tempered prose, it is intensely alive; whether she is describing a street scene in a Chinese city or the life of her missionary parents or the revolution in Nanking (she and her family waited in a darkened room all one day while a shrieking and murderous mob hunted for them) or the degenerate society of prewar Shanghai, everything moves and has color. This book is a quiet but impassioned plea for an intelligent understanding between the East and the West, which, Mrs. Buck says, is our only hope for world peace. There is also in it a note of sadness over American ignorance of Asia and the Asians—an ignorance that in the last few years has taken on a clamorous aggressiveness, rendering it all the more difficult for persons of tolerance and common sense, like Mrs. Buck, to make themselves heard.

THE TASTE-MAKERS, by Russell Lynes (Harper). In this big, handsomely illustrated book, the author has attempted to come to grips with taste—what it is, who has it, why it doesn't stay put from one decade to the next, and similar questions. He begins boldly, with sketches of some of the early formers of the national taste in art, landscape gardening, architecture, and interior decoration, but when it comes to examining the

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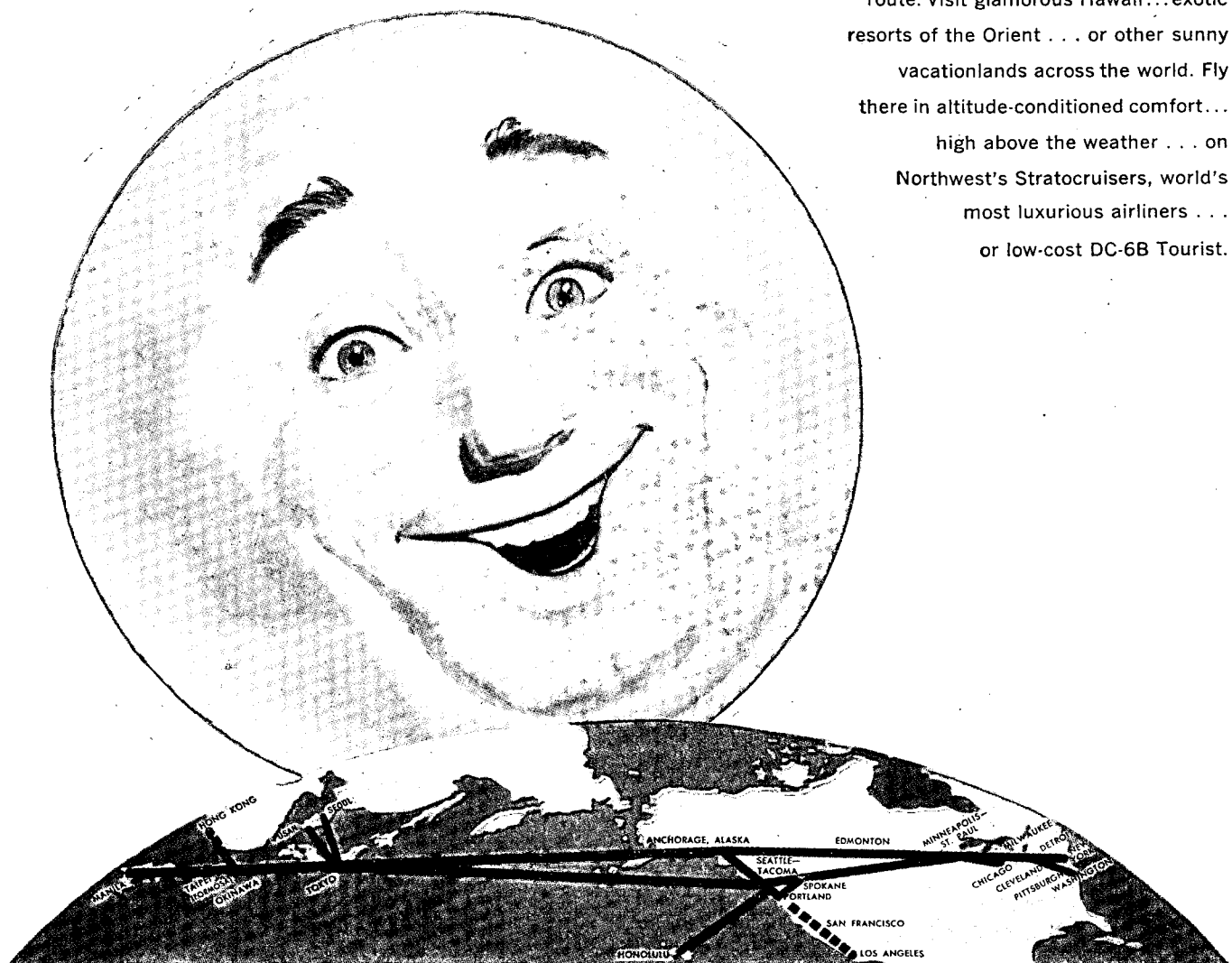
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nature of taste, the heart seems to go out of him, for taste is as hard to write about as beauty, and it so often happens that the more closely one looks at it, the less one manages to see. Mr. Lynes concludes that the three components of taste are education, sensibility, and morality, but this only obliges us to ask what, in Mr. Lynes' view, are the components of education, sensibility, and morality. When he adds that the reason for having taste is to increase one's faculties for enjoyment, still another door is opened that no amount of huffing and puffing can quite blow shut. Mr. Lynes, whose celebrated treatise on highbrows, lowbrows, and middlebrows is reprinted as a chapter of this book, writes with a sort of cheerful carelessness, occasionally repeating a sentence almost word for word, or not troubling to complete a sentence, or inserting an unwanted apostrophe in "Finnegans Wake"—flaws more than ordinarily conspicuous when found in a book on taste, and possibly to be accounted for on the ground that the author has chosen to execute a highbrow deed in a middle-to-lowbrow manner.

LIFE WITH GROUCHO, by Arthur Marx (Simon & Schuster). The author is Groucho Marx's son, and this book is the record of thirty-three years spent in close and suspenseful proximity to that gentleman. It is an excellent piece of work, for young Mr. Marx writes as a straight man and lets his father do the talking—which, one gathers, is pretty much the way things were at home. Marx *père* emerges here as an intense individualist who has made a fine art out of the studied insult, in private life as well as in public, but hurts only those who ask for it. According to this account, he was a tender, grouching, home-loving paterfamilias who liked to be with his children when they were young, play with them, and tell them bedtime stories—unorthodox ones, to be sure; in his version of "Little Red Riding Hood," Grandmother was in bed because of a hangover. The author manages to cover the events of his own childhood and to get in the pertinent facts of his father's life as well, so the book amounts to a biography of Groucho and a history of the famous team that gave us those wonderful moving pictures.

CHARLEMAGNE: FROM THE HAMMER TO THE CROSS, by Richard Winston (Bobbs-Merrill). Any biographer of Charlemagne is faced with two per-

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sonages: the "real" Charlemagne, the great fighting king of the Franks and Lombards, who founded the Holy Roman Empire and was the first ruler to conceive of Europe as a political entity, and the Charlemagne of the legend, the hero of Christendom and the bearded-father image that dominated medieval thought. The author of this well-written and responsible book, while always mindful of the legend, has concentrated on the flesh-and-blood man and his accomplishments, giving us not only the man of action, the mighty hunter and lover, and the greatest conqueror since Alexander but also the ardent student of theology, the political reformer, the intellectual and the patron of intellectuals, and the monarch who, with the aid of the English scholar Alcuin, can be said to have laid the foundation of modern education. Charlemagne could also be horribly cruel, vengeful, lecherous, and amoral in the pursuit of his aims, so we have here a most complex personality, one that we can perhaps never wholly understand. But as Mr. Winston presents him, in the context of his strange time and as a sort of focal point in a great struggle between the forces of enlightenment and darkness, he is very real.

SUNK, by Mochitsura Hashimoto (Holt). This is the story, by a former Japanese submarine commander, of the Imperial Japanese submarine fleet in the last war, and of what happened to it. The Japanese submarine service, the author says with a bitterness perhaps intensified by ten years of brooding, got off to a bad start at Pearl Harbor; of the twenty-seven submarines in the Advanced Expeditionary Force, only one was able to make an attack, and as a result the whole service, from which much had been expected, lost face and became the orphan of the Combined Fleet. The men had to put up with inferior food and filthy, rat-infested quarters, their torpedoes were rationed, radar equipment was denied them for years, and their armament was chronically insufficient. Commander Hashimoto is an unreconstructed Japanese submariner; he mutters about the "multitude of resentful sleeping [Japanese] warriors" in the oceans of the world, and his account of how he sank the American cruiser Indianapolis, his chief wartime feat, is told with great relish, if not (according to an American submariner who wrote a fore-

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word to the book) with complete accuracy. Of special interest is the Commander's report on the one-man submarines that were carried on the big subs; his portrait of the living dead men who operated them, and of the attitude these doomed sailors inspired among the rest of the crew, throws new light on the suicidal *mystique* of the whole Japanese war effort. Photographs.

THE AMERICAN REBELLION, by Sir Henry Clinton (Yale). This is a great monster of a book by the man who commanded the British forces in the American colonies during four years of the Revolutionary War. Sir Henry's military career was ill-starred, and in 1782, when he left these shores, he was pretty much under a cloud. He devoted twelve years to writing his memoirs—a sort of *apologia pro bello suo*, in which he defends his actions and excoriates those of other British generals—and though this is, of course, history on the bias, it is a most detailed account of the war from the British side. The manuscript, which has been lying in the library of the University of Michigan, has been edited by Professor William B. Willcox. One of the things he had to contend with was the opacity of Sir Henry's prose, and a thorough reading of the book is still a task for scholars. However, skimming through produces some rewards, among them Sir Henry's description of his dealings with Benedict Arnold. Maps.

AN ALMANAC OF LIBERTY, by William O. Douglas (Doubleday). Justice Douglas's almanac consists of a page or less for every day of the year, each entry dealing with some landmark in the development of liberty. Most of his essays are fascinating, and the Justice is clearly on the side of the angels, but his black robes sometimes seem to weigh heavily on him, as in a surprisingly wishy-washy account of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, a summary of the Scopes prosecution that pretends it was not a put-up test case, a history of trial by ordeal that ignores its survival in our own judicial procedures, and his demonstration of an odd legalistic blindness to the dangers of sterilization laws. On the whole, a good book that could have been a considerably better one. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, edited by Frederick Drimmer (Greystone). An attempt to trace the origin, evolu-



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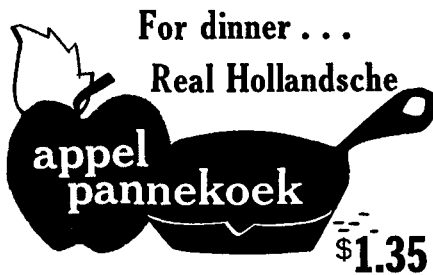


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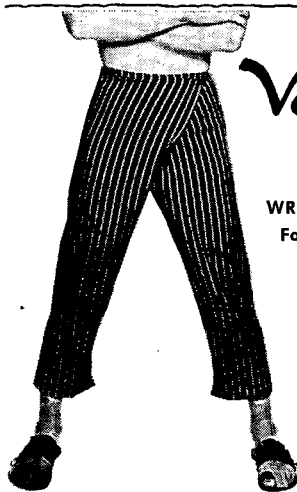
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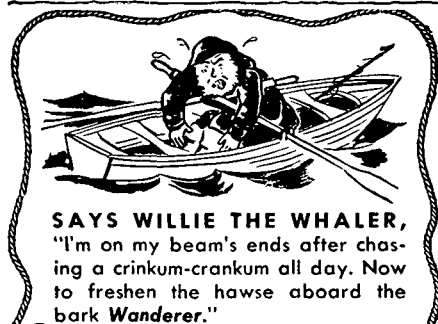


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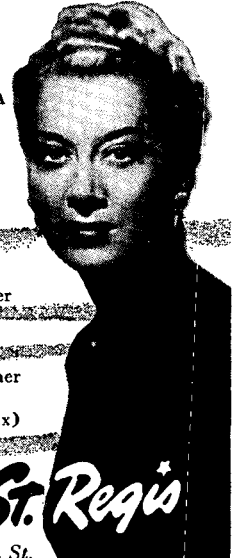
tion, and contemporary aspect of all the multitudinous creatures with whom we visibly share the earth. Presented in three huge volumes, totalling some two thousand pages and illustrated with nearly eight hundred photographs and drawings, many in color, the work is almost as imposing in its physical bulk as in its scope. The authority of its authors, of whom there are seven, is imposing, too. Five are members of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History—George G. Goodwin, associate curator of mammals; Charles M. Bogert, curator of amphibians and reptiles; John C. Pallister, research associate, insects; and Dean Amadon and E. Thomas Gilliard, associate curators of birds. The others are Christopher W. Coates and James W. Atz, curator and assistant curator, respectively, of the aquarium of the New York Zoological Society. The use that they have chosen to make of their knowledge is, however, somewhat less impressive. For although the facts are here in reasonable abundance, the emphasis at almost every turn is on the picturesque rather than the significant, and the manner of presentation ("The inquisitive, pert little chipmunks, with their bright colors and friendly disposition, add a warm, cheerful note to the countryside") recalls nothing so much as the stylistic shallows of "A Wonder Book."

THE BAFUT BEAGLES, by Gerald M. Durrell (Viking). Another animal-collecting romp with the lighthearted young English zoologist whose "The Overloaded Ark" was one of last year's pleasantest entertainments. As before, the scene is the Cameroons, in West Central Africa, but this time Mr. Durrell takes us beyond the coastal rain forests to a high, back-country Eden that numbers among its blessings a salubrious climate, a profusion of rare and engaging fauna, and, most happily of all, a native ruler—gentle, fun-loving, and alcoholic—called the Fon of Bafut. In the words of that excellent man, we "no go forget dis happy time we done get." Drawings by Ralph Thompson.

THIRTY YEARS, by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown). A collection of short stories, articles, and occasional writings, with an introduction by Clifton Fadiman, who sits beside the author as an associate justice of the Book-of-the-Month Club, plus explanatory notes by Mr. Marquand

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himself. Both of them are curiously defensive about the contents. Since most of the stories were first published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, they end, not unnaturally, on a cheery note, which, Mr. Fadiman says a bit testily, is no reason to dismiss them as trivial. Some of the essays deal, in the author's leisurely manner, with Boston—a source of humor that Mr. Marquand never tires of—and these are agreeable enough. Others deal with the Second World War. In the one piece of literary criticism, called "A Discussion of the Novel," Mr. Marquand comes closer than one would think possible to saying nothing at all.

THE AGE OF CONFORMITY, by Alan Valentine (Regnery). The former president of the University of Rochester has written a shrewd and eloquent attack on the emptiness and mediocrity of modern American civilization, with its saccharine popular culture, its increasingly monolithic opinion, and its childish worship of gadgets. He is considerably less shrewd when he tries to assign the blame for all this to the displacement of the aristocratic Adams tradition by Jacksonian democracy or to the "confused liberals" who were "especially vulnerable to the Marxist appeal," and he gets downright foolish when he proposes some alternative values, for on this score his own cupboard is seen to be equally bare.

A DANGEROUS FREEDOM, by Bradford Smith (Lippincott). Using a style and tone perhaps most familiar to readers of women's magazines, Mr. Smith offers a paean to the American principle of voluntary association, from the Mayflower Compact to the heart-warming community spirit shown by Tin Top, Texas, in getting its churches painted and an inside bathroom in every home. In this paean, the male character is always "a broad-shouldered and resourceful young carpenter," or some such, and the female "a dainty and charming young lady," and everything always works out for the best. When it comes time to speak of voluntary associations that persecute heretics, say, or lynch Negroes, Mr. Smith is generally to be found back in his small town in Vermont, sitting in on a meeting of the Community Chest.

FEAR, THE ACCUSER, by Dan Gillmor (Abelard-Schuman). A study of the workings of Congressional investigating committees, with particular



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emphasis on those presided over by Messrs. Jenner, McCarthy, and Velde. The author quotes copiously from the official committee reports, which are submitted to Congress but seldom published in the press, and for the most part lets them speak for themselves. This they do pointedly and discouragingly. They show that the use of such tactics as loading questions, bullying witnesses, suppressing facts, and casually shattering reputations is much more common than many of us have supposed. Incidentally, Mr. Gillmor explains convincingly why, under certain circumstances and for sound legal reasons, a person who has nothing to hide about his past may be forced to resort to the Fifth Amendment.

THE EVOLUTION OF LOVE, by Donald Day (Dial). This racy and childishly written account of sex from Genesis to Kinsey shows, if it shows anything, that "evolution" is the wrong word to apply to the matter, which seems only to oscillate in a thoroughly unpredictable way from periods of relative freedom to periods of relative constraint. Most of Mr. Day's sources are ribald writers like Petronius and Boccaccio, and his paraphrases of them rarely come within hailing distance of the originals, but in his last chapters he becomes more thoughtful, and has some unexpectedly sensible things to say about modern homosexuality and the sexual nature of kleptomania and shell shock.

THE LAST OF THE BOHEMIANS: TWENTY YEARS WITH LÉON-PAUL FARGUE, by André Beucler, translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury (Sloane). Boor, night owl, and Dadaish poet, Léon-Paul Fargue was born in Paris in 1876 and died there in 1947. In 1924, when he was near the peak of his celebrity as an autocrat of the café table, his path crossed that of André Beucler, then a fledgling journalist, and, finding the young man responsive to his aphorisms ("The streets of Paris are very gifted—they'll go far") and impressed by his intimacy with such figures as Ravel, Giraudoux, and Saint-Exupéry, he promptly sentenced him to what this tediously chuckling memoir makes clear was a permanent delirium of devotion. Archibald MacLeish has contributed an equivocal introduction.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN, by Flora Rheta Schreiber and Vincent Persichetti (Schirmer). Mr. Schuman, who is a

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very active composer, and president of the Juilliard School of Music besides, did not become seriously concerned with music until he was twenty. He grew up in New York City, ran a high-school jazz band, and wrote some popular songs that were entirely unsuccessful (even though his collaborator was Frank Loesser). One afternoon, his sister dragged him to the Philharmonic, and he discovered that the kind of music played there was the kind he wanted to write. Twenty is a late age to start, but Schuman worked with all his considerable energy and managed to acquire a reputation within ten years. To support himself as a composer, he became a teacher at Sarah Lawrence, and did so well that Juilliard hired him. The biographical section of this book suggests that Mr. Schuman is an extroverted, driving, peppy sort of man, and the section devoted to his music—which is a remarkably good one—suggests that his work shares these qualities. There are photographs, a list of compositions, and a list of records.

EARLY MEDIEVAL MUSIC UP TO 1300, edited by Dom Anselm Hughes (Oxford). This is the second volume of the "New Oxford History of Music" (the first volume, for some reason, has not yet been released), and it is intended to replace the old one—a model of nineteenth-century scholarship—with the best work of twentieth-century scholars. A collection of specialists here contribute what they know about early church music, Byzantine and Roman, and the little secular music that has survived from this period. The articles, though technical as can be, are nevertheless readable, and the browser may learn without too much difficulty what kind of music Charlemagne heard in church and what kind of music the troubadours sang. R.C.A. Victor is currently bringing out its own "History of Music in Sound," and its second album of records, which matches the "New Oxford History," is available in record stores.

VERSE

THE CLASSIC ANTHOLOGY DEFINED BY CONFUCIUS, translated by Ezra Pound, with an introduction by Achilles Fang (Harvard). People who up to this point have been unable to get at the formidable-sounding "305 Odes," a canonical Chinese text for twenty centuries, will be sur-



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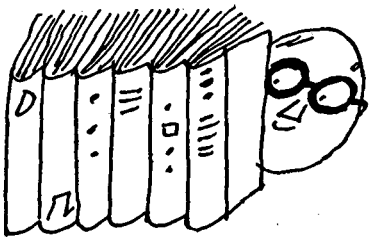
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editor at large



Like most persons having only occasional and casual contacts with the law, I am frequently baffled and not always impressed by it.

While serving on a jury, or examining a contract or deed, I get the impression that the law exists primarily to give employment to lawyers. When I see in the papers that a person has been tried on one charge in order to convict him of another, or that one more case has been dismissed on a legal technicality, I sometimes wonder whether justice isn't senseless as well as blind.

However, I have just read a book which gives new insights into the working of the law. It is "An Almanac of Liberty," by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas.

In 366 short and trenchant essays, each devoted to some landmark in the struggle for personal liberty, Justice Douglas shows how men have used the law to make themselves free.

Some of his stories are dramatic, telling of men who underwent unspeakable tortures or met death to sustain their beliefs. Others are about more prosaic legal decisions, concerned with such things as slum clearance, second-class mail, bankruptcy and censorship. All make clear that the law arises out of man's needs, and that it continues to grow and change as man grows and changes.

In times like these (and, incidentally, "An Almanac of Liberty" leaves one with the feeling that "times" are always "like these"), it is rewarding to read how the law has helped the free way of life, which is the American way of life, come into being.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"An Almanac of Liberty" (\$5.50), by William O. Douglas, will be published on November 8 by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops or from your own favorite bookseller. A television dramatization based upon the book will be presented on Westinghouse's "Studio One" Monday night, November 8.

(Advertisement)

prised to discover that they bear a close relation to anonymous folk poetry of all times and all places. Ballads, moral axioms, love songs, laments, nonsense verses, observations of nature, and fragments of historic fact, framed in lyric patterns, were intended to be sung. Pound's virtuosity as a translator has never been more evident; he ranges through a variety of English lyric manners and employs several vocabularies, high and low. An exciting introduction for readers of English to one of the great books of a great culture.

COLLECTED POEMS OF CHARLOTTE MEW, with a biographical memoir by Alida Monroe (Macmillan). Miss Mew became a legendary figure of Georgian poetry after 1916, when Harold Monroe, of the London Poetry Bookshop, published her first volume, "A Farmer's Bride." Born in 1869, she produced, before her suicide in 1928, a handful of lyrics and dramatic monologues, many of which remain so freshly poignant that this collection, with its sympathetic memoir, is welcome. Two portraits and a holograph manuscript.

SELECTED POEMS, by Marya Zaturenska (Grove). Miss Zaturenska's lyrics transport the reader into a world where all is musical, noble, and allegoric—where even the horrors are well mannered and picturesque. At its best, this dream region has delicacy and charm, but its emotional climate tends to become monotonous.

To Dean, an antique English Sterling seven light Candelabra (made in 1832), and to Tony Martin, an antique English Sheffield Epergne made in the year Circa 1800.—*Cobina Wright in the Los Angeles Herald & Express.*

That was the year so much happened.

His wife, too, is beginning to learn the language. The twins, however, speak only German but know how to say "kindergarten" and are eagerly awaiting to start school next year.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

Amazing how these youngsters pick up languages.

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